





Painted by R. Seymour, Esq.

Page 77

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ARABIAN NIGHTS, VOL. II

BOHARRAN TAREED & RETURNED BY THE LADIES

London: Published by J. L. Newman, 10, Dec. 1821.

THE
ARABIAN NIGHTS
ENTERTAINMENTS,

CAREFULLY REVISED, AND OCCASIONALLY CORRECTED

From the Arabic.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,
A SELECTION OF NEW TALES,

Now first translated from the Arabic Originals.

ALSO,
AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE
RELIGION, MANNERS AND CUSTOMS, OF THE MAHUMMEDANS.

BY JONATHAN SCOTT, LL.D. OXFORD.

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WITH ENGRAVINGS FROM PAINTINGS BY SMIRKE.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

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CONTENTS.

	Page
STORY of Sinbad the Voyager	1
The first Voyage.....	6
The second Voyage.....	15
The third Voyage	26
The fourth Voyage.....	42
The fifth Voyage	59
The sixth Voyage	71
The seventh and last Voyage.....	86
Story of the Three Apples	97
Story of the Lady who was murdered, and the young Man her Husband	106
Story of Noor ad Deen Ali and Buddir ad Deen Houssun .	115
Story of the little Hunch-back.....	205
Story told by the Christian Merchant	221
Story told by the Sultan of Casgar's Purveyor	254
Story told by the Jewish Physician	284
Story told by the Tailor	311
Story of the Barber.....	345
Story of the Barber's eldest Brother	350
Story of the Barber's second Brother.....	360
Story of the Barber's third Brother	372

CONTENTS.

	Page
Story of the Barber's fourth Brother	380
Story of the Barber's fifth Brother.....	388
Story of the Barber's sixth Brother	405
History of Aboulhassen Ali Ebn Becar, and Schemselnihar, Favourite of Caliph Haroon al Rusheed	425

ARABIAN NIGHTS

ENTERTAINMENTS.

THE STORY OF SINBAD¹ THE VOYAGER.

DINARZADE having awakened her sister the sultaness, as usual, and prayed her to relate another story, Scheherazade having obtained the sultan's permission began as follows:

In the reign of the same caliph Haroon al Rusheed, whom I have already mentioned, there lived at Bagdad a poor porter called Hindbad. One day, when the weather was excessively hot, he was employed to carry a heavy burden from one end of the town to the other. Being much fatigued, and having still a great way to go, he came into a street where a refreshing breeze blew on his face, and the pavement was sprinkled with rose water. As he could not desire a better place to rest and recruit himself, he took off his load, and sat upon it, near a large mansion.

He was much pleased that he stopped in this place; for the agreeable smell of wood of aloes, and of pastils that came from the house, mixing with the scent of the rose-water, completely perfumed and embalmed the air. Besides, he heard from within a concert of instrumental music, accompanied with the harmonious notes of nightingales, and other birds, peculiar to the climate. This charming melody, and the smell of several sorts of savoury dishes, made the porter conclude there was a feast, with great rejoicings within. His business seldom leading him that way, he knew not to whom the mansion belonged; but to satisfy his curiosity, he went to some of the servants, whom he saw standing at the gate in magnificent apparel, and asked the name of the proprietor. How, replied one of them, do you live in Bagdad, and know not that this is the house of Sinbad, the sailor, that famous voyager, who has sailed round the world? The porter, who had heard of this Sinbad's riches, could not but envy a man whose condition he thought to be as happy as his own was deplorable: and his mind being fretted with these reflections, he lifted up his eyes to heaven, and said loud enough to be heard, Almighty creator of all things, consider the difference between Sinbad and me! I am every day exposed to fatigues and calamities, and can scarcely get coarse barley-bread for myself and my family, whilst happy Sinbad profusely

expends immense riches, and leads a life of continual pleasure. What has he done to obtain from thee a lot so agreeable? And what have I done to deserve one so wretched? Having finished his expostulation, he struck his foot against the ground, like a man absorbed in grief and despair.

Whilst the porter was thus indulging his melancholy, a servant came out of the house, and taking him by the arm, bade him follow him, for Sinbad, his master, wanted to speak to him.—Here day beginning to appear, Scheherazade broke off her story, but resumed it again next morning as follows:

THE SEVENTIETH NIGHT.

SIR, your majesty may easily imagine, that the repining Hindbad was not a little surprised at this compliment. For, considering what he had said, he was afraid Sinbad had sent for him to punish him: therefore he would have excused himself, alleging, that he could not leave his burden in the middle of the street. But Sinbad's servants assured him they would look to it, and were so urgent with him, that he was obliged to yield.

The servants brought him into a great hall, where a number of people sat round a table, covered with all sorts of savoury dishes. At the upper end sat a comely venerable gentleman, with a long white beard, and behind him stood a number of officers and domestics, all ready to attend his pleasure. This personage was Sinbad. The porter, whose fear was increased at the sight of so many people, and of a banquet so sumptuous, saluted the company trembling. Sinbad bade him draw near, and seating him at his right hand, served him himself, and gave him excellent wine, of which there was abundance upon the side-board.

When the repast was over, Sinbad addressed his conversation to Hindbad; and calling him brother, according to the manner of the Arabians, when they

are familiar one with another, enquired his name and employment. My lord, answered he, my name is Hindbad. I am very glad to see you, replied Sinbad; and I dare say the same on behalf of all the company: but I wish to hear from your own mouth what it was you lately said in the street. Sinbad had himself heard the porter complain through the window, and this it was that induced him to have him brought in.

At this request, Hindbad hung down his head in confusion, and replied, My lord, I confess that my fatigue put me out of humour, and occasioned me to utter some indiscreet words, which I beg you to pardon. Do not think I am so unjust, resumed Sinbad, as to resent such a complaint. I consider your condition, and instead of upbraiding, commiserate you. But I must rectify your error concerning myself. You think, no doubt, that I have acquired, without labour and trouble, the ease and indulgence which I now enjoy. But do not mistake; I did not attain to this happy condition, without enduring for several years more trouble of body and mind than can well be imagined. Yes, gentlemen, he added, speaking to the whole company, I can assure you, my troubles were so extraordinary, that they were calculated to discourage the most covetous from undertaking such voyages as I did, to acquire riches. Perhaps you have never heard a distinct account of my wonderful adventures, and the dangers I en-

countered, in my seven voyages; and since I have this opportunity, I will give you a faithful account of them, not doubting but it will be acceptable.

As Sinbad wished to relate his adventures chiefly on the porter's account, he ordered his burden to be carried to the place of its destination, and then proceeded.

THE FIRST VOYAGE.

I inherited from my father considerable property, the greater part of which I squandered in my youth in dissipation; but I perceived my error, and reflected that riches were perishable, and quickly consumed by such ill managers as myself. I farther considered, that by my irregular way of living I wretchedly mispent my time; which is, of all things, the most valuable. I remembered the saying of the great Solomon, which I had frequently heard from my father; That death is more tolerable than poverty. Struck with these reflections, I collected the remains of my fortune, and sold all my effects by public auction. I then entered into a contract with some merchants, who traded by sea. I took the advice of such as I thought most capable of assisting me: and resolving to improve what money I had, I went to Bussorah, and embarked with several merchants on board a ship which we had jointly fitted out.

We set sail, and steered our course towards the Indies, through the Persian gulf, which is formed by the coasts of Arabia Felix on the right, and by those of Persia on the left, and, according to common opinion, is seventy leagues wide at the broadest place. The eastern sea, as well as that of the Indies, is very spacious. It is bounded on one side by the coasts of Abyssinia, and is 4500 leagues in length to the isles of Vakvak. At first I was troubled with the sea-sickness, but speedily recovered my health, and was not afterwards subject to that complaint.

In our voyage we touched at several islands, where we sold or exchanged our goods. One day, whilst under sail, we were becalmed near a small island, but little elevated above the level of the water, and resembling a green meadow. The captain ordered his sails to be furled, and permitted such persons as were so inclined to land; of this number I was one.

But while we were enjoying ourselves in eating and drinking, and recovering ourselves from the fatigue of the sea, the island on a sudden trembled, and shook us terribly.

Here Scheherazade stopped, because day appeared, but resumed her discourse next morning as follows.

THE SEVENTY-FIRST NIGHT.

THE trembling of the island was perceived on board the ship, and we were called upon to re-embark speedily, or we should all be lost; for what we took for an island proved to be the back of a sea monster. The nimblest got into the sloop, others betook themselves to swimming; but for myself I was still upon the back of the creature, when he dived into the sea, and I had time only to catch hold of a piece of wood that we had brought out of the ship to make a fire. Meanwhile, the captain, having received those on board who were in the sloop, and taken up some of those that swam, resolved to improve the favourable gale that had just risen, and hoisting his sails pursued his voyage, so that it was impossible for me to recover the ship.

Thus was I exposed to the mercy of the waves. I struggled for my life all the rest of the day and the following night. By this time I found my strength gone, and despaired of saving my life, when happily a wave threw me against an island. The bank was high and rugged; so that I could scarcely have got up, had it not been for some roots of trees, which fortune seemed to have preserved in this place for my safety. Having reached the land, I lay down upon the ground half dead, until the sun appeared.

Then, though I was very feeble, both from hard labour and want of food, I crept along to find some herbs fit to eat, and had the good luck not only to procure some, but likewise to discover a spring of excellent water, which contributed much to recover me. After this I advanced farther into the island, and at last reached a fine plain, where at a great distance I perceived a horse feeding. I went towards it, fluctuating between hope and fear, for I knew not whether in advancing I was more likely to endanger or to preserve my life. As I approached, I perceived it to be a very fine mare, tied to a stake. Whilst I was admiring its beauty, I heard from beneath the voice of a man, who immediately appeared, and asked me who I was? I related to him my adventure, after which, taking me by the hand, he led me into a cave, where there were several other people, no less amazed to see me than I was to see them.

I partook of some provisions which they offered me. I then asked them what they did in such a desert place? to which they answered, that they were grooms belonging to *Mahia-râja*², sovereign of the island; that every year, at the same season, they brought thither the king's mares, and fastened them as I had seen, until they were covered by a sea-horse, who afterwards endeavoured to destroy the mares; but was prevented by their noise, and obliged to return to the sea. The mares when in foal

were taken back, and the horses thus produced were kept for the king's use, and called sea-horses. They added, that they were to return home on the morrow, and had I been one day later, I must have perished, because the inhabited part of the island was at a great distance, and it would have been impossible for me to have got thither without a guide.

Whilst they entertained me thus, the horse came out of the sea, as they had told me, covered the mare, and afterwards would have devoured her; but upon a great noise made by the grooms, he left her, and plunged into the sea.

Next morning they returned with their mares to the capital of the island, took me with them, and presented me to the Maha-râja. He asked me who I was, and by what adventure I had come into his dominions? After I had satisfied him, he told me he was much concerned for my misfortune, and at the same time ordered that I should want nothing; which commands his officers were so generous and careful as to see exactly fulfilled.

Being a merchant, I frequented men of my own profession, and particularly enquired for those who were strangers, that perchance I might hear news from Bagdad, or find an opportunity to return. For the Maha-râja's capital is situated on the sea-coast, and has a fine harbour, where ships arrive daily

from the different quarters of the world. I frequented also the society of the learned Indians, and took delight to hear them converse; but withal, I took care to make my court regularly to the Maha-râja, and conversed with the governors and petty kings, his tributaries, that were about him. They put a thousand questions respecting my country; and I being willing to inform myself as to their laws and customs, asked them concerning every thing which I thought worth knowing.

There belongs to this king an island named Cassel. They assured me that every night a noise of drums was heard there, whence the mariners fancied that it was the residence of Degial. I determined to visit this wonderful place, and in my way thither saw fishes of 100 and 200 cubits long, that occasion more fear than hurt; for they are so timorous, that they will fly upon the rattling of two sticks or boards. I saw likewise other fish about a cubit in length, that had heads like owls.

As I was one day at the port after my return, a ship arrived, and as soon as she cast anchor, they began to unload her, and the merchants on board ordered their goods to be carried into the custom-house. As I cast my eye upon some bales, and looked to the name, I found my own, and perceived the bales to be the same that I had embarked at Bussorah. I also knew the captain; but being persuaded that he

believed me to be drowned, I went, and asked him whose bales these were? He replied, that they belonged to a merchant at Bagdad, called Sinbad, who came to sea with him; but one day, being near an island, as was supposed, he went ashore, with several other passengers, upon this island, which was only a monstrous fish, that lay asleep upon the surface of the water: but as soon as he felt the heat of the fire they had kindled upon his back, to dress some victuals, he began to move, and dived under water. Most of the persons who were upon him perished, and among them the unfortunate Sinbad. Those bales belonged to him, and I am resolved to trade with them until I meet with some of his family, to whom I may return the profit. I am that Sinbad, said I, whom you thought to be dead, and those bales are mine. Here Scheherazade stopped till next morning, and went on as follows.

THE SEVENTY-SECOND NIGHT.

SINBAD pursuing the story, said to the company, When the captain heard me speak thus, Heavens, he exclaimed, whom can we trust in these times? There is no faith left among men. I saw Sinbad perish with my own eyes, as did also the passengers on board, and yet you tell me you are that Sinbad. What impudence is this? To look on you, one would take you to be a man of probity, and yet you tell a horrible falsehood, in order to possess yourself of what does not belong to you. Have patience, replied I; do me the favour to hear what I have to say. Very well, said he, speak, I am ready to hear you. Then I told him how I had escaped, and by what adventure I met with the grooms of Maha-râja, who had brought me to his court.

His confidence began to abate upon this declaration, and he was at length persuaded that I was no cheat: for there came people from his ship who knew me, paid me great compliments, and expressed much joy at seeing me alive. At last he recollected me himself, and embracing me, Heaven be praised, said he, for your happy escape. I cannot express the joy it affords me; there are your goods, take and do with them as you please. I thanked him, acknowledged his probity, and in requital, offered him

part of my goods as a present, which he generously refused.

I took out what was most valuable in my bales, and presented them to the Maha-râja, who, knowing my misfortune, asked me how I came by such rarities. I acquainted him with the circumstance of their recovery. He was pleased at my good luck, accepted my present, and in return gave me one much more considerable. Upon this, I took leave of him, and went aboard the same ship, after I had exchanged my goods for the commodities of that country. I carried with me wood of aloes, sandal, camphire, nutmegs, cloves, pepper, and ginger. We passed by several islands, and at last arrived at Bussorah, from whence I came to this city, with the value of 100,000 sequins. My family and I received one another with all the transports of sincere affection. I bought slaves of both sexes, and a landed estate, and built a magnificent house. Thus I settled myself, resolving to forget the miseries I had suffered, and to enjoy the pleasures of life.

Sinbad stopped here, and ordered the musicians to proceed with their concert, which the story had interrupted. The company continued enjoying themselves till the evening, and it was time to retire, when Sinbad sent for a purse of 100 sequins, and giving it to the porter, said, Take this, Hindbad, return to your home, and come back to-morrow to hear

more of my adventures. The porter went away, astonished at the honour done, and the present made him. The account of this adventure proved very agreeable to his wife and children, who did not fail to return thanks to God for what providence had sent him by the hand of Sinbad.

Hindbad put on his best apparel next day, and returned to the bountiful traveller, who received him with a pleasant air, and welcomed him heartily. When all the guests had arrived, dinner was served, and continued a long time. When it was ended, Sinbad, addressing himself to the company, said, Gentlemen, be pleased to listen to the adventures of my second voyage; they deserve your attention even more than those of the first. Upon which every one held his peace, and Sinbad proceeded.

THE SECOND VOYAGE.

I designed, after my first voyage, to spend the rest of my days at Bagdad, as I had the honour to tell you yesterday; but it was not long ere I grew weary of an indolent life. My inclination to trade revived. I bought goods proper for the commerce I intended, and put to sea a second time with merchants of known probity. We embarked on board a good ship, and after recommending ourselves to God, set sail. We traded from island to island, and

exchanged commodities with great profit. One day we landed in an island covered with several sorts of fruit-trees, but we could see neither man nor animal. We went to take a little fresh air in the meadows, along the streams that watered them. Whilst some diverted themselves with gathering flowers, and others fruits, I took my wine and provisions, and sat down near a stream betwixt two high trees, which formed a thick shade. I made a good meal, and afterwards fell asleep. I cannot tell how long I slept, but when I awoke the ship was gone. Here Scheherazade broke off, because day appeared, but next night pursued her narrative.

THE SEVENTY-THIRD NIGHT.

I WAS much alarmed, said Sinbad, at finding the ship gone. I got up and looked around me, but could not see one of the merchants who landed with me. I perceived the ship under sail, but at such a distance, that I lost sight of her in a short time.

I leave you to guess at my melancholy reflections in this sad condition: I was ready to die with grief. I cried out in agony; beat my head and breast, and threw myself upon the ground, where I lay some time in despair, one afflicting thought being succeeded by another still more afflicting. I upbraided myself a hundred times for not being content with the produce of my first voyage, that might have sufficed me all my life. But all this was in vain, and my repentance too late.

At last I resigned myself to the will of God. Not knowing what to do, I climbed up to the top of a lofty tree, from whence I looked about on all sides, to see if I could discover any thing that could give me hopes. When I gazed towards the sea I could see nothing but sky and water; but looking over the land I beheld something white; and coming down, I took what provision I had left, and went towards it, the distance being so great, that I could not distinguish what it was.

As I approached, I thought it to be a white dome, of a prodigious height and extent; and when I came up to it, I touched it, and found it to be very smooth. I went round to see if it was open on any side, but saw it was not, and that there was no climbing up to the top as it was so smooth. It was at least fifty paces round.

By this time the sun was about to set, and all of a sudden the sky became as dark as if it had been covered with a thick cloud. I was much astonished at this sudden darkness, but much more when I found it occasioned by a bird of a monstrous size, that came flying toward me. I remembered that I had often heard mariners speak of a miraculous bird called Roc, and conceived that the great dome which I so much admired must be its egg. In short, the bird alighted, and sat over the egg. As I perceived her coming, I crept close to the egg, so that I had before me one of the legs of the bird, which was as big as the trunk of a tree. I tied myself strongly to it with my turban, in hopes that the roc* next morning would carry me with her out of this desert island. After having passed the night in this condition, the bird

* Marco Paolo in his Travels, and father Martini in his History of China, speak of this bird called *Ruch*, and say it will take up an elephant and a rhinoceros. See also Vigafetta in Ramusio's Collection of Voyages, 1369. The combat between eagles and elephants is to be found in Pliny, Solinus, and Diodorus Siculus. HOLE.

flew away as soon as it was daylight, and carried me so high, that I could not discern the earth; she afterwards descended with so much rapidity that I lost my senses. But when I found myself on the ground, I speedily untied the knot, and had scarcely done so, when the roc, having taken up a serpent of a monstrous length in her bill, flew away*.

The spot where it left me was encompassed on all sides by mountains, that seemed to reach above the clouds, and so steep that there was no possibility of getting out of the valley. This was a new perplexity: so that when I compared this place with the desert island from which the roc had brought me, I found that I had gained nothing by the change.

As I walked through this valley, I perceived it was strewed with diamonds, some of which were of a surprising bigness. I took pleasure in looking upon them; but shortly saw at a distance such objects as greatly diminished my satisfaction, and which I could not view without terror, namely, a great number of serpents, so monstrous, that the least of them was capable of swallowing an elephant. They retired in the day-time to their dens, where they hid themselves from the roc, their enemy, and came out only in the night.

I spent the day in walking about in the valley,

* Of serpents devoured by eagles, see Marco Paolo hereafter cited. HOLE.

resting myself at times in such places as I thought most convenient. When night came on, I went into a cave, where I thought I might repose in safety. I secured the entrance, which was low and narrow, with a great stone to preserve me from the serpents; but not so far as to exclude the light. I supped on part of my provisions, but the serpents, which began hissing round me, put me into such extreme fear, that you may easily imagine I did not sleep. When day appeared, the serpents retired, and I came out of the cave trembling. I can justly say, that I walked upon diamonds, without feeling any inclination to touch them. At last I sat down, and notwithstanding my apprehensions, not having closed my eyes during the night, fell asleep, after having eaten a little more of my provision. But I had scarcely shut my eyes, when something that fell by me with a great noise awaked me. This was a large piece of raw meat; and at the same time I saw several others fall down from the rocks in different places.

I had always regarded as fabulous what I had heard sailors and others relate of the valley of diamonds, and of the stratagems employed by merchants to obtain jewels from thence; but now I found that they had stated nothing but truth. For the fact is, that the merchants come to the neighbourhood of this valley, when the eagles have young ones, and throwing great joints of meat into the valley, the dia-

monds, upon whose points they fall, stick to them; the eagles, which are stronger in this country than any where else, pounce with great force upon those pieces of meat, and carry them to their nests on the precipices of the rocks to feed their young: the merchants at this time run to their nests, disturb and drive off the eagles by their shouts, and take away the diamonds that stick to the meat*.

Until I perceived the device I had concluded it to be impossible for me to get from this abyss, which I regarded as my grave; but now I changed my opinion, and began to think upon the means of my deliverance. Here day began to appear, which obliged Scheherazade to break off, but she went on the next night as follows.

* Epiphanius, in a treatise on the twelve stones in the Jewish highpriest's breast-plate, tells a like story of the Jacinths in the deserts of Scythia. Marco Paolo places it beyond Malabar, in a situation which would suit Golconda. See also Benjamin of Tudela, who travelled between 1160 and 1173.
HOLL.

THE SEVENTY-FOURTH NIGHT.

SIR, said she to the sultan, Sinbad continued the story of the adventure of his second voyage thus: I began to collect together the largest diamonds I could find, and put them into the leather bag in which I used to carry my provisions. I afterwards took the largest of the pieces of meat, tied it close round me, with the cloth of my turban, and then laid myself upon the ground with my face downward, the bag of diamonds being made fast to my girdle.

I had scarcely placed myself in this posture when the eagles came. Each of them seized a piece of meat, and one of the strongest having taken me up, with the piece of meat to which I was fastened, carried me to his nest on the top of the mountain. The merchants immediately began their shouting to frighten the eagles; and when they had obliged them to quit their prey, one of them came to the nest where I was. He was much alarmed when he saw me; but recovering himself, instead of enquiring how I came thither, began to quarrel with me, and asked, why I stole his goods? You will treat me, replied I, with more civility, when you know me better. Do not be uneasy, I have diamonds enough for you and myself, more than all the other merchants together. Whatever they have they owe

to chance, but I selected for myself in the bottom of the valley those which you see in this bag. I had scarcely done speaking, when the other merchants came crowding about us, much astonished to see me; but they were much more surprised when I told them my story. Yet they did not so much admire my stratagem to effect my deliverance, as my courage in putting it into execution.

They conducted me to their encampment, and there having opened my bag, they were surprised at the largeness of my diamonds, and confessed, that in all the courts which they had visited they had never seen any of such size and perfection. I prayed the merchant, who owned the nest to which I had been carried (for every merchant had his own), to take as many for his share as he pleased. He contented himself with one, and that too the least of them; and when I pressed him to take more, without fear of doing me any injury, No, said he, I am very well satisfied with this, which is valuable enough to save me the trouble of making any more voyages, and will raise as great a fortune as I desire.

I spent the night with the merchants, to whom I related my story a second time, for the satisfaction of those who had not heard it. I could not moderate my joy when I found myself delivered from the danger I have mentioned. I thought myself in a

dream, and could scarcely believe myself out of danger.

The merchants had thrown their pieces of meat into the valley for several days. And each of them being satisfied with the diamonds that had fallen to his lot, we left the place the next morning, and travelled near high mountains, where there were serpents of a prodigious length, which we had the good fortune to escape. We took shipping at the first port we reached, and touched at the isle of Roha, where the trees grow that yield camphire. This tree is so large, and its branches so thick, that one hundred men may easily sit under its shade. The juice, of which the camphire is made, exudes from a hole bored in the upper part of the tree, is received in a vessel, where it thickens to a consistency, and becomes what we call camphire; after the juice is thus drawn out, the tree withers and dies.

In this island is also found the rhinoceros, an animal less than the elephant, but larger than the buffalo. It has a horn upon its nose, about a cubit in length; this horn is solid, and cleft through the middle, upon this may be seen white lines, representing the figure of a man^s. The rhinoceros fights with the elephant, runs his horn into his belly, and carries him off upon his head; but the blood and the fat of the elephant running into his eyes,

and making him blind, he falls to the ground; and then, strange to relate! the roc comes and carries them both away in her claws, for food for her young ones⁴.

I pass over many other things peculiar to this island, lest I should be troublesome to you. Here I exchanged some of my diamonds for merchandize. From hence we went to other islands, and at last, having touched at several trading towns of the continent, we landed at Bussorah, from whence I proceeded to Bagdad. There I immediately gave large presents to the poor, and lived honourably upon the vast riches I had brought, and gained with so much fatigue.

Thus Sinbad ended the relation of the second voyage, gave Hindbad another hundred sequins, and invited him to come the next day to hear the account of the third. The rest of the guests returned to their homes, and came again the following day at the same hour, and one may be sure the porter did not fail, having by this time almost forgotten his former poverty. When dinner was over, Sinbad demanded attention, and gave them an account of his third voyage, as follows.

THE THIRD VOYAGE.

I soon lost in the pleasures of life the remembrance of the perils I had encountered in my two former voyages; and being in the flower of my age, I grew weary of living without business, and hardening myself against the thought of any danger I might incur, went from Bagdad to Bussorah with the richest commodities of the country. There I embarked again with some merchants. We made a long voyage, and touched at several ports, where we carried on a considerable trade. One day, being out in the main ocean, we were overtaken by a dreadful tempest, which drove us from our course. The tempest continued several days, and brought us before the port of an island, which the captain was very unwilling to enter; but we were obliged to cast anchor. When we had furled our sails, the captain told us, that this, and some other neighbouring islands*, were inhabited by hairy savages, who would speedily attack us; and, though they were but dwarfs, yet our misfortune was such, that we must make no resistance, for they were more in number than the locusts; and if we happened to kill one

* Ptolemy places the island of Satyrs, inhabited by cannibals, to the eastward of the island of Sunda. HOLE.

of them, they would all fall upon us and destroy us.
—Here day beginning to appear, Scheherazade
broke off her story, and continued it next night, as
follows.

THE SEVENTY-FIFTH NIGHT.

THIS account of the captain, continued Sinbad, put the whole company into great consternation, and we soon found that what he had told us was but too true; an innumerable multitude of frightful savages, about two feet high*, covered all over with red hair, came swimming towards us, and encompassed our ship. They spoke to us as they came near, but we understood not their language; they climbed up the sides of the ship with such agility as surprised us. We beheld all this with dread, but without daring to defend ourselves, or to divert them from their mischievous design. In short, they took down our sails, cut the cable, and hauling to the shore, made us all get out, and afterwards carried the ship into another island, from whence they had come. All voyagers carefully avoided the island where they left us, it being very dangerous to stay there, for a reason you shall presently hear; but we were forced to bear our affliction with patience.

We went forward into the island, where we gathered some fruits and herbs to prolong our lives as long as we could; but we expected nothing but death. As we advanced, we perceived at a distance

* These are described by William de Rubruquis 1253, and supposed to be apes. HOLE.

a vast pile of building, and made towards it. We found it to be a palace, elegantly built, and very lofty, with a gate of ebony of two leaves, which we forced open. We entered the court, where we saw before us a large apartment, with a porch, having on one side a heap of human bones, and on the other a vast number of roasting spits. We trembled at this spectacle, and being fatigued with travelling, fell to the ground, seized with deadly apprehension, and lay a long time motionless.

The sun set, and whilst we were in the lamentable condition I have described, the gate of the apartment opened with a loud crash, and there came out the horrible figure of a black man, as tall as a lofty palm-tree. He had but one eye, and that in the middle of his forehead, where it looked as red as a burning coal. His fore-teeth were very long and sharp, and stood out of his mouth, which was as deep as that of a horse. His upper lip hung down upon his breast. His ears resembled those of an elephant*, and covered his shoulders; and his nails were as long and crooked as the talons of the greatest birds. At the sight of so frightful a giant, we became insensible, and lay like dead men†.

* The long-eared people, mentioned by Strabo and Pliny, vii. 2. and Marsden's History of Sumatra, p. 47. **HOLE.**

† Without going back to the Cyclops in the ninth book of the Odyssey, sir John Mandeville will furnish such one-eyed giants in one of the Indian islands. **HOLE.**

At last we came to ourselves, and saw him sitting in the porch looking at us. When he had considered us well, he advanced towards us, and laying his hand upon me, took me up by the nape of my neck, and turned me round as a butcher would do a sheep's head. After having examined me, and perceiving me to be so lean that I had nothing but skin and bone, he let me go. He took up all the rest one by one, and viewed them in the same manner. The captain being the fattest, he held him with one hand, as I would do a sparrow, and thrust a spit through him; he then kindled a great fire, roasted, and ate him in his apartment for his supper. Having finished his repast, he returned to his porch, where he lay and fell asleep, snoring louder than thunder. He slept thus till morning. As to ourselves, it was not possible for us to enjoy any rest, so that we passed the night in the most painful apprehension that can be imagined. When day appeared the giant awoke, got up, went out, and left us in the palace.

When we thought him at a distance, we broke the melancholy silence we had preserved the whole of the night, and filled the palace with our lamentations and groans. Though we were several in number, and had but one enemy, it never occurred to us to effect our deliverance by putting him to death. This enterprize however, though difficult of execution, was the only design we ought naturally to have formed.

We thought of several other expedients, but determined upon none; and submitting ourselves to what it should please God to order concerning us, we spent the day in traversing the island, supporting ourselves with fruits and herbs as we had done the day before. In the evening we sought for some place of shelter, but found none; so that we were forced, whether we would or not, to return to the palace.

The giant failed not to return, and supped once more upon one of our companions, after which he slept, and snored till day, and then went out and left us as before. Our situation appeared to us so dreadful, that several of my comrades designed to throw themselves into the sea, rather than die so painful a death; and endeavoured to persuade the others to follow their example. Upon which one of the company answered, That we were forbidden to destroy ourselves: but even if that were not the case, it was much more reasonable to devise some method to rid ourselves of the monster who had destined us to so horrible a fate.

Having thought of a project for this purpose, I communicated it to my comrades, who approved it. Brethren, said I, you know there is much timber floating upon the coast; if you will be advised by me, let us make several rafts capable of bearing us,

and when they are done, leave them there till we find it convenient to use them. In the mean time, we will carry into execution the design I proposed to you for our deliverance from the giant, and if it succeed, we may remain here patiently awaiting the arrival of some ship to carry us out of this fatal island; but if it happen to miscarry, we will take to our rafts, and put to sea. I admit that by exposing ourselves to the fury of the waves, we run a risk of losing our lives; but is it not better to be buried in the sea than in the entrails of this monster, who has already devoured two of our number? My advice was approved, and we made rafts capable of carrying three persons on each.

We returned to the palace towards the evening, and the giant arrived shortly after. We were forced to submit to seeing another of our comrades roasted. But at last we revenged ourselves on the brutish giant in the following manner. After he had finished his cursed supper, he lay down on his back, and fell asleep. As soon as we heard him snore, according to his custom, nine of the boldest among us, and myself, took each of us a spit, and putting the points of them into the fire till they were burning hot, we thrust them into his eye all at once, and blinded him. The pain made him break out into a frightful yell: he started up, and stretched out his hands, in

order to sacrifice some of us to his rage: but we ran to such places as he could not reach; and after having sought for us in vain, he groped for the gate, and went out, howling in agony.—Scheherazade stopped here, but next night resumed her story.

THE SEVENTY-SIXTH NIGHT.

WE quitted the palace after the giant, continued Sinbad, and came to the shore, where we had left our rafts, and put them immediately to sea. We waited till day, in order to get upon them, in case the giant should come towards us with any guide of his own species; but we hoped if he did not appear by sun-rising, and gave over his howling, which we still heard, that he would prove to be dead; and if that happened to be the case, we resolved to stay in that island, and not to risk our lives upon the rafts: but day had scarcely appeared, when we perceived our cruel enemy, accompanied with two others almost of the same size, leading him; and a great number more coming before him at a quick pace.

We did not hesitate to take to our rafts, and put to sea with all the speed we could. The giants, who perceived this, took up great stones, and running to the shore, entered the water up to the middle, and threw so exactly, that they sunk all the rafts but that I was upon; and all my companions, except the two with me, were drowned. We rowed with all our might, and got out of the reach of the giants. But when we got out to sea, we were exposed to the mercy of the waves and winds, and tossed about, sometimes on one side, and sometimes

on another, and spent that night and the following day under the most painful uncertainty as to our fate; but next morning we had the good fortune to be thrown upon an island, where we landed with much joy. We found excellent fruit, which afforded us great relief, and recruited our strength.

At night we went to sleep on the sea-shore; but were awakened by the noise of a serpent of surprising length and thickness, whose scales made a rustling noise as he wound himself along. It swallowed up one of my comrades, notwithstanding his loud cries, and the efforts he made to extricate himself from it; dashing him several times against the ground, it crushed him, and we could hear it gnaw and tear the poor wretch's bones, though we had fled to a considerable distance. The following day, to our great terror, we saw the serpent again, when I exclaimed, O heaven, to what dangers are we exposed! We rejoiced yesterday at having escaped from the cruelty of a giant and the rage of the waves, now are we fallen into another danger equally dreadful.

As we walked about, we saw a large tall tree, upon which we designed to pass the following night, for our security; and having satisfied our hunger with fruit, we mounted it accordingly. Shortly after, the serpent came hissing to the foot of the tree; raised itself up against the trunk of it, and meeting

with my comrade, who sat lower than I, swallowed him at once, and went off.

I remained upon the tree till it was day, and then came down, more like a dead man than one alive, expecting the same fate with my two companions. This filled me with horror, and I advanced some steps to throw myself into the sea; but the natural love of life prompting us to prolong it as long as we can, I withstood this dictate of despair, and submitted myself to the will of God, who disposes of our lives at his pleasure.

In the mean time I collected together a great quantity of small wood, brambles, and dry thorns, and making them up into faggots, made a wide circle with them round the tree, and also tied some of them to the branches over my head. Having done this, when the evening came, I shut myself up within this circle, with the melancholy satisfaction, that I had neglected nothing which could preserve me from the cruel destiny with which I was threatened. The serpent failed not to come at the usual hour, and went round the tree, seeking for an opportunity to devour me, but was prevented by the rampart I had made; so that he lay till day, like a cat watching in vain for a mouse that has fortunately reached a place of safety. When day appeared, he retired, but I dared not to leave my fort until the sun arose.

’ I felt so much fatigued by the labour to which it had put me, and suffered so much from his poisonous breath, that death seemed more eligible to me than the horrors of such a state. I came down from the tree, and, not thinking of the resignation I had the preceding day resolved to exercise, I ran towards the sea, with a design to throw myself into it.— Here Scheherazade stopped, because day appeared, and next night continued her story.

THE SEVENTY-SEVENTH NIGHT.

SINBAD pursued the account of his third voyage thus: God took compassion on my hopeless state; for just as I was going to throw myself into the sea, I perceived a ship at a considerable distance. I called as loud as I could, and taking the linen from my turban, displayed it, that they might observe me. This had the desired effect; the crew perceived me, and the captain sent his boat for me. As soon as I came on board, the merchants and seamen flocked about me, to know how I came into that desert island; and after I had related to them all that had befallen me, the oldest among them said to me, They had several times heard of the giants that dwelt in that island, that they were cannibals, and ate men raw as well as roasted; and as to the serpents, they added, that there were abundance in the island, that hid themselves by day, and came abroad by night. After having testified their joy at my escaping so many dangers, they brought me the best of their provisions; and the captain, seeing that I was in rags, was so generous as to give me one of his own suits. We continued at sea for some time, touched at several islands, and at last landed at that of Salabat*, where sandal wood is obtained,

* Possibly Timor, which Linschoten celebrates for its woods and wildernesses of *sanders*. Purchas' Pilgrim, ii. p. 1784.
HOLE.

which is of great use in medicine. We entered the port, and came to anchor. The merchants began to unload their goods, in order to sell or exchange them. In the mean time, the captain came to me, and said, Brother, I have here some goods that belonged to a merchant, who sailed some time on board this ship, and he being dead, I design to dispose of them for the benefit of his heirs, when I find who they are. 'The bales' he spoke of lay on the deck, and shewing them to me, he said, There are the goods; I hope you will take care to sell them, and you shall have factorage. I thanked him for thus affording me an opportunity of employing myself, because I hated to be idle.

The clerk of the ship took an account of all the bales, with the names of the merchants to whom they belonged. And when he asked the captain in whose name he should enter those he had given me the charge of; Enter them, said the captain, in the name of Sinbad. I could not hear myself named without some emotion; and looking stedfastly on the captain, I knew him to be the person who, in my second voyage, had left me in the island where I fell asleep, and sailed without me, or sending to see for me. But I could not recollect him at first, he was so much altered since I had seen him.

I was not surprised that he, believing me to be dead, did not recognize me. Captain, said I, was

the merchant's name, to whom those bales belonged, Sinbad? Yes, replied he, that was his name; he came from Bagdad, and embarked on board my ship at Bussorah. One day, when we landed at an island to take in water and other refreshments, I know not by what mistake, I sailed without observing that he did not re-embark with us; neither I nor the merchants perceived it till four hours after. We had the wind in our stern, and so fresh a gale, that it was not then possible for us to tack about for him. You believe him then to be dead? said I. Certainly, answered he. No, captain, I resumed, look at me, and you may know that I am Sinbad, whom you left in that desert island. Here Scheherazade perceiving day, discontinued her story, and the next morning resumed it thus.

THE SEVENTY-EIGHTH NIGHT.

THE captain, continued Sinbad, having considered me attentively, recognized me. God be praised, said he, embracing me, I rejoice that fortune has rectified my fault. There are your goods, which I always took care to preserve. I took them from him, and made him the acknowledgments to which he was entitled.

From the isle of Salabat, we went to another, where I furnished myself with cloves, cinnamon, and other spices. As we sailed from this island, we saw a tortoise twenty cubits in length and breadth *. We observed also an amphibious animal like a cow, which gave milk †; its skin is so hard, that they usually make bucklers of it. I saw another, which had the shape and colour of a camel ‡.

In short, after a long voyage I arrived at Bussorah, and from thence returned to Bagdad, with so much wealth that I knew not its extent. I gave a great deal to the poor, and bought another considerable estate in addition to what I had already.

Thus Sinbad finished the history of his third

* Elian, Hist. Ann. xvi. 16. describes tortoises fifteen cubits long, the shells big enough to cover a house; and Man-deville says, three men might hide under them in the island of Calonah, not far from Java. HOLE.

† The Hippopotamus.

‡ The Manatre.

voyage; gave another hundred sequins to Hindbad, invited him to dinner again the next day, to hear the story of his fourth voyage. Hindbad and the company retired; and on the following day, when they returned, Sinbad after dinner continued the relation of his adventures.

THE FOURTH VOYAGE.

The pleasures and amusements which I enjoyed after my third voyage had not charms sufficient to divert me from another. My passion for trade, and my love of novelty, again prevailed. I therefore settled my affairs, and having provided a stock of goods fit for the traffic I designed to engage in, I set out on my journey. I took the route of Persia, travelled over several provinces, and then arrived at a port, where I embarked. We hoisted our sails, and touched at several ports of the continent, and some of the eastern islands, and put out to sea: we were overtaken by such a sudden gust of wind, as obliged the captain to lower his yards, and take all other necessary precautions to prevent the danger that threatened us. But all was in vain; our endeavours had no effect, the sails were split in a thousand pieces, and the ship was stranded; several of the merchants and seamen were drowned, and the cargo was lost.

Scheherazade perceiving day, discontinued; but resumed her story next night.

THE SEVENTY-NINTH NIGHT.

I HAD the good fortune, continued Sinbad, with several of the merchants and mariners, to get upon some planks, and we were carried by the current to an island which lay before us. There we found fruit and spring water, which preserved our lives. We staid all night near the place where we had been cast ashore, without consulting what we should do; our misfortune had so much dispirited us that we could not deliberate.

Next morning, as soon as the sun was up, we walked from the shore, and advancing into the island, saw some houses, which we approached. As soon as we drew near, we were encompassed by a great number of negroes, who seized us, shared us among them, and carried us to their respective habitations*.

I, and five of my comrades, were carried to one place; here they made us sit down, and gave us a certain herb, which they made signs to us to eat. My comrades not taking notice that the blacks ate none of it themselves, thought only of satisfying their

* In the sea of Andaman, or bay of Bengal, the Mahumedan travellers, in the ninth century, mention negro cannibals. Ptolemy places them in the same bay in the Nicobar islands. HOLE.

hunger, and ate with greediness. But I, suspecting some trick, would not so much as taste it, which happened well for me; for in a little time after, I perceived my companions had lost their senses, and that when they spoke to me, they knew not what they said.

The negroes fed us afterwards with rice, prepared with oil of cocoa-nuts; and my comrades, who had lost their reason, ate of it greedily. I also partook of it, but very sparingly. They gave us that herb at first on purpose to deprive us of our senses*, that we might not be aware of the sad destiny prepared for us; and they supplied us with rice to fatten us; for, being cannibals, their design was to eat us as soon as we grew fat. This accordingly happened, for they devoured my comrades, who were not sensible of their condition; but my senses being entire, you may easily guess that instead of growing fat, as the rest did, I grew leaner every day. The fear of death under which I laboured, turned all my food into poison. I fell into a languishing distemper, which proved my safety; for the negroes, having killed and eaten my companions, seeing me to be withered, lean, and sick, deferred my death.

* The lotus of Homer's *Odyssey*, the intoxicating seed of Sumatra, mentioned by Davis 1597; and the herb *dutroa* of Linschoten, or *dutro* of Lobo; *dutry* and *bung*, or *bang* of Fryer.
HOLE.

Mean while I had much liberty, so that scarcely any notice was taken of what I did, and this gave me an opportunity one day to get at a distance from the houses, and to make my escape. An old man, who saw me, and suspected my design, called to me as loud as he could to return; but instead of obeying him, I redoubled my speed, and quickly got out of sight. At that time there was none but the old man about the houses, the rest being abroad, and not to return till night, which was usual with them. Therefore, being sure that they could not arrive time enough to pursue me, I went on till night, when I stopped to rest a little, and to eat some of the provisions I had secured; but I speedily set forward again, and travelled seven days, avoiding those places which seemed to be inhabited, and lived for the most part upon cocoa-nuts, which served me both for meat and drink. On the eighth day I came near the sea, and saw some white people like myself, gathering pepper*, of which there was great plenty in that place. This I took to be a good omen, and went to them without any scruple. Scheherazade broke off here, and went on with the story next night, as follows:

* Sunda islands and Sumatra produce plenty of pepper and cocoa-nuts. HOLE.

THE EIGHTIETH NIGHT.

THE people who gathered pepper, continued Sinbad, came to meet me as soon as they saw me, and asked me in Arabic, who I was, and whence I came? I was overjoyed to hear them speak in my own language, and satisfied their curiosity, by giving them an account of my shipwreck, and how I fell into the hands of the negroes. Those negroes, replied they, eat men, and by what miracle did you escape their cruelty? I related to them the circumstances I have just mentioned, at which they were wonderfully surprised.

I staid with them till they had gathered their quantity of pepper, and then sailed with them to the island from whence they had come. They presented me to their king, who was a good prince. He had the patience to hear the relation of my adventures, which surprised him; and he afterwards gave me clothes, and commanded care to be taken of me.

The island was very well peopled, plentiful in every thing, and the capital a place of great trade. This agreeable retreat was very comfortable to me after my misfortunes, and the kindness of this generous prince completed my satisfaction. In a word, there was not a person more in favour with him than myself; and, consequently, every man in court

and city sought to oblige me; so that in a very little time I was looked upon rather as a native than a stranger.

I observed one thing, which to me appeared very extraordinary. All the people, the king himself not excepted, rode their horses without bridle or stirrups. This made me one day take the liberty to ask the king how it came to pass? His majesty answered, That I talked to him of things which nobody knew the use of in his dominions.

I went immediately to a workman, and gave him a model for making the stock of a saddle. When that was done, I covered it myself with velvet and leather, and embroidered it with gold. I afterwards went to a smith, who made me a bit, according to the pattern I shewed him, and also some stirrups. When I had all things completed, I presented them to the king, and put them upon one of his horses. His majesty mounted immediately, and was so pleased with them, that he testified his satisfaction by large presents. I could not avoid making several others for the ministers and principal officers of his household, who all of them made me presents that enriched me in a little time. I also made some for the people of best quality in the city, which gained me great reputation and regard.

As I paid my court very constantly to the king, he said to me one day, Sinbad, I love thee; and all

my subjects who know thee, treat thee according to my example. I have one thing to demand of thee, which thou must grant. Sir, answered I, there is nothing but I will do, as a mark of my obedience to your majesty, whose power over me is absolute. I have a mind thou shouldst marry, replied he, that so thou mayst stay in my dominions, and think no more of thy own country. I durst not resist the prince's will, and he gave me one of the ladies of his court, noble, beautiful, and rich. The ceremonies of marriage being over, I went and dwelt with my wife, and for some time we lived together in perfect harmony. I was not, however, satisfied with my banishment, therefore designed to make my escape the first opportunity, and to return to Bagdad; which my present settlement, how advantageous soever, could not make me forget.

At this time the wife of one of my neighbours, with whom I had contracted a very strict friendship, fell sick, and died. I went to see and comfort him in his affliction, and finding him absorbed in sorrow, I said to him as soon as I saw him, God preserve you and grant you a long life. Alas! replied he, how do you think I should obtain the favour you wish me? I have not above an hour to live. Pray, said I, do not entertain such a melancholy thought; I hope I shall enjoy your company many years. I wish you, he replied, a long life; but my days are at

an end, for I must be buried this day with my wife*. This is a law which our ancestors established in this island, and it is always observed inviolably. The living husband is interred with the dead wife, and the living wife with the dead husband. Nothing can save me; every one must submit to this law.

While he was giving me an account of this barbarous custom, the very relation of which chilled my blood, his kindred, friends, and neighbours, came in a body to assist at the funeral. They dressed the corpse of the woman in her richest apparel, and all her jewels, as if it had been her wedding-day; then they placed her on an open coffin, and began their march to the place of burial. The husband walked at the head of the company, and followed the corpse. They proceeded to a high mountain, and when they had reached the place of their destination, they took up a large stone, which covered the mouth of a deep pit, and let down the corpse with all its apparel and jewels. Then the husband, embracing his kindred and friends, suffered himself to be put into another open coffin without resistance, with a pot of water, and seven small loaves, and was

* Mandeville mentions the burying the wives alive with the dead husband, in the island of Calanak; and Jerom the husband with the wives, in Scythia. HOLE.

let down in the same manner. The mountain was of considerable length, and extended along the sea-shore, and the pit was very deep. The ceremony being over, the aperture was again covered with the stone, and the company returned.

It is needless for me to tell you that I was a most melancholy spectator of this funeral, while the rest were scarcely moved, the custom was to them so familiar. I could not forbear communicating to the king my sentiment respecting the practice: Sir, I said, I cannot but feel astonished at the strange usage observed in this country, of burying the living with the dead. I have been a great traveller, and seen many countries, but never heard of so cruel a law. What do you mean, Sinbad? replied the king: it is a common law. I shall be interred with the queen, my wife, if she die first. But, Sir, said I, may I presume to ask your majesty, if strangers be obliged to observe this law? Without doubt, returned the king (smiling at the occasion of my question), they are not exempted, if they be married in this island.

I returned home much depressed by this answer; for the fear of my wife's dying first, and that I should be interred alive with her, occasioned me very uneasy reflections. But there was no remedy; I must have patience, and submit to the will of God.

I trembled however at every little indisposition of my wife: alas! in a little time my fears were realized, for she fell sick, and died.

Scheherazade stopped here, and resumed her story the next night.

THE EIGHTY-FIRST NIGHT.

JUDGE of my sorrow, continued Sinbad; to be interred alive, seemed to me as deplorable a termination of life as to be devoured by cannibals. It was necessary, however, to submit. The king and all his court expressed their wish to honour the funeral with their presence, and the most considerable people of the city did the same. When all was ready for the ceremony, the corpse was put into a coffin, with all her jewels and her most magnificent apparel. The procession began, and as second actor in this doleful tragedy, I went next the corpse, with my eyes full of tears, bewailing my deplorable fate. Before we reached the mountain, I made an attempt to affect the minds of the spectators: I addressed myself to the king first, and then to all those that were round me; bowing before them to the earth, and kissing the border of their garments, I prayed them to have compassion upon me. Consider, said I, that I am a stranger, and ought not to be subject to this rigorous law, and that I have another wife and children in my own country. Although I spoke in the most pathetic manner, no one was moved by my address; on the contrary, they ridiculed my dread of death as cowardly, made haste to let my wife's corpse into the pit, and lowered me down the next moment in

an open coffin, with a vessel full of water and seven loaves. In short, the fatal ceremony being performed, they covered over the mouth of the pit, notwithstanding my grief and piteous lamentations.

As I approached the bottom, I discovered by the aid of the little light that came from above the nature of this subterranean place; it seemed an endless cavern, and might be about fifty fathom deep. I was annoyed by an insufferable stench, proceeding from the multitude of bodies which I saw on the right and left; nay, I fancied that I heard some of them sigh out their last. However, when I got down, I immediately left my coffin, and getting at a distance from the bodies, held my nose, and lay down upon the ground, where I stayed a considerable time, bathed in tears. At last, reflecting on my melancholy case, It is true, said I, that God disposes all things according to the decrees of his providence; but, unhappy Sinbad, hast thou any but thyself to blame that thou art brought to die so strange a death? Would to God thou hadst perished in some of those tempests which thou hast escaped! then thy death had not been so lingering, and so terrible in all its circumstances. But thou hast drawn all this upon thyself by thy inordinate avarice. Ah, unfortunate wretch! shouldst thou not rather have remained at home, and quietly enjoyed the fruits of thy labour?

Such were the vain complaints with which I filled

the cave, beating my head and breast out of rage and despair, and abandoning myself to the most afflicting thoughts. Nevertheless, I must tell you, that instead of calling death to my assistance in that miserable condition, I felt still an inclination to live, and to do all I could to prolong my days. I went groping about, with my nose stopped, for the bread and water that was in my coffin, and took some of it. Though the darkness of the cave was so great that I could not distinguish day and night, yet I always found my coffin again, and the cave seemed to be more spacious and fuller of bodies than it had appeared to be at first. I lived for some days upon my bread and water, which being all spent, I at last prepared for death.—At these words, Scheherazade left off, but resumed the story the next night.

THE EIGHTY-SECOND NIGHT.

As I was thinking of death, continued Sinbad, I heard the stone lifted up from the mouth of the cave, and immediately the corpse of a man was let down. When reduced to necessity, it is natural to come to extreme resolutions. While they let down the woman I approached the place where her coffin was to be put, and as soon as I perceived they were again covering the mouth of the cave, gave the unfortunate wretch two or three violent blows over the head, with a large bone; which stunned, or, to say the truth, killed her.* I committed this inhuman action merely for the sake of the bread and water that was in her coffin, and thus I had provision for some days more. When that was spent, they let down another dead woman, and a living man; I killed the man in the same manner, and, as there was then a sort of mortality in the town, by continuing this practice I did not want for provisions.

One day after I had dispatched another woman, I heard something tread, and breathing or panting as it walked. I advanced towards that side from whence I heard the noise, and on my approach the creature puffed and blew harder, as if running away from me. I followed the noise, and the thing seemed to stop sometimes, but always fled and blew as I approached.

I pursued it for a considerable time, till at last I perceived a light, resembling a star; I went on, sometimes lost sight of it, but always found it again, and at last discovered that it came through a hole in the rock, large enough to admit a man.

Upon this, I stopped some time to rest, being much fatigued with the rapidity of my progress: afterwards coming up to the hole, I got through, and found myself upon the sea shore. I leave you to guess the excess of my joy: it was such, that I could scarcely persuade myself that the whole was not a dream.

But when I was recovered from my surprise, and convinced of the reality of my escape, I perceived what I had followed to be a creature which came out of the sea, and was accustomed to enter the cavern and feed upon the bodies of the dead*.

I examined the mountain, and found it to be situated betwixt the sea and the town, but without any passage to or communication with the latter; the rocks on the sea side being high and perpendicularly steep. I prostrated myself on the shore to thank God for this mercy, and afterwards entered the cave again to fetch bread and water, which I ate by daylight with a better appetite than I had done since my interment in the dark cavern.

* See the escape of Aristomenes, in his life by Rowe. **HOLE.**

I returned thither a second time, and groped among the coffins for all the diamonds, rubies, pearls, gold bracelets, and rich stuffs I could find; these I brought to the shore, and tying them up neatly into bales, with the cords that let down the coffins, I laid them together upon the beach, waiting till some ship might appear, without fear of rain, for it was then the dry season.

After two or three days, I perceived a ship just come out of the harbour, making for the place where I was. I made a sign with the linen of my turban, and called to the crew as loud as I could. They heard me, and sent a boat to bring me on board, when they asked by what misfortune I came thither; I told them that I had suffered shipwreck two days before, and made shift to get ashore with the goods they saw. It was fortunate for me that these people did not consider the place where I was, nor enquire into the probability of what I told them; but without hesitation took me on board with my goods. When I came to the ship, the captain was so well pleased to have saved me, and so much taken up with his own affairs, that he also took the story of my pretended shipwreck upon trust, and generously refused some jewels which I offered him.

We passed by several islands, and among others that called the isle of Bells, about ten days sail from

Serendib*, with a regular wind, and six from that of Kela, where we landed. This island produces lead mines, Indian canes†, and excellent camphire.

The king of the isle of Kela is very rich and powerful, and the isle of Bells, which is about two days journey in extent, is also subject to him. The inhabitants are so barbarous that they still eat human flesh. After we had finished our traffic in that island, we put to sea again, and touched at several other ports; at last I arrived happily at Bagdad with infinite riches, of which it is needless to trouble you with the detail. Out of gratitude to God for his mercies, I contributed liberally towards the support of several mosques, and the subsistence of the poor, gave myself up to the society of my kindred and friends, enjoying myself with them in festivities and amusements.

Here Sinbad finished the relation of his fourth voyage, which appeared more surprising to the company than the three former. He made a new present of one hundred sequins to Hindbad, whom he requested to return with the rest next day at the

* Now Ceylon. Serendib is Ceylon, and Kela is Cala or Calabar, where the Arabians touched in their way to China; so that it must have been somewhere about the point of Malabar.
RENAUDOT.

† Bamboo-trees.

same hour to dine with him, and hear the story of his fifth voyage. Hindbad and the other guests took their leave and retired. Next morning when they all met, they sat down at table, and when dinner was over, Sinbad began the relation of his fifth voyage as follows:

THE FIFTH VOYAGE.

The pleasures I enjoyed had again charms enough to make me forget all the troubles and calamities I had undergone, but could not cure me of my inclination to make new voyages. I therefore bought goods, departed with them for the best sea-port; and there, that I might not be obliged to depend upon a captain, but have a ship at my own command, I remained till one was built on purpose, at my own charge. When the ship was ready, I went on board with my goods: but not having enough to load her, I agreed to take with me several merchants of different nations with their merchandize.

We sailed with the first fair wind, and after a long navigation, the first place we touched at was a desert island, where we found an egg of a roc, equal in size to that I formerly mentioned. There was a young roc in it just ready to be hatched, and its bill had begun to appear.

At these words Scheherazade stopped, because daylight began to enter the sultan's apartment; but the next night she resumed her story.

THE EIGHTY-THIRD NIGHT.

SINBAD continued the relation of his fifth voyage as follows: The merchants whom I had taken on board, and who landed with me, broke the egg with hatchets, and made a hole in it, pulled out the young roc piecemeal, and roasted it. I had earnestly intreated them not to meddle with the egg, but they would not listen to me.

Scarcely had they finished their repast, when there appeared in the air at a considerable distance from us two great clouds. The captain whom I had hired to navigate my ship, knowing by experience what they meant, said they were the male and female roc that belonged to the young one, and pressed us to re-embark with all speed, to prevent the misfortune which he saw would otherwise befall us. We hastened on board, and set sail with all possible expedition.

In the mean time, the two rocs approached with a frightful noise, which they redoubled when they saw the egg broken, and their young one gone. They flew back in the direction they had come, and disappeared for some time, while we made all the sail we could to endeavour to prevent that which unhappily befell us.

They soon returned, and we observed that each

of them carried between its talons stones, or rather rocks, of a monstrous size. When they came directly over my ship, they hovered, and one of them * let fall a stone, but by the dexterity of the steersman it missed us, and falling into the sea, divided the water so that we could almost see the bottom. The other roc, to our misfortune, threw his massy burden so exactly upon the middle of the ship, as to split it into a thousand pieces. The mariners and passengers were all crushed to death, or sunk. I myself was of the number of the latter; but as I came up again, I fortunately caught hold of a piece of the wreck, and swimming sometimes with one hand, and sometimes with the other, but always holding fast my board, the wind and the tide favouring me, I came to an island, whose shore was very steep. I overcame that difficulty, however, and got ashore.

I sat down upon the grass, to recover myself from my fatigue, after which I went into the island to explore it. It seemed to be a delicious garden. I found trees every where, some of them bearing green, and others ripe fruits, and streams of fresh pure water running in pleasant meanders. I ate of the fruits, which I found excellent; and drank of the water, which was very light and good.

* Bochart (Hiero. vol. ii. p. 854.) tells a story exactly similar from Demur or Damur, an Arabian writer who died 1405. HOLE.

When night closed in, I lay down upon the grass in a convenient spot, but could not sleep an hour at a time, my mind being apprehensive of danger. I spent best part of the night in alarm, and reproached myself for my imprudence in not remaining at home, rather than undertaking this last voyage. These reflections carried me so far, that I began to form a design against my life; but daylight dispersed these melancholy thoughts. I got up, and walked among the trees, but not without some fears.

When I was a little advanced into the island, I saw an old man, who appeared very weak and infirm. He was sitting on the bank of a stream, and at first I took him to be one who had been shipwrecked like myself. I went towards him and saluted him, but he only slightly bowed his head. I asked him why he sat so still, but instead of answering me, he made a sign for me to take him upon my back, and carry him over the brook, signifying that it was to gather fruit.

I believed him really to stand in need of my assistance, took him upon my back, and having carried him over, bade him get down, and for that end stooped, that he might get off with ease; but instead of doing so (which I laugh at every time I think of it) the old man, who to me appeared quite decrepid, clasped his legs nimbly about my neck, when I perceived his

skin to resemble that of a cow. He sat astride upon my shoulders, and held my throat so tight, that I thought he would have strangled me, the apprehension of which made me swoon and fall down.

Day appearing, Scheherazade was obliged to stop here, but pursued her story thus next night.

THE EIGHTY-FOURTH NIGHT.

NOTWITHSTANDING my fainting, continued Sinbad, the ill-natured old fellow kept fast about my neck, but opened his legs a little to give me time to recover my breath. When I had done so, he thrust one of his feet against my stomach, and struck me so rudely on the side with the other, that he forced me to rise up against my will. Having arisen, he made me walk under the trees, and forced me now and then to stop, to gather and eat fruit such as we found. He never left me all day, and when I lay down to rest at night, laid himself down with me, holding always fast about my neck. Every morning he pushed me to make me awake, and afterwards obliged me to get up and walk, and pressed me with his feet. You may judge then, gentlemen, what trouble I was in, to be loaded with such a burden of which I could not get rid.

One day I found in my way several dry calabashes that had fallen from a tree. I took a large one, and after cleaning it, pressed into it some juice of grapes, which abounded in the island; having filled the calabash, I put it by in a convenient place, and going thither again some days after, I tasted it, and found the wine so good, that it soon made me

forget my sorrow, gave me new vigour, and so exhilarated my spirits, that I began to sing and dance as I walked along.

The old man, perceiving the effect which this liquor had upon me, and that I carried him with more ease than before, made me a sign to give him some of it. I handed him the calebash, and the liquor pleasing his palate, he drank it all off. There being a considerable quantity of it, he became drunk immediately, and the fumes getting up into his head, he began to sing after his manner, and to dance with his breech upon my shoulders. His jolting made him vomit, and he loosened his legs from about me by degrees. Finding that he did not press me as before, I threw him upon the ground, where he lay without motion; I then took up a great stone, and crushed his head to pieces.

I was extremely glad to be thus freed for ever from this troublesome fellow. I now walked towards the beach, where I met the crew of a ship that had cast anchor, to take in water. They were surprised to see me, but more so at hearing the particulars of my adventures. You fell, said they, into the hands of the old man of the sea, and are the first who ever escaped strangling by his malicious tricks. He never quitted those he had once made himself master of, till he had destroyed them, and he has made this island

notorious by the number of men he has slain; so that the merchants and mariners who landed upon it, durst not advance into the island but in numbers at a time.

After having informed me of these things, they carried me with them to the ship; the captain received me with great kindness, when they told him what had befallen me. He put out again to sea, and after some days sail, we arrived at the harbour of a great city, the houses of which were built with hewn stone.

One of the merchants who had taken me into his friendship invited me to go along with him, and carried me to a place appointed for the accommodation of foreign merchants. He gave me a large bag, and having recommended me to some people of the town, who used to gather cocoa-nuts, desired them to take me with them. Go, said he, follow them, and act as you see them do, but do not separate from them, otherwise you may endanger your life. Having thus spoken, he gave me provisions for the journey, and I went with them.

We came to a thick forest of cocoa-trees, very lofty, with trunks so smooth that it was not possible to climb to the branches that bore the fruit. When we entered the forest we saw a great number of apes of several sizes, who fled as soon as they perceived

us, and climbed up to the top of the trees with surprising swiftness.

Scheherazade would have gone on, but day appearing prevented her, and next night she resumed her narrative as follows.

THE EIGHTY-FIFTH NIGHT.

THE merchants with whom I was, continued Sinbad, gathered stones and threw them at the apes on the trees. I did the same, and the apes out of revenge threw cocoa-nuts at us so fast, and with such gestures, as sufficiently testified their anger and resentment. We gathered up the cocoa-nuts, and from time to time threw stones to provoke the apes; so that by this stratagem we filled our bags with cocoa-nuts, which it had been impossible otherwise to have done.

When we had gathered our number, we returned to the city, where the merchant, who had sent me to the forest, gave me the value of the cocoas I brought: Go on, said he, and do the like every day, until you have got money enough to carry you home. I thanked him for his advice, and gradually collected as many cocoa-nuts as produced me a considerable sum.

The vessel in which I had come sailed with some merchants, who loaded her with cocoa-nuts. I expected the arrival of another, which anchored soon after for the like loading. I embarked in her all the cocoa-nuts I had, and when she was ready to sail, took leave of the merchant who had been so kind to me; but he could not embark with me, because he had not finished his business at the port^s.

We sailed towards the islands *, where pepper grows in great plenty. From thence we went to the isle of Comari †, where the best species of wood of aloes grows, and whose inhabitants have made it an inviolable law to themselves to drink no wine, and suffer no place of debauch. I exchanged my cocoa in those two islands for pepper and wood of aloes, and went with other merchants a pearl-fishing ‡. I hired divers, who brought me up some that were very large and pure. I embarked in a vessel that happily arrived at Bussorah; from thence I returned to Bagdad, where I made vast sums of my pepper, wood of aloes, and pearls. I gave the tenth of my gains in alms, as I had done upon my return from my other voyages, and endeavoured to dissipate my fatigues by amusements of different kinds.

When Sinbad had finished his story, he ordered one hundred sequins to be given to Hindbad, who retired with the other guests; but next morning the

* In the straits of Sunda. HOLE.

† This island, or peninsula, ends at the cape, which we now call cape Comorin. It is also called Comar and Camor. The Mahummedan travellers say, the king of Comar (whence they bring aloes) was subdued by Mibrage. The inhabitants are very virtuous, and debauchery with women and the use of wine are forbidden them. Accounts of India and China, p. 63.

‡ There still is, and has been from time immemorial, a pearl-fishery in the neighbourhood of cape Comorin. See Marco Paolo. HOLE.

same company returned to dine with rich Sinbad; who, after having treated them as formerly, requested their attention, and gave the following account of his sixth voyage.

THE SIXTH VOYAGE.

Gentlemen, said he, you long without doubt to know, how, after having been shipwrecked five times, and escaped so many dangers, I could resolve again to tempt fortune, and expose myself to new hardships? I am, myself, astonished at my conduct when I reflect upon it, and must certainly have been actuated by my destiny. But be that as it may, after a year's rest I prepared for a sixth voyage, notwithstanding the intreaties of my kindred and friends, who did all in their power to dissuade me.

Instead of taking my way by the Persian gulf, I travelled once more through several provinces of Persia and the Indies, and arrived at a sea-port, where I embarked in a ship, the captain of which was bound on a long voyage. It was long indeed, and at the same time so unfortunate, that the captain and pilot lost their course. They however at last discovered where they were, but we had no reason to rejoice at the circumstance. Suddenly we saw the captain quit his post, uttering loud lamentations. He threw off his turban, pulled his beard, and beat

his head like a madman. We asked him the reason, and he answered, that he was in the most dangerous place in all the ocean. A rapid current carries the ship along with it, and we shall all perish in less than a quarter of an hour. Pray to God to deliver us from this peril; we cannot escape, if he do not take pity on us. At these words he ordered the sails to be lowered; but all the ropes broke, and the ship was carried by the current to the foot of an inaccessible mountain, where she struck and went to pieces, yet in such a manner that we saved our lives, our provisions, and the best of our goods.

This being over, the captain said to us, God has done what pleased him. Each of us may dig his grave, and bid the world adieu; for we are all in so fatal a place, that none shipwrecked here ever returned to their homes. His discourse afflicted us sensibly, and we embraced each other, bewailing our deplorable lot.

The mountain at the foot of which we were wrecked formed part of the coast of a very large island. It was covered with wrecks, and from the vast number of human bones we saw every where, and which filled us with horror, we concluded that multitudes of people had perished there. It is also incredible what a quantity of goods and riches we found cast ashore. All these objects served only to augment our despair. In all other places, rivers

run from their channels into the sea, but here a river of fresh water* runs out of the sea into a dark cavern, whose entrance is very high and spacious. What is most remarkable in this place is, that the stones of the mountain are of crystal, rubies, or other precious stones. Here is also a sort of fountain of pitch or bitumen †, that runs into the sea, which the fish swallow, and evacuate soon afterwards, turned into ambergris: and this the waves throw up on the beach in great quantities. Trees also grow here, most of which are wood of aloes, equal in goodness to those of Comari.

To finish the description of this place, which may well be called a gulf, since nothing ever returns from it, it is not possible for ships to get off when once they approach within a certain distance. If they be driven thither by a wind from the sea, the wind and the current impel them; and if they come into it when a land-wind blows, which might seem to favour their getting out again, the height of the mountain stops the wind, and occasions a calm, so that the force of the current carries them ashore: and what completes the misfortune is, that there is

* Mr. Ives mentions wells of fresh water under the sea in the Persian gulf, near the island of Barien. HOLE.

† Such fountains are not unfrequent in India and in Ceylon; and the Mahummedan travellers speak of ambergris swallowed by whales, who are made sick by, and regorge it. HOLE.

no possibility of ascending the mountain, or of escaping by sea.

We continued upon the shore in a state of despair, and expected death every day. At first we divided our provisions as equally as we could, and thus every one lived a longer or shorter time, according to his temperance, and the use he made of his provisions.

Scheherazade perceiving day, left off, but next night she resumed her story as follows.

THE EIGHTY-SIXTH NIGHT.

THOSE who died first, continued Sinbad, were interred by the survivors, and I paid the last duty to all my companions: nor are you to wonder at this; for besides that I husbanded the provision that fell to my share better than they, I had some of my own, which I did not share with my comrades; yet when I buried the last, I had so little remaining, that I thought I could not long survive: I dug a grave, resolving to lie down in it, because there was no one left to inter me. I must confess to you at the same time, that while I was thus employed, I could not but reproach myself as the cause of my own ruin, and repented that I had ever undertaken this last voyage. Nor did I stop at reflections only, but had well nigh hastened my own death, and began to tear my hands with my teeth.

But it pleased God once more to take compassion on me, and put it in my mind to go to the bank of the river which ran into the great cavern. Considering its probable course with great attention, I said to myself, This river, which runs thus underground, must somewhere have an issue. If I make a raft, and leave myself to the current, it will convey me to some inhabited country, or I shall perish. If I be drowned, I lose nothing, but only change one kind

of death for another ; and if I get out of this fatal place, I shall not only avoid the sad fate of my comrades, but perhaps find some new occasion of enriching myself. Who knows but fortune waits, upon my getting off this dangerous shelf, to compensate my shipwreck with usury.

I immediately went to work upon large pieces of timber and cables, for I had choice of them, and tied them together so strongly, that I soon made a very solid raft. When I had finished, I loaded it with some bulses of rubies, emeralds, ambergris, rock-crystal, and bales of rich stuffs. Having balanced my cargo exactly, and fastened it well to the raft, I went on board with two oars that I had made, and leaving it to the course of the river, resigned myself to the will of God.

As soon as I entered the cavern, I lost all light, and the stream carried me I knew not whither. Thus I floated some days in perfect darkness, and once found the arch so low, that it very nearly touched my head, which made me cautious afterwards to avoid the like danger. All this while I ate nothing but what was just necessary to support nature; yet, notwithstanding my frugality, all my provisions were spent. Then a pleasing stupor seized upon me. I cannot tell how long it continued; but when I revived, I was surprised to find myself in an extensive plain on the brink of a river, where my raft was tied, amidst a

great number of negroes. I got up as soon as I saw them, and saluted them. They spoke to me, but I did not understand their language. I was so transported with joy, that I knew not whether I was asleep or awake; but being persuaded that I was not asleep, I recited the following words in Arabic aloud: "Call upon the Almighty, he will help thee; thou needest not perplex thyself about any thing else: shut thy eyes, and while thou art asleep, God will change thy bad fortune into good ⁶."

One of the blacks, who understood Arabic, hearing me speak thus, came towards me, and said, Brother, be not surprised to see us; we are inhabitants of this country, and came hither to-day to water our fields, by digging little canals from this river, which comes out of the neighbouring mountain. We observed something floating upon the water, went to see what it was, and, perceiving your raft, one of us swam into the river, and brought it thither, where we fastened it, as you see, until you should awake. Pray tell us your history, for it must be extraordinary; how did you venture yourself into this river, and whence did you come? I begged of them first to give me something to eat, and then I would satisfy their curiosity. They gave me several sorts of food, and when I had satisfied my hunger, I related all that had befallen me, which they listened to with attentive surprise. As soon as I had finish-

ed, they told me, by the person who spoke Arabic and interpreted to them what I said, That it was one of the most wonderful stories they had ever heard, and that I must go along with them, and tell it their king myself; it being too extraordinary to be related by any other than the person to whom the events had happened. I assured them that I was ready to do whatever they pleased.

They immediately sent for a horse, which was brought in a little time; and having helped me to mount, some of them walked before to shew the way, while the rest took my raft and cargo and followed.

Here Scheherazade was obliged to stop, because day appeared, but towards the close of the next night resumed her story.

THE EIGHTY-SEVENTH NIGHT.

WE marched till we came to the capital of Serendib*, for it was in that island I had landed. The blacks presented me to their king; I approached his throne, and saluted him as I used to do the kings of the Indies; that is to say, I prostrated myself at his feet. The prince ordered me to rise, received me with an obliging air, and made me sit down near him. He first asked me my name, and I answered, People call me Sinbad the voyager, because of the many voyages I have undertaken, and I am a citizen of Bagdad. But, resumed he, how came you into my dominions, and from whence came you last?

I concealed nothing from the king; I related to him all that I have told you, and his majesty was so surprised and pleased, that he commanded my adventures to be written in letters of gold, and laid up in the archives of his kingdom. At last my raft was brought in, and the bales opened in his presence: he admired the quantity of wood of aloes and ambergris; but, above all, the rubies and emeralds, for he had none in his treasury that equalled them.

Observing that he looked on my jewels with pleasure, and viewed the most remarkable among them one after another, I fell prostrate at his feet, and took

* Ceylon.

the liberty to say to him, Sir, not only my person is at your majesty's service, but the cargo of the raft, and I would beg of you to dispose of it as your own. He answered me with a smile, Sinbad, I will take care not to covet any thing of yours, or to take any thing from you that God has given you; far from lessening your wealth, I design to augment it, and will not let you quit my dominions without marks of my liberality. All the answer I returned were prayers for the prosperity of that nobly minded prince, and commendations of his generosity and bounty. He charged one of his officers to take care of me, and ordered people to serve me at his own expence. The officer was very faithful in the execution of his commission, and caused all the goods to be carried to the lodgings provided for me.

I went every day at a set hour to make my court to the king, and spent the rest of my time in viewing the city, and what was most worthy of notice.

The isle of Screndib is situated just under the equinoctial line*; so that the days and nights there are always of twelve hours each, and the island is eighty† parasangs in length, and as many in breadth.

* Geographers place it on this side the line, in the first climate. Diodorus Siculus and Ptolemy place it in the same island as Sinbad, though not the true one.

† The eastern geographers make a parasang longer than a French league.

The capital stands at the end of a fine valley, in the middle of the island, encompassed by mountains the highest in the world *. They are seen three days sail off at sea. Rubies and several sorts of minerals abound, and the rocks are for the most part composed of a metalline stone made use of to cut and polish other precious stones. All kinds of rare plants and trees grow there, especially cedars and cocoa-nut. There is also a pearl-fishing in the mouth of its principal river; and in some of its valleys are found diamonds. I made, by way of devotion, a pilgrimage to the place where Adam was confined after his banishment from Paradise, and had the curiosity to go to the top of the mountain †.

When I returned to the city, I prayed the king to allow me to return to my own country, and he granted me permission in the most obliging and most honourable manner. He would needs force a rich present upon me; and when I went to take my leave of him, he gave me one much more considerable, and at the same time charged me with a letter for the commander of the faithful, our sovereign, saying to me, I pray you give this present from me, and this letter to the caliph, and assure him of my friendship. I took the present and letter in a very respectful man-

* Knox and Wolf confirm this account of the situation of the capital of Ceylon, and the productions of its mountains. Pico d'Adam is the high mountain here described.

ner, and promised his majesty punctually to execute the commission with which he was pleased to honour me. Before I embarked, this prince sent for the captain and the merchants who were to go with me, and ordered them to treat me with all possible respect.

The letter from the king of Serendib was written on the skin of a certain animal of great value, because of its being so scarce, and of a yellowish colour*. The characters of this letter were of azure, and the contents as follows:

“The king of the Indies, before whom march one hundred elephants, who lives in a palace that shines with one hundred thousand rubies, and who has in his treasury twenty thousand crowns enriched with diamonds, to caliph Haroon al Rusheed.

“Though the present we send you be inconsiderable, receive it however as a brother and a friend, in consideration of the hearty friendship which we bear for you, and of which we are willing to give you proof. We desire the same part in your friendship, considering that we believe it to be our merit, being of the same dignity with yourself. We conjure you this in quality of a brother. Adieu.”

* Yellow vellum or the skin of the hog deer, from Prince's island in the straits of Sunda. The elephants, rubies, &c. are illustrated by Mr. HOLE.

The present consisted first, of one single ruby * made into a cup, about half a foot high, an inch thick, and filled with round pearls of half a drachm each. 2. The skin of a serpent, whose scales were as large as an ordinary piece of gold, and had the virtue to preserve from sickness those who lay upon it†. 3. Fifty thousand drachms of the best wood of aloes, with thirty grains of camphire as big as pistachios. And 4. A female slave of ravishing beauty, whose apparel was all covered over with jewels.

The ship set sail, and after a very successful navigation we landed at Bussorah, and from thence I went to Bagdad, where the first thing I did was to acquit myself of my commission. Scheherazade stopped, because day appeared, and next night proceeded thus.

* Ceylon is known to produce large rubies, and the Indian ocean abounds in pearls of extraordinary size. HOLE.

† There is a snake in Bengal whose skin is esteemed a cure for external pains, by applying it to the part affected. HOLE.

THE EIGHTY-EIGHTH NIGHT.

I took the king of Serendib's letter, continued Sinbad, and went to present myself at the gate of the commander of the faithful, followed by the beautiful slave, and such of my own family as carried the presents. I stated the reason of my coming, and was immediately conducted to the throne of the caliph. I made my reverence, and, after a short speech, gave him the letter and present. When he had read what the king of Serendib wrote to him, he asked me, if that prince were really so rich and potent as he represented himself in his letter? I prostrated myself a second time, and rising again, said, Commander of the faithful, I can assure your majesty he doth not exceed the truth. I bear him witness. Nothing is more worthy of admiration than the magnificence of his palace. When the prince appears in public, he has a throne fixed on the back of an elephant, and marches betwixt two ranks of his ministers, favourites, and other people of his court; before him, upon the same elephant, an officer carries a golden lance in his hand; and behind the throne there is another, who stands upright, with a column of gold, on the top of which is an emerald half a foot long, and an inch thick; before him march a guard of one

thousand men, clad in cloth of gold and silk, and mounted on elephants richly caparisoned.

While the king is on his march, the officer, who is before him on the same elephant, cries from time to time, with a loud voice, Behold the great monarch, the potent and redoubtable sultan of the Indies, whose palace is covered with one hundred thousand rubies, and who possesses twenty thousand crowns of diamonds. Behold the monarch greater than Solomon, and the powerful Maha-râja⁸. After he has pronounced those words, the officer behind the throne cries in his turn, This monarch, so great and so powerful, must die, must die, must die. And the officer before replies, Praise be to him who lives for ever.

Farther, the king of Serendib is so just, that there are no judges in his dominions. His people have no need of them. They understand and observe justice rigidly of themselves.

The caliph was much pleased with my account. The wisdom of that king, said he, appears in his letter, and after what you tell me, I must confess, that his wisdom is worthy of his people, and his people deserve so wise a prince. Having spoken thus, he dismissed me, and sent me home with a rich present.

Sinbad left off, and his company retired, Hindbad having first received one hundred sequins; and next

day they returned to hear the relation of his seventh and last voyage.

THE SEVENTH AND LAST VOYAGE.

Being returned from my sixth voyage, said Sinbad, I absolutely laid aside all thoughts of travelling; for, besides that my age now required rest, I was resolved no more to expose myself to such risks as I had encountered; so that I thought of nothing but to pass the rest of my days in tranquillity. One day as I was treating my friends, one of my servants came and told me, That an officer of the caliph's enquired for me. I rose from table, and went to him. The caliph, said he, has sent me to tell you, that he must speak with you. I followed the officer to the palace, where being presented to the caliph, I saluted him by prostrating myself at his feet. Sinbad, said he to me, I stand in need of your service; you must carry my answer and present to the king of Serendib. It is but just I should return his civility.

This command of the caliph was to me like a clap of thunder. Commander of the faithful, I replied, I am ready to do whatever your majesty shall think fit to command; but I beseech you most humbly to consider what I have undergone. I have also made

a vow never to go out of Bagdad. Hence I took occasion to give him a full and particular account of all my adventures, which he had the patience to hear out.

As soon as I had finished, I confess, said he, that the things you tell me are very extraordinary, yet you must for my sake undertake this voyage which I propose to you. You will only have to go to the isle of Serendib, and deliver the commission which I give you. After that you are at liberty to return. But you must go; for you know it would not comport with my dignity, to be indebted to the king of that island. Perceiving that the caliph insisted upon my compliance, I submitted, and told him that I was willing to obey. He was very well pleased, and ordered me one thousand sequins for the expences of my journey.

I prepared for my departure in a few days, and as soon as the caliph's letter and present were delivered to me, I went to Bussorah, where I embarked, and had a very happy voyage. Having arrived at the isle of Serendib, I acquainted the king's ministers with my commission, and prayed them to get me speedy audience. They did so, and I was conducted to the palace in an honourable manner, where I saluted the king by prostration, according to custom. That prince knew me immediately, and testified very great joy at seeing me. Sinbad, said he, you are

welcome; I have many times thought of you since you departed; I bless the day on which we see one another once more. I made my compliment to him, and after having thanked him for his kindness, delivered the caliph's letter and present, which he received with all imaginable satisfaction.

The caliph's present was a complete suit of cloth of gold, valued at one thousand sequins; fifty robes of rich stuff, a hundred of white cloth, the finest of Cairo, Suez, and Alexandria; a vessel of agate broader than deep, an inch thick, and half a foot wide, the bottom of which represented in bass relief a man with one knee on the ground, who held a bow and an arrow, ready to discharge at a lion. He sent him also a rich tablet, which, according to tradition, belonged to the great Solomon. The caliph's letter was as follows:

“ Greeting, in the name of the sovereign guide of the right way, from the dependant on God, Haroon al Rusheed, whom God hath set in the place of vicegerent to his prophet, after his ancestors of happy memory, to the potent and esteemed Raja of Serendib.

“ We received your letter with joy, and send you this from our imperial residence, the garden of superior wits. We hope when you look upon it, you will perceive our good intention and be pleased with it. Adieu.”

The king of Serendib was highly gratified that the caliph answered his friendship. A little time after this audience, I solicited leave to depart, and had much difficulty to obtain it. I procured it however at last, and the king, when he dismissed me, made me a very considerable present. I embarked immediately to return to Bagdad, but had not the good fortune to arrive there so speedily as I had hoped. God ordered it otherwise.

Three or four days after my departure, we were attacked by corsairs, who easily seized upon our ship, because it was no vessel of force. Some of the crew offered resistance, which cost them their lives. But for myself and the rest, who were not so imprudent, the corsairs saved us on purpose to make slaves of us.

Day beginning to appear, Scheherazade was obliged to discontinue, but next night resumed the story thus.

THE EIGHTY-NINTH NIGHT.

SIR, said she to the sultan of the Indies, Sinbad continuing his story, told the company, We were all stripped, and instead of our own clothes, they gave us sorry rags, and carried us into a remote island, where they sold us.

I fell into the hands of a rich merchant, who, as soon as he bought me, carried me to his house, treated me well, and clad me handsomely for a slave. Some days after, not knowing who I was, he asked me if I understood any trade? I answered, that I was no mechanic, but a merchant, and that the corsairs, who sold me, had robbed me of all I possessed. But tell me, replied he, Can you shoot with a bow? I answered, that the bow was one of my exercises in my youth. He gave me a bow and arrows, and, taking me behind him upon an elephant, carried me to a thick forest some leagues from the town. We penetrated a great way into the wood, and when he thought fit to stop, he bade me alight; then shewing me a great tree, Climb up that, said he, and shoot at the elephants as you see them pass by, for there is a prodigious number of them in this forest, and if any of them fall, come and give me notice. Having spoken thus, he left me victuals, and returned to the town, and I continued upon the tree all night.

I saw no elephant during that time, but next morning, as soon as the sun was up, I perceived a great number. I shot several arrows among them, and at last one of the elephants fell, when the rest retired immediately, and left me at liberty to go and acquaint my patron with my booty. When I had informed him, he gave me a good meal, commended my dexterity, and caressed me highly. We went afterwards together to the forest, where we dug a hole for the elephant; my patron designing to return when it was rotten, and take his teeth to trade with.

I continued this employment for two months, and killed an elephant every day, getting sometimes upon one tree, and sometimes upon another. One morning, as I looked for the elephants, I perceived with extreme amazement, that, instead of passing by me across the forest as usual, they stopped, and came to me with a horrible noise, in such number that the plain was covered, and shook under them. They encompassed the tree in which I was concealed, with their trunks extended, and all fixed their eyes upon me. At this alarming spectacle I continued immoveable, and was so much terrified, that my bow and arrows fell out of my hand.

My fears were not without cause; for after the elephants had stared upon me some time, one of the largest of them put his trunk round the foot of the

tree, plucked it up, and threw it on the ground; I fell with the tree, and the elephant taking me up with his trunk, laid me on his back, where I sat more like one dead than alive, with my quiver on my shoulder. He put himself afterwards at the head of the rest, who followed him in troops, carried me a considerable way, then laid me down on the ground, and retired with all his companions. Conceive, if you can, the condition I was in: I thought myself in a dream. After having lain some time, and seeing the elephants gone, I got up, and found I was upon a long and broad hill, almost covered with the bones and teeth of elephants. I confess to you, that this object furnished me with abundance of reflections. I admired the instinct of those animals; I doubted not but that was their burying-place, and that they carried me thither on purpose to tell me that I should forbear to persecute them, since I did it only for their teeth. I did not stay on the hill, but turned towards the city, and, after having travelled a day and a night, I came to my patron. I met no elephant in my way, which made me think they had retired farther into the forest, to leave me at liberty to come back to the hill without any obstacle.

As soon as my patron saw me; Ah, poor Sinbad, exclaimed he, I was in great trouble to know what was become of you. I have been at the forest, where

I found a tree newly pulled up, and a bow and arrows on the ground, and after having sought for you in vain, I despaired of ever seeing you more. Pray tell me what befell you, and by what good chance thou art still alive. I satisfied his curiosity, and going both of us next morning to the hill, he found to his great joy that what I had told him was true. We loaded the elephant which had carried us with as many teeth as he could bear; and when we were returned, Brother, said my patron, for I will treat you no more as my slave, after having made such a discovery as will enrich me, God bless you with all happiness and prosperity. I declare before him, that I give you your liberty. I concealed from you what I am now going to tell you.

The elephants of our forest have every year killed us a great many slaves, whom we sent to seek ivory. For all the cautions we could give them, those crafty animals destroyed them one time or other. God has delivered you from their fury, and has bestowed that favour upon you only. It is a sign that he loves you, and has some use for your service in the world. You have procured me incredible wealth. Formerly we could not procure ivory but by exposing the lives of our slaves, and now our whole city is enriched by your means. Do not think I pretend to have rewarded you by giving you your liberty, I will also give you considerable riches. I

could engage all our city to contribute towards making your fortune, but I will have the glory of doing it myself.

To this obliging declaration I replied, Patron, God preserve you. Your giving me my liberty is enough to discharge what you owe me, and I desire no other reward for the service I had the good fortune to do to you and your city, but leave to return to my own country. Very well, said he, the monsoon* will in a little time bring ships for ivory. I will then send you home, and give you wherewith to bear your charges. I thanked him again for my liberty and his good intentions towards me. I staid with him expecting the monsoon; and during that time, we made so many journeys to the hill, that we filled all our warehouses with ivory. The other merchants, who traded in it, did the same, for it could not be long concealed from them.

At these words Scheherazade, perceiving day, broke off, but resumed the story next night.

* A regular wind that blows six months from the east, and as many from the west.

THE NINETIETH NIGHT.

SIR, said she to the sultan of the Indies, Sinbad went on with the relation of his seventh voyage thus:

The ships arrived at last, and my patron, himself having made choice of the ship wherein I was to embark, loaded half of it with ivory on my account, laid in provisions in abundance for my passage, and besides obliged me to accept a present of some curiosities of the country of great value. After I had returned him a thousand thanks for all his favours, I went aboard. We set sail, and as the adventure which procured me this liberty was very extraordinary, I had it continually in my thoughts.

We stopped at some islands to take in fresh provisions. Our vessel being come to a port on the main land in the Indies, we touched there, and not being willing to venture by sea to Bussorah, I landed my proportion of the ivory, resolving to proceed on my journey by land. I made vast sums of my ivory, bought several rarities, which I intended for presents, and when my equipage was ready, set out in company with a large caravan of merchants. I was a long time on the way, and suffered much,

but endured all with patience, when I considered that I had nothing to fear from the seas, from pirates, from serpents, or from the other perils to which I had been exposed.

All these fatigues ended at last, and I arrived safe at Bagdad. I went immediately to wait upon the caliph, and gave him an account of my embassy. That prince said he had been uneasy, as I was so long in returning, but that he always hoped God would preserve me. When I told him the adventure of the elephants, he seemed much surprised, and would never have given any credit to it had he not known my veracity. He deemed this story, and the other relations I had given him, to be so curious, that he ordered one of his secretaries to write them in characters of gold, and lay them up in his treasury. I retired well satisfied with the honours I received, and the presents which he gave me; and ever since I have devoted myself wholly to my family, kindred, and friends.

Sinbad here finished the relation of his seventh and last voyage, and then addressing himself to Hindbad, Well, friend, said he, did you ever hear of any person that suffered so much as I have done, or of any mortal that has gone through so many vicissitudes? Is it not reasonable that, after all this, I should enjoy a quiet and pleasant life? As he said

this, Hindbad drew near to him, and kissing his hand, said, I must acknowledge, sir, that you have gone through many imminent dangers; my troubles are not comparable to yours: if they afflict me for a time, I comfort myself with the thoughts of the profit I get by them. You not only deserve a quiet life, but are worthy of all the riches you enjoy, because you make of them such a good and generous use. May you therefore continue to live in happiness and joy till the day of your death! Sinbad gave him one hundred sequins more, received him into the number of his friends, desired him to quit his porter's employment, and come and dine every day with him, that he might have reason to remember Sinbad the voyager.

Scheherazade, perceiving it was not yet day, continued her discourse, and began another story.

THE THREE APPLES.

Sir, said she, I have already had the honour to entertain your majesty with a ramble, which the caliph Haroon al Rusheed made one night from his palace; I must now give you an account of another.

This prince one day commanded the grand vizier Jaaffier to come to his palace the night follow-

ing. Vizier, said he, I will take a walk round the town, to inform myself what people say, and particularly how they are pleased with my officers of justice. If there be any against whom they have cause of just complaint, we will turn them out, and put others in their stead, who shall officiate better. If, on the contrary, there be any that have gained their applause, we will have that esteem for them which they deserve. The grand vizier being come to the palace at the hour appointed, the caliph, he, and Mesrour the chief of the eunuchs, disguised themselves so that they could not be known, and went out all three together.

They passed through several places, and by several markets. As they entered a small street, they perceived by the light of the moon, a tall man, with a white beard, who carried nets on his head, and a staff in his hand. To judge from his appearance, said the caliph, that old man is not rich; let us go to him and inquire into his circumstances. Honest man, said the vizier, who art thou? The old man replied, Sir, I am a fisher, but one of the poorest and most miserable of the trade. I went from my house about noon a fishing, and from that time to this I have not been able to catch one fish; at the same time I have a wife and small children, and nothing to maintain them.

The caliph, moved with compassion, said to the

fisherman, Hast thou the courage to go back and cast thy net once more? We will give thee a hundred sequins for what thou shalt bring up. At this proposal, the fisherman, forgetting all his day's toil, took the caliph at his word, and returned to the Tygris, accompanied by the caliph, Jaaffier, and Mesrour; saying to himself as he went, These gentlemen seem too honest and reasonable not to reward my pains; and if they give me the hundreth part of what they promise, it will be an ample recompence.

They came to the bank of the river, and the fisherman having thrown in his net, when he drew it again, brought up a trunk close shut, and very heavy. The caliph made the grand vizier pay him one hundred sequins immediately, and sent him away. Mesrour, by his master's order, carried the trunk on his shoulder, and the caliph was so very eager to know what it contained, that he returned to the palace with all speed. When the trunk was opened, they found in it a large basket made of palm-leaves, shut up, and the covering of it sewed with red thread. To satisfy the caliph's impatience, they would not take time to undo it, but cut the thread with a knife, and took out of the basket a package wrapt up in a sorry piece of hanging, and bound about with a rope; which being untied,

they found, to their great amazement, the corpse of a young lady, whiter than snow, all cut in pieces.

Scheherazade stopped here, because she saw it was day, and next night continued her story as follows.

THE NINETY-FIRST NIGHT.

YOUR majesty may imagine better than I am able to express, the astonishment of the caliph at this dreadful spectacle. His surprise was instantly changed into passion, and darting an angry look at the vizier, Thou wretch, said he, is this your inspection into the actions of my people? Do they commit such impious murders under thy ministry in my capital, and throw my subjects into the Tygris, that they may cry for vengeance against me at the day of judgment? If thou dost not speedily avenge the murder of this woman, by the death of her murderer, I swear by heaven, that I will cause thee and forty more of thy kindred to be impaled. Commander of the faithful, replied the grand vizier, I beg your majesty to grant me time to make enquiry. I will allow thee no more, said the caliph, than three days.

The vizier Jaaffier went home in great perplexity. Alas! said he, how is it possible that in such a vast and populous city as Bagdad, I should be able to detect a murderer, who undoubtedly committed the crime without witness, and perhaps may be already gone from hence? Any other vizier than I would take some wretched person out of prison, and cause him to be put to death to satisfy the caliph; but I will not burden my conscience with such a barbarous

action; I will rather die than preserve my life by the sacrifice of another innocent person.

He ordered the officers of the police and justice to make strict search for the criminal. They sent their servants about, and they were not idle themselves, for they were no less concerned in this matter than the vizier. But all their endeavours were to no purpose; what pains soever they took they could not discover the murderer; so that the vizier concluded his life to be lost.

The third day being arrived, an officer came to the unfortunate minister, with a summons to follow him, which the vizier obeyed. The caliph asked him for the murderer. He answered, Commander of the faithful, I have not found any person that could give me the least account of him. The caliph, full of fury and rage, gave him many reproachful words, and ordered that he and forty Bermukkees should be impaled at the gate of the palace.

In the mean while the stakes were preparing, and orders were sent to seize forty Bermukkees in their houses; a public crier was sent about the city by the caliph's order, to cry thus: Those who have a desire to see the grand vizier Jaaffier impaled, with forty of his kindred, let them come to the square before the palace.

When all things were ready, the criminal judge, and many officers belonging to the palace, having

brought out the grand vizier with the forty Bermukkees, set each by the stake designed for him. The multitude of people that filled the square could not without grief and tears behold this tragical sight; for the grand vizier and the Bermukkees were loved and honoured on account of their probity, bounty, and impartiality, not only in Bagdad, but through all the dominions of the caliph⁹.

Nothing could prevent the execution of this prince's severe and irrevocable sentence, and the lives of the most deserving people in the city were just going to be sacrificed, when a young man of handsomemien pressed through the crowd till he came up to the grand vizier, and after he had kissed his hand, said, Most excellent vizier, chief of the emirs of this court, and comforter of the poor, you are not guilty of the crime for which you stand here. Withdraw, and let me expiate the death of the lady that was thrown into the Tygris. It is I who murdered her, and I deserve to be punished for my offence.

Though these words occasioned great joy to the vizier, yet he could not but pity the young man, in whose look he saw something that instead of evincing guilt was engaging: but as he was about to answer him, a tall man advanced in years, who had likewise forced his way through the crowd, came up to him, saying, Do not believe what this young man tells you, I killed that lady who was found in the

trunk, and this punishment ought only to fall upon me. I conjure you in the name of God not to punish the innocent for the guilty. Sir, said the young man to the vizier, I do protest that I am he who committed this vile act, and nobody else had any concern in it. My son, said the old man, it is despair that brought you hither, and you would anticipate your destiny. I have lived a long while in the world, and it is time for me to be gone; let me therefore sacrifice my life for yours. Sir, said he again to the vizier, I tell you once more I am the murderer; let me die without delay.

The controversy between the old and the young man induced the grand vizier to carry them both before the caliph, to which the judge criminal consented, being glad to serve the vizier. When he came before the prince, he kissed the ground seven times, and spake after this manner: Commander of the faithful, I have brought here before your majesty this old and this young man, each of whom declares himself to be the sole murderer of the lady. The caliph asked the criminals which of them it was that so cruelly murdered the lady, and threw her into the Tygris? The young man assured him it was he, but the old man maintained the contrary. Go, said the caliph to the grand vizier, and cause them both to be impaled. But, Sir, said the vizier, if only one of them be guilty, it would be unjust to take the

lives of both. At these words the young man spoke again, I swear by the great God, who has raised the heavens so high, that I am the man who killed the lady, cut her in pieces, and about four days ago threw her into the Tygris. I renounce my part of happiness amongst the just at the day of judgment, if what I say be not truth; therefore I am he that ought to suffer. The caliph being surprised at this oath, believed him; especially since the old man made no answer. Whereupon, turning to the young man, Wretch, said he, what made thee commit that detestable crime, and what is it that moves thee to offer thyself voluntarily to die? Commander of the faithful, said he, if all that has past between that lady and me were set down in writing, it would be a history that might be useful to other men. I command thee then to relate it, said the caliph. The young man obeyed, and began his history.

Scheherazade would have gone on, but she was obliged to defer it to the night following.

THE NINETY-SECOND NIGHT.

SHIER-EAR prevented the sultaness, and desired to know the young man's history. Sir, said Scheherazade, the words he spoke were these:

THE STORY OF THE LADY WHO WAS MURDERED,
AND OF THE YOUNG MAN HER HUSBAND.

Commander of the faithful, this murdered lady was my wife, daughter of this old man, who is my uncle by the father's side. She was not above twelve years old, when eleven years ago he gave her to me. I have three children by her, all boys, yet alive, and I must do her the justice to say, that she never gave me the least occasion for offence; she was chaste, of good behaviour, and made it her whole business to please me. And on my part I ardently loved her, and in every thing rather anticipated than opposed her wishes.

About two months ago she fell sick; I took all imaginable care of her, and spared nothing that could promote her speedy recovery. After a month thus passed she began to grow better, and expressed a wish to go to the bath. Before she went, Cousin, said she (for so she used to call me out of familiarity), I long for some apples; if you would get me

any, you would greatly please me. I have longed for them a great while, and I must own it is come to that height, that if I be not satisfied very soon, I fear some misfortune will befall me. I will cheerfully try, said I, and do all in my power to make you easy.

I went immediately round all the markets and shops in the town to seek for apples, but I could not get one, though I offered to pay a sequin a-piece. I returned home much dissatisfied at my failure; and for my wife, when she returned from the bagnio, and saw no apples, she became so very uneasy, that she could not sleep all night. I got up by times in the morning, and went through all the gardens, but had no better success than the day before; only I happened to meet an old gardener, who told me, that all my pains would signify nothing, for I could not expect to find apples any where but in your majesty's garden at Bussorah. As I loved my wife passionately, and would not neglect to satisfy her, I dressed myself in a traveller's habit, and after I had told her my design, went to Bussorah, and made my journey with such speed, that I returned at the end of fifteen days with three apples, which cost me a sequin a-piece, for as there were no more left, the gardener would not let me have them for less. As soon as I came home, I presented them to my wife, but her longing had ceased, she satisfied herself with receiv-

ing them, and laid them down by her. In the mean time she continued sickly, and I knew not what remedy to procure for her relief.

Some few days after I returned from my journey, sitting in my shop in the public place where all sorts of fine stuffs are sold, I saw an ugly, tall, black slave, come in with an apple in his hand, which I knew to be one of those I had brought from Bussorah. I had no reason to doubt it, because I was certain there was not one to be had in Bagdad, nor in any of the gardens in the vicinity. I called to him, and said, Good slave, pr'ythee tell me where thou hadst this apple? It is a present (said he, smiling) from my mistress. I went to see her to-day, and found her out of order. I saw three apples lying by her, and asked her where she had them. She told me, The good man, her husband, had made a fortnight's journey on purpose, and brought them to her. We had a collation together; and, when I took my leave of her, I brought away this apple.

This account rendered me distracted. I rose, shut up my shop, ran home with all speed, and going to my wife's chamber, looked immediately for the apples, and seeing only two, asked what was become of the third. My wife, turning her head to the place where the apples lay, and perceiving there were but two, answered me coldly, Cousin, I know not what is become of it. At this reply I was con-

vinced what the slave had told me was true; and giving myself up to madness and jealousy, drew my knife from my girdle, and thrust it into the unfortunate creature's throat. I afterwards cut off her head, and divided her body into four quarters, which I packed up in a bundle, sewed it up with a thread of red yarn, put all together in a trunk, and when night came, carried it on my shoulder down to the Tygris, where I sunk it ¹⁰.

The two youngest of my children were asleep, the third was out; but at my return, I found him sitting by my gate, weeping. I asked him the reason; Father, said he, I took this morning from my mother, without her knowledge, one of those three apples you brought her, and kept it a long while; but, as I was playing some time ago with my little brother in the street, a tall slave passing by snatched it out of my hands, and carried it away. I ran after him, demanding it back, and besides told him, that it belonged to my mother, who was sick; and that you had made a fortnight's journey to procure it; but all to no purpose, he would not restore it. And as I still followed him, crying out, he turned and beat me, and then ran away as fast as he could from one lane to another, till at length I lost sight of him. I have since been walking without the town expecting your return, to pray

you, dear father, not to tell my mother of it, lest it should make her worse. When he had thus spoken he fell a weeping again more bitterly than before.

My son's account afflicted me beyond measure. I then found myself guilty of an enormous crime, and repented too late of having so easily believed the calumnies of a wretched slave, who, from what he had learnt of my son, had invented that fatal falsehood.

My uncle here present came just at that time to see his daughter, but instead of finding her alive, understood from me that she was dead, for I concealed nothing from him; and without staying for his censure, declared myself the greatest criminal in the world.

Upon this, instead of reproaching me, he joined his tears with mine, and we together wept three days without intermission, he for the loss of a daughter whom he had loved tenderly; and I for the loss of a beloved wife, of whom I had deprived myself in so cruel a manner by giving too easy credit to the report of a lying slave.

This, commander of the faithful, is the sincere confession your majesty required from me. You have now heard all the circumstances of my crime, and I must humbly beg of you to order the punish-

ment due for it; how severe soever it may be, I shall not in the least complain, but esteem it too easy and light.

Scheherazade perceiving day, left off speaking; but next night pursued her narration.

THE NINETY-THIRD NIGHT.

SIR, said she, the caliph was much astonished at the young man's relation. But this just prince, finding he was rather to be pitied than condemned, began to speak in his favour: This young man's crime, said he, is pardonable before God, and excusable with men. The wicked slave is the sole cause of this murder; it is he alone that must be punished¹¹: wherefore, continued he, looking upon the grand vizier, I give you three days time to find him out; if you do not bring him within that space, you shall die in his stead. The unfortunate Jaaffier, who had thought himself out of danger, was perplexed at this order of the caliph; but as he durst not return any answer to the prince, whose hasty temper he knew too well, he departed from his presence, and retired melancholy to his house, convinced that he had but three days to live; for he was so fully persuaded that he should not find the slave, that he made not the least enquiry after him. Is it possible, said he, that in such a city as Bagdad, where there is an infinite number of negro slaves, I should be able to find him out that is guilty? Unless God be pleased to interpose as he hath already to detect the murderer, nothing can save my life.

He spent the first two days in mourning with his family, who sat round him weeping and complaining

of the caliph's cruelty. The third day being arrived, he prepared himself to die with courage, as an honest minister, and one who had nothing to trouble his conscience; he sent for notaries and witnesses, who signed his will. After which he took leave of his wife and children, and bade them farewell. All his family were drowned in tears, so that there never was a more sorrowful spectacle. At last a messenger came from the caliph to tell him that he was out of all patience, having heard nothing from him concerning the negro slave whom he had commanded him to search for; I am therefore ordered, said the messenger, to bring you before his throne. The afflicted vizier obeyed the mandate, but as he was going out, they brought him his youngest daughter, about five or six years of age, to receive his last blessing.

As he had a particular affection for that child, he prayed the messenger to give him leave to stop a moment, and taking his daughter in his arms, kissed her several times: as he kissed her, he perceived she had something in her bosom that looked bulky, and had a sweet scent. My dear little one, said he, what hast thou in thy bosom? My dear father, she replied, it is an apple which our slave Rihan sold me for two sequins.

At these words apple and slave, the grand vizier uttered an exclamation of surprise, intermixed with

joy, and putting his hand into the child's bosom, pulled out the apple. He caused the slave, who was not far off, to be brought immediately, and when he came, Rascal, said he, where hadst thou this apple? My lord, replied the slave, I swear to you that I neither stole it in your house, nor out of the commander of the faithful's garden; but the other day, as I was passing through a street where three or four children were at play, one of them having it in his hand, I snatched it from him, and carried it away. The child ran after me, telling me it was not his own, but belonged to his mother, who was sick; and that his father, to satisfy her longing, had made a long journey, and brought home three apples, whereof this was one, which he had taken from his mother without her knowledge. He said all he could to prevail upon me to give it him back, but I refused, and so brought it home, and sold it for two sequins to the little lady your daughter.

Jaaffier could not reflect without astonishment that the mischievousness of a slave had been the cause of an innocent woman's death, and nearly of his own. He carried the slave along with him, and when he came before the caliph, gave the prince an exact account of what the slave had told him, and the chance which led him to the discovery of his crime.

Never was any surprise so great as that of the

caliph, yet he could not refrain from falling into excessive fits of laughter. At last he recovered himself, and with a serious air told the vizier, That since his slave had been the occasion of murder, he deserved an exemplary punishment. I must own it, said the vizier; but his guilt is not unpardonable: I remember the wonderful history of a vizier of Cairo, and am ready to relate it, upon condition that if your majesty finds it more astonishing than that which gives me occasion to tell it, you will be pleased to pardon my slave. I consent, said the caliph; but you undertake a hard task, for I do not believe you can save your slave, the story of the apples being so very singular. Upon this, Jaaffier began his story thus:

THE STORY OF NOOR AD DEEN ALI AND BUDDIR AD
DEEN HOUSSUN¹².

Commander of the faithful, there was formerly a sultan of Egypt, a strict observer of justice, gracious, merciful, and liberal, and his valour made him terrible to his neighbours. He loved the poor, and protected the learned, whom he advanced to the highest dignities. This sultan had a vizier, who was prudent, wise, sagacious, and well versed in all sciences. This minister had two sons, who in every thing followed his footsteps. The eldest was called Shumse ad

Deen Mahummud¹³, and the younger Noor ad Deen Ali. The latter was endowed with all the good qualities that man could possess.

The vizier their father being dead, the sultan caused them both to put on the robes of a vizier. I am as sorry, said he, as you are for the loss of your father; and because I know you live together, and love one another cordially, I will bestow his dignity upon you conjointly; go, and imitate your father's conduct.

The two new viziers humbly thanked the sultan, and retired to make due preparation for their father's interment. They did not go abroad for a month, after which they repaired to court, and attended their duties. When the sultan hunted, one of the brothers accompanied him, and this honour they had by turns. One evening as they were conversing together after a cheerful meal, the next day being the elder brother's turn to hunt with the sultan, he said to his younger brother, Since neither of us is yet married, and we live so affectionately together, let us both wed the same day sisters out of some family that may suit our quality. What do you think of this plan? Brother, answered the other vizier, there cannot be a better thought; for my part, I will agree to any thing you approve. But this is not all, said the elder; my fancy carries me farther: Suppose both our wives should conceive the first night of

our marriage, and should happen to be brought to bed on one day, yours of a son, and mine of a daughter, we will give them to each other in marriage. Nay, said Noor ad Deen aloud, I must acknowledge that this prospect is admirable; such a marriage will perfect our union, and I willingly consent to it. But then, brother, said he farther, if this marriage should happen, would you expect that my son should settle a jointure on your daughter? There is no difficulty in that, replied the other; for I am persuaded, that besides the usual articles of the marriage contract, you will not fail to promise in his name at least three thousand sequins, three landed estates, and three slaves. No, said the younger, I will not consent to that; are we not brethren, and equal in title and dignity? Do not you and I know what is just? The male being nobler than the female, it is your part to give a large dowry with your daughter. By what I perceive, you are a man that would have your business done at another's charge.

Although Noor ad Deen spoke these words in jest, his brother being of a hasty temper, was offended, and falling into a passion said, A mischief upon your son, since you prefer him before my daughter. I wonder you had so much confidence as to believe him worthy of her; you must needs have lost your judgment to think you are my equal, and say we are colleagues. I would have you to know, that

since you are so vain, I would not marry my daughter to your son though you would give him more than you are worth. This pleasant quarrel between two brothers about the marriage of their children before they were born went so far, that Shumse ad Deen concluded by threatening; Were I not to-morrow, said he, to attend the sultan, I would treat you as you deserve; but at my return, I will make you sensible that it does not become a younger brother to speak so insolently to his elder as you have done to me. Upon this he retired to his apartment in anger.

Shumse ad Deen rising early next morning, attended the sultan, who went to hunt near the pyramids. As for Noor ad Deen, he was very uneasy all night, and supposing it would not be possible to live longer with a brother who had treated him with so much haughtiness, he provided a stout mule, furnished himself with money and jewels, and having told his people that he was going on a private journey for two or three days, departed.

When out of Cairo, he rode by way of the desert towards Arabia; but his mule happening to tire, was forced to continue his journey on foot. A courier who was going to Bussorah, by good fortune overtaking him, took him up behind him. As soon as the courier reached that city, Noor ad Deen alighted, and returned him thanks for his kindness. As he

went about to seek for a lodging, he saw a person of quality with a numerous retinue, to whom all the people shewed the greatest respect, and stood still till he had passed. This personage was grand vizier to the sultan of Bussorah, who was passing through the city to see that the inhabitants kept good order and discipline.

This minister casting his eyes by chance on Noor ad Deen Ali, perceiving something extraordinary in his aspect, looked very attentively upon him, and as he saw him in a traveller's habit, stopped his train, asked him who he was, and from whence he came? Sir, said Noor ad Deen, I am an Egyptian, born at Cairo, and have left my country, because of the unkindness of a near relation, resolved to travel through the world, and rather to die than return home. The grand vizier, who was a good-natured man, after hearing these words, said to him, Son, beware; do not pursue your design; you are not sensible of the hardships you must endure. Follow me; I may perhaps make you forget the misfortunes which have forced you to leave your own country.

Noor ad Deen followed the grand vizier, who soon discovered his good qualities, and conceived for him so great an affection, that one day he said to him in private, My son, I am, as you see, so far gone in years, that it is not probable I shall live much longer. Heaven has bestowed on me only one daughter, who

is as beautiful as you are handsome, and now fit for marriage. Several nobles of the highest rank at this court have sought her for their sons, but I would not grant their request. I have an affection for you, and think you so worthy to be received into my family, that, preferring you before all those who have demanded her, I am ready to accept you for my son-in-law. If you like the proposal, I will acquaint the sultan my master that I have adopted you by this marriage, and intreat him to grant you the reversion of my dignity of grand vizier in the kingdom of Bus-sorah. In the mean time, nothing being more requisite for me than ease in my old age, I will not only put you in possession of great part of my estate, but leave the administration of public affairs to your management.

When the grand vizier had concluded this kind and generous proposal, Noor ad Deen fell at his feet, and expressing himself in terms that demonstrated his joy and gratitude, assured him, that he was at his command in every way. Upon this the vizier sent for his chief domestics, ordered them to adorn the great hall of his palace, and prepare a splendid feast. He afterwards sent to invite the nobility of the court and city, to honour him with their company; and when they were all met (Noor ad Deen having made known his quality), he said to the noblemen present, for he thought it proper to speak thus on purpose to

satisfy those to whom he had refused his alliance; I am now, my lords, to discover a circumstance which hitherto I have kept a secret. I have a brother, who is grand vizier to the sultan of Egypt. This brother has but one son, whom he would not marry in the court of Egypt, but sent him hither to wed my daughter in order that both branches of our family may be united. His son, whom I knew to be my nephew as soon as I saw him, is the young man I now present to you as my son-in-law. I hope you will do me the honour to be present at his wedding, which I am resolved to celebrate this day. The noblemen, who could not be offended at his preferring his nephew to the great matches that had been proposed, allowed that he had very good reason for his choice, were willing to be witnesses to the ceremony, and wished that God might prolong his days to enjoy the satisfaction of the happy match.

Here Scheherazade broke off, because day appeared, and the next night resumed her story.

THE NINETY-FOURTH NIGHT.

SIR, said she, the grand vizier Jaaffier continued his story to the caliph thus: The lords met at the vizier of Bussorah's palace, having testified their satisfaction at the marriage of his daughter with Noor ad Deen Ali, sat down to a magnificent repast, after which, notaries came in with the marriage contract, and the chief lords signed it; and when the company had departed, the grand vizier ordered his servants to have every thing in readiness for Noor ad Deen Ali to bathe. He had fine new linen, and rich vestments provided for him in the greatest profusion. Having bathed and dressed, he was perfumed with the most odoriferous essences, and went to compliment the vizier, his father-in-law, who was exceedingly pleased with his noble demeanour. Having made him sit down, My son, said he, you have declared to me who you are, and the office you held at the court of Egypt. You have also told me of a difference betwixt you and your brother, which occasioned you to leave your country. I desire you to make me your entire confidant, and to acquaint me with the cause of your quarrel; for now you have no reason either to doubt my affection, or to conceal any thing from me.

Noor ad Deen informed him of every circum-

stance of the quarrel; at which the vizier burst out into a fit of laughter, and said, This is one of the strangest occurrences I ever heard. Is it possible, my son, that your quarrel should rise so high about an imaginary marriage? I am sorry you fell out with your elder brother upon such a frivolous matter; but he was also wrong in being angry at what you only spoke in jest, and I ought to thank heaven for that difference which has procured me such a son-in-law. But, continued the vizier, it is late, and time for you to retire; go to your bride, my son, she expects you: to-morrow, I will present you to the sultan, and hope he will receive you in such a manner as shall satisfy us both. Noor ad Deen Ali took leave of his father-in-law, and retired to his bridal apartment.

It is remarkable, continued Jaaffier, that Shumse ad Deen Mahummud happened also to marry at Cairo the very same day that this marriage was solemnized at Bussorah, the particulars of which are as follow:

After Noor ad Deen Ali left Cairo, with an intention never to return, his elder brother, who was hunting with the sultan of Egypt, was absent for a month; for the sultan being fond of the chase, continued it often for so long a period. At his return, Shusme ad Deen was much surprised when he understood, that under pretence of taking a short journey

his brother had departed from Cairo on a mule the same day as the sultan, and had never appeared since. It vexed him so much the more, because he did not doubt but the harsh words he had used had occasioned his flight. He sent a messenger in search of him, who went to Damascus, and as far as Aleppo, but Noor ad Deen was then at Bussorah. When the courier returned and brought no news of him, Shumse ad Deen intended to make further inquiry after him in other parts; but in the mean time matched with the daughter of one of the greatest lords in Cairo, upon the same day in which his brother married the daughter of the grand vizier of Bussorah.

But this is not all, said Jaaffier; at the end of nine months the wife of Shumse ad Deen was brought to bed of a daughter at Cairo, and on the same day the lady of Noor ad Deen was delivered of a son at Bussorah, who was called Buddir ad Deen Houssun.

The grand vizier of Bussorah testified his joy for the birth of his grandson by gifts and public entertainments. And to shew his son-in-law the great esteem he had for him, he went to the palace, and most humbly besought the sultan to grant Noor ad Deen Ali his office, that he might have the comfort before his death to see his son-in-law made grand vizier in his stead.

The sultan, who had conceived a distinguished regard for Noor ad Deen when the vizier had presented him upon his marriage, and had ever since heard every body speak well of him, readily granted his father-in-law's request, and caused Noor ad Deen immediately to be invested with the robe and insignia of the vizarat, such as state drums, standards and writing apparatus of gold richly enamelled and set with jewels.

The next day, when the father saw his son-in-law preside in council, as he himself had done, and perform all the offices of grand vizier, his joy was complete. Noor ad Deen Ali conducted himself with that dignity and propriety which shewed him to have been used to state affairs, and engaged the approbation of the sultan, and reverence and affection of the people.

The old vizier of Bussorah died about four years afterwards with great satisfaction, seeing a branch of his family that promised so fair to support its future consequence and respectability.

Noor ad Deen Ali performed his last duty to him with all possible love and gratitude. And as soon as his son Buddir ad Deen Houssun had attained the age of seven years, provided him an excellent tutor, who taught him such things as became his birth. The child had a ready wit, and a genius capable

of receiving all the good instructions that could be given.

Scheherazade was proceeding, but perceiving day, she discontinued her relation, and resumed it the night following.

THE NINETY-FIFTH NIGHT.

THE vizier Jaaffier continuing his story, told the caliph, that after Buddir ad Deen had been two years under the tuition of his master, who taught him perfectly to read, he learnt the Koraun by heart ¹⁴. His father put him afterwards to other tutors, by whom his mind was cultivated to such a degree, that when he was twelve years of age he had no more occasion for them. And then, as his physiognomy promised wonders, he was admired by all who saw him.

Hitherto his father had kept him to study, but now he introduced him to the sultan, who received him graciously. The people who saw him in the streets were charmed with his demeanour, and gave him a thousand blessings.

His father proposing to render him capable of supplying his place, accustomed him to business of the greatest moment, on purpose to qualify him betimes. In short, he omitted nothing to advance a son he loved so well. But as he began to enjoy the fruits of his labour, he was suddenly seized by a violent fit of sickness; and finding himself past recovery, disposed himself to die a good Mussulmaun.

In that last and precious moment he forgot not

his son, but called for him, and said, My son, you see this world is transitory; there is nothing durable but in that to which I shall speedily go. You must therefore from henceforth begin to fit yourself for this change, as I have done; you must prepare for it without murmuring, so as to have no trouble of conscience for not having acted the part of a really honest man. As for your religion, you are sufficiently instructed in it, by what you have learnt from your tutors, and your own study; and as to what belongs to an upright man, I shall give you some instructions, of which I hope you will make good use. As it is a necessary thing to know one's self, and you cannot come to that knowledge without you first understand who I am, I shall now inform you.

I am a native of Egypt; my father, your grandfather, was first minister to the sultan of that kingdom. I had myself the honour to be vizier to that sultan, and so has my brother, your uncle, who I suppose is yet alive; his name is Shumse ad Deen Mahummud. I was obliged to leave him, and come into this country, where I have raised myself to the high dignity I now enjoy. But you will understand all these matters more fully by a manuscript that I shall give you.

At the same time, Noor ad Deen Ali gave to his son a memorandum book, saying, Take and read it at

your leisure; you will find, among other things, the day of my marriage, and that of your birth. These are circumstances which perhaps you may hereafter have occasion to know, therefore you must keep it very carefully.

Buddir ad Deen Houssun being sincerely afflicted to see his father in this condition, and sensibly touched with his discourse, could not but weep when he received the memorandum book, and promised at the same time never to part with it.

That very moment Noor ad Deen fainted, so that it was thought he would have expired; but he came to himself again, and spoke as follows:

My son, the first instruction I give you, is, Not to make yourself familiar with all sorts of people. The way to live happy is to keep your mind to yourself, and not to tell your thoughts too easily.

Secondly, Not to do violence to any body whatever, for in that case you will draw every body's hatred upon you. You ought to consider the world as a creditor, to whom you owe moderation, compassion, and forbearance.

Thirdly, Not to say a word when you are reproached; for, as the proverb says, He that keeps silence is out of danger. And in this case particularly you ought to practise it. You also know what one of our poets says upon this subject, That silence is the ornament and safe-guard of life; That our speech

ought not to be like a storm of hail that spoils all. Never did any man yet repent of having spoken too little, whereas many have been sorry that they spoke so much.

Fourthly, To drink no wine, for that is the source of all vices.

Fifthly, To be frugal in your way of living; if you do not squander your estate, it will maintain you in time of necessity. I do not mean you should be either profuse or niggardly; for though you have little, if you husband it well, and lay it out on proper occasions, you will have many friends; but if on the contrary you have great riches, and make but a bad use of them, all the world will forsake you, and leave you to yourself.

In short, the virtuous Noor ad Deen continued till the last aspiration of his breath to give good advice to his son; and when he was dead he was magnificently interred.

Scheherazade stopped here, because she saw day.

THE NINETY-SIXTH NIGHT.

THE sultaness of the Indies being awakened by her sister at the usual hour, addressed herself to Shier-ear. Sir, said she, the caliph was very well satisfied to hear the grand vizier Jaafier relate his story, which he continued thus:

Noor ad Deen was buried with all the honours due to his rank. Buddir ad Deen Houssun of Busorah, for so he was called, because born in that city, was so overwhelmed with grief for the death of his father, that instead of a month's time to mourn, according to custom, he kept himself shut up in tears and solitude about two months, without seeing any body, or so much as going abroad to pay his duty to his sovereign. The sultan being displeased at his neglect, and looking upon it as a slight, suffered his passion to prevail, and in his anger, called for the new grand vizier (for he had created another on the death of Noor ad Deen), commanded him to go to the house of the deceased, and seize upon it, with all his other houses, lands, and effects, without leaving any thing for Buddir ad Deen Houssun, and to confine his person.

The new grand vizier, accompanied by his officers, went immediately to execute his commission. But one of Buddir ad Deen Houssun's slaves

happening accidentally to come into the crowd, no sooner understood the vizier's errand, than he ran before to give his master warning. He found him sitting in the vestibule of his house, as melancholy as if his father had been but newly dead. He fell down at his feet out of breath, and after he had kissed the hem of his garment, cried out, My lord, save yourself immediately. The unfortunate youth lifting up his head, exclaimed, What news dost thou bring? My lord, said he, there is no time to be lost; the sultan is incensed against you, has sent to confiscate your estates, and to seize your person.

The words of this faithful and affectionate slave occasioned Buddir ad Deen Houssun great alarm. May not I have so much time, said he, as to take some money and jewels along with me? No, Sir, replied the slave, the grand vizier will be here this moment; be gone immediately, save yourself. The unhappy youth rose hastily from his sofa, put his feet in his sandals, and after he had covered his head with the skirt of his vest, that his face might not be known, fled, without knowing what way to go, to avoid the impending danger.

He ran without stopping till he came to the public burying-ground, and as it was growing dark, resolved to pass that night in his father's tomb. It was a large edifice, covered by a dome, which Noor ad Deen Ali, as is common with the Mussulmauns,

had erected for his sepulture. On the way Buddir ad Deen met a Jew, who was a banker and merchant, and was returning from a place where his affairs had called him, to the city.

The Jew, knowing Buddir ad Deen, stopped, and saluted him very courteously. Day beginning to appear as Scheherazade spoke these words, she left off till next night, when she resumed her relation again.

THE NINETY-SEVENTH NIGHT.

SIR, said she, the caliph was very attentive to the grand vizier's narrative, which he continued thus: Isaac the Jew, after he had paid his respects to Buddir ad Deen Houssun, by kissing his hand, said, My lord, dare I be so bold as to ask whither you are going at this time of night alone, and so much troubled? Has any thing disquieted you? Yes, said Buddir ad Deen, a while ago I was asleep, and my father appeared to me in a dream, looking very fiercely upon me, as if much displeased. I started out of my sleep in alarm, and came out immediately to go and pray upon his tomb.

My lord, said the Jew (who did not know the true reason why Buddir ad Deen had left the town), your father of happy memory, and my good lord, had store of merchandize in several vessels, which are yet at sea, and belong to you; I beg the favour of you to grant me the refusal of them before any other merchant. I am able to pay down ready money for all the goods that are in your ships: and to begin, if you will give me those that happen to come in the first that arrives in safety, I will pay you down in part of payment a thousand sequins, and drawing out a bag from under his vest, he shewed it him sealed up with one seal.

Buddir ad Deen Houssun being banished from home, and dispossessed of all that he had in the world, looked on this proposal of the Jew as a favour from heaven, and therefore accepted it with joy. My lord, said the Jew, then you sell me for a thousand sequins the lading of the first of your ships that shall arrive in port. Yes, answered Buddir ad Deen, I sell it to you for a thousand sequins; it is done. Upon this the Jew delivered him the bag of a thousand sequins, and offered to count them, but Buddir ad Deen said he would trust his word. Since it is so, my lord, said he, be pleased to favour me with a small note of the bargain we have made. As he spoke, he pulled the inkhorn from his girdle, and taking a small reed out of it neatly cut for writing, presented it to him with a piece of paper. Buddir ad Deen Houssun wrote these words.

“This writing is to testify, that Buddir ad Deen Houssun of Bussorah, has sold to Isaac the Jew, for the sum of one thousand sequins, received in hand, the lading of the first of his ships that shall arrive in this port.”

This note he delivered to the Jew, after having stamped it with his seal, and then took his leave of him.

While Isaac pursued his journey to the city, Buddir ad Deen made the best of his way to his father's tomb. When he came to it, he prostrated

himself to the ground, and, with his eyes full of tears, deplored his miserable condition. Alas! said he, unfortunate Buddir ad Deen, what will become of thee? Whither canst thou fly for refuge against the unjust prince who persecutes thee? Was it not enough to be afflicted by the death of so dear a father? Must fortune needs add new misfortunes to just complaints? He continued a long time in this posture, but at last rose up, and leaning his head upon his father's tombstone, his sorrows returned more violently than before; so that he sighed and mourned, till, overcome with heaviness, he sunk upon the floor, and dropt asleep.

He had not slept long, when a genie, who had retired to the cemetery during the day, and was intending, according to his custom, to range about the world at night, entered the sepulchre, and finding Buddir ad Deen lying on his back, was surprised at his beauty.

Day-light appeared, and prevented Scheherazade's going on with her story, but next night at the usual hour she continued it thus.

THE NINETY-EIGHTH NIGHT.

WHEN the genie had attentively considered Buddir ad Deen Houssun, he said to himself, To judge of this creature by his beauty, he would seem to be an angel of the terrestrial paradise, whom God has sent to put the world in a flame by his charms. At last, after he had satisfied himself with looking at him, he took a flight into the air, where meeting by chance with a perie, they saluted one another; after which he said to her, Pray descend with me into the cemetery, where I dwell, and I will shew you a beauty worthy your admiration. The perie consented, and both descended in an instant; they came into the tomb. Look, said the genie, shewing her Buddir ad Deen Houssun, did you ever see a youth more beautiful?

The perie having attentively observed Buddir ad Deen, replied, I must confess that he is a very handsome man, but I am just come from seeing an object at Cairo, more admirable than this; and if you will hear me, I will relate her unhappy fate. You will very much oblige me, answered the genie. You must know then, said the perie (for I will tell you at length), that the sultan of Egypt has a vizier, Shumse ad Deen Mahummud, who has a daughter most beautiful and accomplished. The sultan hav-

ing heard of this young lady's beauty, sent the other day for her father, and said, I understand you have a daughter to marry; I would have her for my bride: will not you consent? The vizier, who did not expect this proposal, was troubled, and instead of accepting it joyfully, which another in his place would certainly have done, he answered the sultan; May it please your majesty, I am not worthy of the honour you would confer upon me, and I most humbly beseech you to pardon me, if I do not accede to your request. You know I had a brother, who had the honour, as well as myself, to be one of your viziers: we had some difference together, which was the cause of his leaving me suddenly. Since that time I have had no account of him till within these four days, that I heard he died at Bussorah, being grand vizier to the sultan of that kingdom.

He has left a son, and there having been an agreement between us to match our children together, I am persuaded he intended that match when he died; and being desirous to fulfil the promise on my part, I conjure your majesty to grant me permission.

The sultan of Egypt was incensed against Shumse ad Deen Mahummud to the highest degree.

Here Scheherazade stopped, because day appeared, and next night resumed her story.

THE NINETY-NINTH NIGHT.

THE sultan of Egypt, provoked at this denial of his vizier, said to him in anger which he could not restrain; Is this the way in which you requite my condescension in stooping so low as to desire your alliance? I know how to revenge your presumption in daring to prefer another to me, and I swear that your daughter shall be married to the most contemptible and ugly of my slaves. Having thus spoken, he angrily commanded the vizier to quit his presence. The vizier retired to his palace full of confusion, and overwhelmed in despair.

This very day the sultan sent for one of his grooms, who is hump-backed, big-bellied, crook-legged, and as ugly as a hobgoblin; and after having commanded the vizier to marry his daughter to this ghastly slave, he caused the contract to be made and signed by witnesses in his own presence. The preparations for this fantastical wedding are all ready, and this very moment all the slaves belonging to the lords of the court of Egypt are waiting at the door of a bath, each with a flambeau in his hand, for the crook-backed groom, who is bathing, to go along with them to his bride, who is already dressed to receive him; and when I departed from Cairo, the ladies met for that purpose were going to

conduct her in her nuptial attire to the hall, where she is to receive her hump-backed bridegroom, and is this minute expecting him. I have seen her, and do assure you, that no person can behold her without admiration.

When the perie left off speaking, the genie said to her, Whatever you think or say, I cannot be persuaded that the girl's beauty exceeds that of this young man. I will not dispute it with you, answered the perie; for I must confess he deserves to be married to that charming creature, whom they design for hump-back; and I think it were a deed worthy of us to obstruct the sultan of Egypt's injustice, and put this young gentleman in the room of the slave. You are in the right, answered the genie; I am extremely obliged to you for so good a thought; let us deceive him. I consent to your revenge upon the sultan of Egypt; let us comfort a distressed father, and make his daughter as happy as she thinks herself miserable. I will do my utmost endeavours to make this project succeed, and I am persuaded you will not be backward. I will be at the pains to carry him to Cairo before he awakes, and afterwards leave it to your care to carry him elsewhere, when we have accomplished our design.

The perie and the genie having thus concerted what they had to do, the genie lifted up Buddir ad Deen Houssun gently, and with an inconceivable

swiftness, conveyed him though the air, and set him down at the door of a building next to the bath, whence hump-back was to come with a train of slaves that waited for him. Buddir ad Deen awoke, and was naturally alarmed at finding himself in the middle of a city he knew not; he was going to cry out, but the genie touched him gently on the shoulder, and forbid him to speak. He then put a torch in his hand, saying, Go and mix with the crowd at the door of the bath; follow them till you come into a hall, where they are going to celebrate a marriage. The bridegroom is a hump-backed fellow, and by that you will easily know him. Put yourself at the right hand as you go in, open the purse of sequins you have in your bosom, distribute them among the musicians and dancers as they go along; and when you are got into the hall, give money also to the female slaves you see about the bride; but every time you put your hand in your purse, be sure to take out a whole handful, and do not spare them. Observe to do every thing exactly as I have desired you; be not afraid of any person, and leave the rest to a superior power, who will order matters as he thinks fit.

Buddir ad Deen, being well instructed in all that he was to do, advanced towards the door of the bath. The first thing he did was to light his torch at that of a slave; and then mixing among them as if he

belonged to some noblemen of Cairo, he marched along as they did, and followed hump-back, who came out of the bath, and mounted a horse from the sultan's own stable. Day-light appearing, put a stop to Scheherazade's discourse, and she deferred the following part of the story till the next night.

THE HUNDREDTH NIGHT.

SIR, said she, the vizier Jaafier continued his narrative, and said, Buddir ad Deen coming near to the musicians, and men and women dancers, who went just before the bridegroom, pulled out time after time whole handfuls of sequins, which he distributed among them: and as he thus gave his money with an unparalleled grace and engaging mien, all who received it fixed their eyes upon him; and after they had a full view of his face, they found him so handsome that they could not withdraw their attention.

At last they came to the gates of the vizier, who little thought his nephew was so near. The doorkeepers, to prevent any disorder, kept back all the slaves that carried torches, and would not admit them. Buddir ad Deen was likewise refused; but the musicians, who had free entrance, stood still, and protested they would not go in, if they hindered him from accompanying them. He is not one of the slaves, said they; look upon him, and you will soon be satisfied. He is certainly a young stranger, who is curious to see the ceremonies observed at marriages in this city; and saying thus, they put him in the midst of them, and carried him with them in spite of the porters. They took his torch out of his hand, gave it to the first they met, and having brought him

into the hall, placed him at the right hand of the hump-backed bridegroom, who sat near the vizier's daughter on a throne most richly adorned.

She appeared very lovely, but in her face there was nothing to be seen but vexation and grief. The cause of this was easily to be guessed, when she had by her side a bridegroom so very deformed, and so unworthy of her love. The nuptial seat was in the midst of an estrade. The ladies of the emirs, viziers, those of the sultan's bed-chamber, and several other ladies of the court and city, were placed on each side, a little lower, every one according to her rank, and richly dressed, holding a large wax taper in her hands.

When they saw Buddir ad Deen Houssun, all fixed their eyes upon him, and admiring his shape, his behaviour, and the beauty of his face, they could not forbear looking upon him. When he was seated every one left their seats, came near him to have a full view of his face, and all found themselves moved with love and admiration.

The disparity between Buddir ad Deen Houssun and the hump-backed groom, who made such a contemptible figure, occasioned great murmuring among the company; insomuch that the ladies cried out, We must give our bride to this handsome young gentleman, and not to this ugly hump-back. Nor did they rest here, but uttered imprecations against

the sultan, who, abusing his absolute power, would unite ugliness and beauty together. They also mocked the bridegroom, so as to put him out of countenance, to the great satisfaction of the spectators, whose shouts for some time put a stop to the concert of music in the hall. At last the musicians began again, and the women who had dressed the bride surrounded her. But Scheherazade perceiving day, discontinued till the next night, when she pursued her story.

Note. The hundred and first and the hundred and second nights, in the original, contain only a description of seven robes, and seven different dresses, which the bride changed at the sound of the instruments. And this description being intermixed with verses, which, however elegant in the Arabian tongue, would lose their beauty in an English version, it was thought needless to translate those two nights.

THE HUNDRED AND THIRD NIGHT.

EACH time that the bride retired to change her dress, she on her return passed by hump-back without giving him one look, and went towards Buddir ad Deen, before whom she presented herself in her new attire. On this occasion, Buddir ad Deen, according to the instructions given him by the genie, failed not to put his hands in his purse, and pulled out handfuls of sequins, which he distributed among the women that followed the bride. Nor did he forget the players and dancers, but also threw money to them. It was pleasant to see how they pushed one another to gather it up. They shewed themselves thankful for his liberality.

When the ceremony of changing habits was passed, the music ceased and the company retired. The bride repaired to the nuptial chamber, whither her attendants followed to undress her, and none remained in the hall but the hump-back groom, Buddir ad Deen, and some of the domestics.

Hump-back, who was enraged at Buddir ad Deen, suspecting him to be his rival, gave him a cross look, and said, And thou, what dost thou wait for? Why art thou not gone as well as the rest? Depart. Buddir ad Deen having no pretence to stay, withdrew, not knowing what to do with him.

self. But before he got out of the vestibule, the genie and the perie met and stopped him. Whither are you going? said the perie; stay, hump-back is not in the hall, return, and introduce yourself into the bride's chamber. As soon as you are alone with her, tell her boldly that you are her husband, that the sultan's intention was only to make sport with the groom. In the mean time we will take care that the hump-back shall not return, and let nothing hinder your passing the night with your bride, for she is yours and not his.

While the perie thus encouraged Buddir ad Deen, and instructed him how he should behave himself, hump-back was really gone out of the room to a certain office. The genie went to him in the shape of a monstrous cat, mewing at a most fearful rate. Hump-back called to the cat, he clapped his hands to drive her away, but instead of retreating, she stood upon her hinder feet, staring with her eyes like fire, looking fiercely at him, mewing louder than she did at first, and increasing in size till she was as large as an ass. At this sight, hump-back would have cried out for help, but his fear was so great, that he stood gaping and could not utter one word. That he might have no time to recover, the genie changed himself immediately into a large buffalo, and in this shape called to him, with a voice that redoubled his fear, Thou hump-backed villain!

At these words the affrighted groom cast himself upon the ground, and covering his face with his vest, that he might not see this dreadful beast, Sovereign prince of buffaloes, said he, what is it you want of me? Woe be to thee, replied the genie, hast thou the presumption to venture to marry my mistress? O my lord, said hump-back, I pray you to pardon me; if I am guilty, it is through ignorance. I did not know that this lady had a buffalo to her sweetheart; command me in any thing you please, I give you my oath that I am ready to obey you. By death, replied the genie; if thou goest out from hence, or speakest a word till the sun rises, I will crush thy head to pieces. I warn thee to obey, for if thou hast the impudence to return, it shall cost thee thy life. When the genie had done speaking, he transformed himself into the shape of a man, took hump-back by the legs, and after having set him against the wall with his head downwards, If thou stir, said he, before the sun rise, as I have told thee already, I will take thee by the heels again, and dash thy head in a thousand pieces against the wall.

To return to Buddir ad Deen. Prompted by the genie and the presence of the perie, he returned to the hall, from whence he slipped into the bride-chamber, where he sat down, expecting the success of his adventure. After a while the bride arrived, conducted

by an old matron, who came no farther than the door, without looking in to see whether it were hump-back or another that was there, and then retired.

The beautiful bride was agreably surprised to find instead of hump-back a handsome youth, who gracefully addressed her. What! my dear friend, said she, by your being here at this time of night you must be my husband's comrade? No, madam, said Buddir ad Deen, I am of another quality than that ugly hump-back. But, said she, you do not consider that you speak degradingly of my husband. He your husband, replied he; can you retain those thoughts so long? Be convinced of your mistake, for so much beauty must never be sacrificed to the most contemptible of mankind. It is I that am the happy mortal for whom it is reserved. The sultan had a mind to make himself merry, by putting this trick upon the vizier your father, but he chose me to be your real husband. You might have observed how the ladies, the musicians, the dancers, your women, and all the servants of your family, were pleased with this comedy. We have sent hump-back to his stable again.

At this discourse the vizier's daughter (who was more like one dead than alive when she came into the bride-chamber) put on a gay air, which made her so handsome, that Buddir ad Deen was charmed with her graces.

I did not expect, said she, to meet with so pleasing a surprise; and I had condemned myself to live unhappy all my days. But my good fortune is so much the greater, that I possess in you a man worthy of my tenderest affection.

Buddirad Deen, overjoyed to see himself possessor of so many charms, retired with his bride, and laid his vesture aside, with the bag that he had from the Jew; which, notwithstanding all the money he had dispersed, was still full.

Day beginning to dawn, obliged Scheherazade to stop; but the next night, being called upon at the ordinary hour, she resumed her story, and went on after this manner.

THE HUNDRED AND FOURTH NIGHT.

TOWARDS morning, while the two lovers were asleep, the genie, who had met again with the perie, said, It is time to finish what we have so successfully carried on; let us not be overtaken by day-light, which will soon appear; go you and bring off the young man again without awaking him.

The perie went into the bed-chamber where the two lovers were fast asleep, took up Buddir ad Deen in his under vest and drawers; and in company with the genie with wonderful swiftness flew away with him to the gates of Damascus in Syria, where they arrived just at the time when the officers of the mosques, appointed for that end, were calling the people to prayers at break of day¹⁵. The perie laid Buddir ad Deen softly on the ground, close by the gate, and departed with the genie.

The gate of the city being opened, and many people assembled, they were surprised to see a youth lying in his shirt and drawers upon the ground. One said, He has been hard put to it to get away from his mistress, that he could not get time to put on his clothes. Look, said another, how people expose themselves; sure enough he has spent most part of the night in drinking with his friends, till he has got drunk, and then, perhaps, having occasion to go out, instead of returning, is come this length, and

not having his senses about him, was overtaken with sleep. Others were of another opinion; but nobody could guess what had been the real occasion of his coming thither.

A small puff of wind happening to blow at this time, uncovered his breast, which was whiter than snow. Every one being struck with admiration at the fineness of his complexion, they spoke so loud that they awaked him.

His surprise was as great as theirs, when he found himself at the gate of a city where he had never been before, and encompassed by a crowd of people gazing at him. Inform me, said he, for God's sake, where I am, and what you would have? One of the crowd spoke to him saying, Young man, the gates of the city were just now opened, and as we came out we found you lying here in this condition: have you lain here all night? and do not you know that you are at one of the gates of Damascus? At one of the gates of Damascus! answered Buddir ad Deen, surely you mock me. When I lay down to sleep last night I was at Cairo. When he had said this, some of the people, moved with compassion for him, exclaimed, It is a pity that such a handsome young man should have lost his senses; and so went away.

My son, said an old man to him, you know not what you say. How is it possible that you, being this morning at Damascus, could be last night at

Cairo? It is true, said Buddir ad Deen, and I swear to you, that I was all day yesterday at Bussorah. He had no sooner said this than all the people fell into a fit of laughter, and cried out, He's a fool, he's a madman. There were some, however, that pitied him because of his youth; and one among the company said to him, My son, you must certainly be crazed, you do not consider what you say. Is it possible that a man could yesterday be at Bussorah, the same night at Cairo, and this morning at Damascus? Surely you are asleep still, come rouse up your spirits. What I say, answered Buddir ad Deen Houssun, is so true, that last night I was married in the city of Cairo. All those who laughed before, could not forbear again at this declaration. Recollect yourself, said the same person who spoke before; you must have dreamt all this, and the fancy still possesses your brain. I am sensible of what I say, answered the young man. Pray can you tell me how it was possible for me to go in a dream to Cairo, where I am very certain I was in person, and where my bride was seven times brought before me, each time dressed in a different habit, and where I saw an ugly hump-backed fellow, to whom they intended to give her? Besides, I want to know what is become of my vest, my turban, and the bag of sequins I had at Cairo?

Though he assured them that all these things

were matters of fact, yet they could not forbear to laugh at him: which put him into such confusion, that he knew not what to think of all those adventures.

Day-light imposed silence on Scheherazade; but next night she resumed her story.

THE HUNDRED AND FIFTH NIGHT.

SIR, said she, after Buddir ad Deen Houssun had confidently affirmed all that he said to be true, he rose up to go into the town, and every one who followed him called out, A madman, a fool. Upon this some looked out at their windows, some came to their doors, and others joined with those that were about him, calling out as they did, A madman; but not knowing for what. In this perplexity the affrighted young man happened to come before a pastry-cook's shop, and went into it to avoid the rabble.

This pastry-cook had formerly been captain to a troop of Arabian robbers, who plundered the caravans; and though he was become a citizen of Damascus, where he behaved himself to every one's satisfaction, yet he was dreaded by all who knew him; wherefore, as soon as he came out to the rabble who followed Buddir ad Deen, they dispersed.

The pastry-cook asked him who he was, and what brought him thither? Buddir ad Deen told him all, not concealing his birth, nor the death of his father the grand vizier. He afterwards gave him an account why he had left Bussorah; how, after he had fallen asleep the night following upon his father's tomb, he found himself when he awoke at

Cairo, where he had married a lady; and at last, in what amazement he was, when he found himself at Damascus, without being able to penetrate into all those wonderful adventures.

Your history is one of the most surprising, said the pastry-cook; but if you will follow my advice, you will let no man know those matters you have revealed to me, but patiently wait till heaven thinks fit to put an end to your misfortunes. You shall be welcome to stay with me till then; and as I have no children, I will own you for my son, if you consent; after you are so adopted, you may freely walk the city, without being exposed any more to the insults of the rabble.

Though this adoption was below the son of a grand vizier, Buddir ad Deen was glad to accept of the pastry-cook's proposal, judging it the best thing he could do, considering his circumstances. The cook clothed him, called for witnesses, and went before a notary, where he acknowledged him for his son. After this, Buddir ad Deen lived with him under the name of Houssun, and learned the pastry-trade.

While this past at Damascus, the daughter of Shumse ad Deen awoke, and finding Buddir ad Deen gone, supposed he had risen softly for fear of disturbing her, but would soon return. As she was in expectation of him, her father the vizier (who was

vexed at the affront put upon him by the sultan) came and knocked at her chamber-door, to bewail her sad destiny. He called her by her name, and she knowing him by his voice, immediately got up, and opened the door. She kissed his hand, and received him with so much pleasure in her countenance, that she surprised the vizier, who expected to find her drowned in tears, and as much grieved as himself. Unhappy wretch! said he in a passion, do you appear before me thus? after the hideous sacrifice you have just consummated, can you see me with so much satisfaction? Scheherazade left off, because day appeared; and next night resumed her narrative to the sultan of the Indies.

THE HUNDRED AND SIXTH NIGHT.

SIR, the grand vizier Jaafier went on thus with his narration.

The new bride seeing her father angry at her pleasant countenance, said to him, For God's sake, sir, do not reproach me wrongfully; it is not the hump-back fellow, whom I abhor more than death, it is not that monster I have married. Every body laughed him to scorn, and put him so out of countenance, that he was forced to run away and hide himself, to make room for a noble youth, who is my real husband. What fable do you tell me? said Shumse ad Deen, roughly. What! Did not crook-back lie with you to-night? No, sir, said she, it was the youth I mentioned, who has large eyes and black eye-brows. At these words the vizier lost all patience, and exclaimed in anger, Ah, wicked woman! you will make me distracted! It is you, father, said she, that put me out of my senses by your incredulity. So, it is not true, replied the vizier, that hump-back——Let us talk no more of hump-back, said she, a curse upon hump-back. Father, I assure you once more, that I did not bed with him, but with my dear spouse, who, I believe, is not far off.

Shumse ad Deen went out to seek him, but in-

stead of seeing Buddir ad Deen, was surprised to find hump-back with his head on the ground, and his heels uppermost, as the genie had set him against the wall. What is the meaning of this? said he; who placed you thus? Crook-back, knowing it to be the vizier, answered, Alas! alas! it is you then that would marry me to the mistress of a genie in the form of a buffalo.

Scheherazade stopped here, and the next night resumed her story.

THE HUNDRED AND SEVENTH NIGHT.

SHUMSE ad Deen Mahummud, when he heard hump-back speak thus, thought he was raving, bade him move, and stand upon his legs. I will take care how I stir, said hump-back, unless the sun be risen. Know, sir, that when I came last night to your palace, suddenly a black cat appeared to me, and in an instant grew as big as a buffalo. I have not forgotten what he enjoined me, therefore you may depart, and leave me here. The vizier, instead of going away, took him by the heels, and made him stand up, when hump-back ran off, without looking behind him; and coming to the palace presented himself to the sultan, who laughed heartily when informed how the genie had served him.

Shumse ad Deen returned to his daughter's chamber, more astonished than before. My abused daughter, said he, can you give me no farther light in this miraculous affair? Sir, replied she, I can give you no other account than I have done already. Here are my husband's clothes, which he put off last night; perhaps you may find something among them that may solve your doubt. She then shewed him Buddir ad Deen's turban, which he examined narrowly on all sides, saying, I should take this to be a vizier's turban, if it were not made after the Bussorah

fashion. But perceiving something to be sewed between the stuff and the lining, he called for scissars, and having unript it, found the paper which Noor ad Deen Ali had given to his son upon his deathbed, and which Buddir ad Deen Houssun had sewn in his turban for security.

Shumse ad Deen having opened the paper, knew his brother's hand, and found this superscription, "For my son Buddir ad Deen Houssun." Before he could make any reflections upon it, his daughter delivered him the bag, that lay under the garments, which he likewise opened, and found it full of sequins; for, notwithstanding all the liberality of Buddir ad Deen, it was still kept full by the genie and perie. He read the following words upon a note in the bag. "A thousand sequins belonging to Isaac the Jew." And these lines underneath, which the Jew had written, "Delivered to my lord Buddir ad Deen Houssun, for the cargo of the first of those ships that formerly belonged to the noble vizier his father, of blessed memory, sold to me upon its arrival in this place." He had scarcely read these words, when he groaned heavily, and fainted away.

Scheherazade left off here, and next night began again thus.

THE HUNDRED AND EIGHTH NIGHT.

THE vizier Shumse ad Deen being recovered from his fit by the aid of his daughter, and the women she called to her assistance; Daughter, said he, do not alarm yourself at this accident, occasioned by what is scarcely credible. Your bridegroom is your cousin, the son of my beloved and deceased brother. The thousand sequins in the bag reminds me of a quarrel I had with him, and is without doubt the dowry he gives you. God be praised for all things, and particularly for this miraculous adventure, which demonstrates his almighty power. Then looking again upon his brother's writing, he kissed it several times, shedding abundance of tears.

He looked over the book from beginning to end. In it he found the date of his brother's arrival at Bussorah, of his marriage, and of the birth of his son; and when he compared them with the day of his own marriage, and the birth of his daughter at Cairo, he wondered at the exact coincidence which appeared in every circumstance.

The happy discovery put him into such a transport of joy, that he took the book, with the ticket of the bag, and shewed them to the sultan, who pardoned what was past, and was so much pleased with the relation of this adventure, that he caused it with

all its circumstances to be put in writing for the information of posterity.

Meanwhile, the vizier Shumse ad Deen could not comprehend the reason why his nephew did not appear; he expected him every moment, and was impatient to receive him to his arms. After he had waited seven days in vain, he searched through all Cairo, but could procure no intelligence of him, which threw him into great perplexity. This is the strangest occurrence, said he, that ever happened. In order to certify it, he thought fit to draw up in writing with his own hand an account of the manner in which the wedding had been solemnized; how the hall and his daughter's bed-chamber were furnished, with the other circumstances. He likewise made the turban, the bag, and the rest of Buddir ad Deen's raiment into a bundle, and locked them up.

The sultanness stopped here, and next night pursued her discourse.

THE HUNDRED AND NINTH NIGHT.

AFTER some days were past, the vizier's daughter perceived herself pregnant, and after nine months was brought to bed of a son. A nurse was provided for the child, besides other women and slaves to wait upon him; and his grandfather called him Agib*.

When young Agib had attained the age of seven, the vizier, instead of teaching him to read at home, put him to school with a master who was in great esteem; and two slaves were ordered to wait upon him. Agib used to play with his schoolfellows, and as they were all inferior to him in rank, they shewed him great respect, according to the example of their master, who many times would pass by faults in him that he would correct in his other pupils. This indulgence spoiled Agib; he became proud and insolent, would have his play-fellows bear all from him, and would submit to nothing from them, but be master every where; and if any took the liberty to thwart him, he would call them a thousand names, and many times beat them.

In short, all the scholars grew weary of his insolence, and complained of him to their master. He

* This word in Arabic signifies *wonderful*.

answered, That they must have patience. But when he saw that Agib grew still more and more overbearing, and occasioned him much trouble, Children, said he to his scholars, I find Agib is a little insolent gentleman; I will shew you how to mortify him, so that he shall never torment you any more. Nay, I believe it will make him leave the school. When he comes again to-morrow, place yourselves round him, and let one of you call out, Come, let us play, but upon condition, that every one who desires to play shall tell his own name, and the names of his father and mother; they who refuse shall be esteemed bastards, and not be suffered to play in our company.

Next day when they were gathered together, they failed not to follow their master's instructions. They placed themselves round Agib, and one of them called out, Let us begin a play, but on condition, that he who cannot tell his own name, and that of his father and mother, shall not play at all. They all cried out, and so did Agib, We consent. Then he that spoke first asked every one the question, and all fulfilled the condition except Agib, who answered, My name is Agib, my mother is called the lady of beauty, and my father Shumse ad Deen Mahumud, vizier to the sultan.

At these words all the children cried out, Agib, what do you say? That is not the name of your father, but your grandfather. A curse on you, said he in

a passion, What! dare you say that the vizier is not my father? No, no, cried they with great laughter, he is your grandfather, and you shall not play with us. Nay we will take care how we come into your company. Having spoken thus, they all left him, scoffing him, and laughing among themselves, which mortified Agib so much that he wept.

The schoolmaster who was near, and heard all that passed, came up, and speaking to Agib, said, Agib, do not you know that the vizier is not your father, but your grandfather, and the father of your mother the lady of beauty? We know not the name of your father any more than you do. We only know that the sultan was going to marry your mother to one of his grooms, a hump-back fellow; but a genie lay with her. This is hard upon you, but ought to teach you to treat your schoolfellows with less haughtiness.

Here Scheherazade stopped, but next night resumed her narrative.

THE HUNDRED AND TENTH NIGHT.

AGIB being nettled at this, ran hastily out of the school. He went directly sobbing to his mother's chamber, who being alarmed to see him thus grieved, asked the reason. He could not answer for tears, so great was his mortification, and it was long ere he could speak plain enough to repeat what had been said to him, and had occasioned his sorrow.

When he came to himself, Mother, said he, for the love of God be pleased to tell me who is my father? My son, she replied, Shumse ad Deen Mahummud, who every day caresses you so kindly, is your father. You do not tell me truth, returned Agib; he is your father, and none of mine. But whose son am I? At this question, the lady of beauty calling to mind her wedding-night, which had been succeeded by a long widowhood, began to shed tears, repining bitterly at the loss of so handsome a husband as Buddir ad Deen.

Whilst the lady of beauty and Agib were both weeping, the vizier entered, who demanded the reason of their sorrow. The lady told him the shame Agib had undergone at school, which so much affected the vizier that he joined his tears with theirs, and judging from this that the misfortune which had happened to his daughter was the common discourse of the town, he was mortified to the quick.

Being thus afflicted, he went to the sultan's palace, and falling prostrate at his feet, most humbly intreated permission to make a journey in search of his nephew Buddir ad Deen Houssun. For he could not bear any longer that the people of the city should believe a genie had deflowered his daughter.

The sultan was much concerned at the vizier's affliction, approved his resolution, and gave him leave to travel. He caused a passport also to be written for him, requesting in the strongest terms all kings and princes in whose dominions Buddir ad Deen might sojourn, to grant that the vizier might conduct him to Cairo.

Shumse ad Deen, not knowing how to express his gratitude to the sultan, fell down before him a second time, while the floods of tears he shed bore sufficient testimony to his feelings. At last, having wished the sultan all manner of prosperity, he took his leave and returned to his house, where he disposed every thing for his journey; and the preparations were carried on with so much diligence, that in four days after he left the city, accompanied with his daughter the lady of beauty, and his grandson Agib.

Scheherazade perceiving day, stopped: and the sultan of the Indies, pleased with the sultaness's relation, resolved to hear it to the end. Scheherazade satisfied his curiosity the night following, thus.

THE HUNDRED AND ELEVENTH NIGHT.

SHUMSE ad Deen set out for Damascus with his daughter the beautiful lady, and Agib his grandchild. They travelled nineteen days without intermission; but on the twentieth, arriving at a pleasant mead, a small distance from the gate of Damascus, they halted, and pitched their tents upon the banks of a river which fertilizes the vicinity, and runs through the town, one of the pleasantest in Syria, once the capital of the caliphs; and celebrated for its elegant buildings, the politeness of its inhabitants, and the abundance of its conveniencies.

The vizier declared he would stay in that pleasant place two days, and pursue his journey on the third. In the mean time he gave his retinue leave to go to Damascus; and almost all of them made use of it: some influenced by curiosity to see a city they had heard so much of, and others by the opportunity of vending the Egyptian goods they had brought with them, or buying stuffs, and the rarities of the country. The beautiful lady desiring her son Agib might share in the satisfaction of viewing that celebrated city, ordered the black eunuch, who acted in quality of his governor, to conduct him thither.

Agib, in magnificent apparel, went with the eunuch, who had a large cane in his hand. They

had no sooner entered the city, than Agib, fair and glorious as the day, attracted the eyes of the people. Some got out of their houses to gain a nearer and narrower view of him; others put their heads out of the windows, and those who passed along the street were not satisfied in stopping to look upon him, but kept pace with him, to prolong the pleasure of the agreeable sight: in fine, there was not a person that did not admire him, and bestow a thousand benedictions on the father and mother that had given being to so fine a child. By chance the eunuch and he passed by the shop of Buddir ad Deen Houssun, and there the crowd was so great, that they were forced to halt.

The pastry-cook who had adopted Buddir ad Deen Houssun had died some years before, and left him his shop and all his property, and he conducted the pastry trade so dexterously, that he had gained great reputation in Damascus. Buddir ad Deen seeing so great a crowd before his door, who were gazing so attentively upon Agib and the black eunuch, stepped out to see them himself.

Scheherazade perceiving it was day, was silent: upon which Shier-ear rose impatient to know what past between Agib and Buddir ad Deen. Towards the end of the next night, the sultanness satisfied his impatience, by resuming the story as follows.

THE HUNDRED AND TWELFTH NIGHT.

BUDDIR ad Deen Houssun, continued the vizier Jaafier, having cast his eyes upon Agib, found himself moved, he knew not how, nor for what reason. He was not struck like the people with the brilliant beauty of the boy; another cause unknown to him gave rise to the uneasiness and emotion he felt. It was the force of blood that wrought in this tender father; who, laying aside his business, made up to Agib, and with an engaging air, said to him: My little lord, who hast won my soul, be so kind as to come into my shop, and eat a bit of such fare as I have; that I may have the pleasure of admiring you at my ease. These words he pronounced with such tenderness, that tears trickled from his eyes. Little Agib was moved when he saw his emotion; and turning to the eunuch, said, This honest man speaks in such an affectionate manner, that I cannot avoid complying with his request; let us step into this house, and taste his pastry. It would be a fine thing truly, replied the slave, to see the son of a vizier go into a pastry-cook's shop to eat; do not imagine that I will suffer any such thing. Alas! my lord, cried Buddir ad Deen, it is cruelty to trust the conduct of you in the hands of a person who treats you so harshly. Then applying himself to the eunuch, My good friend, continued he, pray do not hinder

this young lord from granting me the favour I ask; do not put such mortification upon me: rather do me the honour to walk in along with him, and by so doing, you will let the world know, that, though your outside is brown like a chesnut, your inside is as white: do you know, continued he, that I am master of the secret to make you white, instead of being black as you are? This set the eunuch a laughing, and then he asked what that secret was? I will tell you, replied Buddir ad Deen, who repeated some verses in praise of black eunuchs, implying, that it was by their ministry that the honour of princes and of all great men was secured. The eunuch was so charmed with these verses, that, without further hesitation, he suffered Agib to go into the shop, and went in with him himself.

Buddir ad Deen Houssun was overjoyed at having obtained what he had so passionately desired, and, falling again to the work he had discontinued, I was making, said he, cream tarts; and you must, with submission, eat of them. I am persuaded you will find them good; for my own mother, who made them incomparably well, taught me, and the people send to buy them of me from all quarters of the town. This said, he took a cream-tart out of the oven, and after strewing upon it some pomegranate kernels and sugar, set it before Agib, who found it very delicious.

Another was served up to the eunuch, and he gave the same judgment.

While they were both eating, Buddir ad Deen viewed Agib very attentively; and after looking upon him again and again, it came into his mind that possibly he might have such a son by his charming wife, from whom he had been so soon and so cruelly separated; and the very thought drew tears from his eyes. He intended to have put some questions to little Agib about his journey to Damascus; but the child had no time to gratify his curiosity, for the eunuch pressing him to return to his grandfather's tent, took him away as soon as he had done eating. Buddir ad Deen Houssun, not contented with looking after him, shut up his shop immediately, and followed him.

When Scheherazade came to this period, she perceived day, and discontinued her story.

THE HUNDRED AND THIRTEENTH
NIGHT.

NEXT morning, before day-break, Dinarzade awoke her sister, who went on as follows: Buddir ad Deen Houssun ran after Agib and the eunuch, and overtook them before they had reached the gate of the city. The eunuch perceiving he followed them, was extremely surprised: You impertinent fellow, said he, with an angry tone, what do you want? My dear friend, replied Buddir ad Deen, do not trouble yourself; I have a little business out of town, and I must needs go and look after it. This answer, however, did not at all satisfy the eunuch, who turning to Agib, said, This is all owing to you; I foresaw I should repent of my complaisance; you would needs go into the man's shop; it was not wisely done in me to give you leave. Perhaps, replied Agib, he has real business out of town, and the road is free to every body. While this passed, they kept walking together, without looking behind them, till they came near the vizier's tents, upon which they turned about to see if Buddir ad Deen followed them. Agib, perceiving he was within two paces of him, reddened and whitened alternately, according to the different emotions that affected him. He was afraid the grand vizier his grandfather should come to

know he had been in the pastry shop, and had eaten there. In this dread, he took up a large stone that lay at his foot, and throwing it at Buddir ad Deen, hit him in the forehead, and wounded him so that his face was covered with blood. The eunuch gave Buddir ad Deen to understand, he had no reason to complain of a mischance that he had merited and brought upon himself.

Buddir ad Deen turned towards the city, staunching the blood of the wound with his apron, which he had not put off. I was a fool, said he within himself, for leaving my house, to take so much pains about this brat; for doubtless he would never have used me after this manner, if he had not thought I had some ill design against him. When he got home, he had his wound dressed, and softened the sense of his mischance, by the reflection that there was an infinite number of people upon the earth, who were yet more unfortunate than he.

Day obliged the sultanness to silence, and Shier-ear arose pitying Buddir ad Deen, and impatient to know the sequel of the story.

THE HUNDRED AND FOURTEENTH NIGHT.

TOWARDS the close of the ensuing night, Scheherazade, addressing herself to the sultan of the Indies, pursued her story as follows: Buddir ad Deen kept on the pastry-trade at Damascus, and his uncle Shumse ad Deen Mahummud went from thence three days after his arrival. He went by way of Emaus, Hanah, and Halep; then crossed the Euphrates, and after passing through Mardin, Moussoul, Singier, Diarbeker, and several other towns, arrived at last at Bussorah. Immediately after his arrival he desired audience of the sultan, who was no sooner informed of his quality than he admitted him to his presence, received him very favourably, and enquired the occasion of his journey to Bussorah. Sire, replied the vizier, I come to know what is become of the son of my brother, who has had the honour to serve your majesty. Noor ad Deen Ali, said the sultan, has been long dead; as for his son, all I can tell you of him is, that he disappeared suddenly, about two months after his father's death, and nobody has seen him since, notwithstanding all the inquiry I ordered to be made. But his mother, who is the daughter of one of my viziers, is still alive. Shumse ad Deen

Mahummud desired leave of the sultan to take her to Egypt; and having obtained permission, without waiting till the next day, inquired after her place of abode, and that very hour went to her house, accompanied with his daughter and his grandson.

The widow of Noor ad Deen Ali resided still in the same place where her husband had lived. It was a stately fabric, adorned with marble pillars: but Shumse ad Deen did not stop to view it. At his entry, he kissed the gate, and the piece of marble upon which his brother's name was written in letters of gold. He asked to speak with his sister-in-law, and was told by her servants, that she was in a small building covered by a dome, to which they directed him, in the middle of a very spacious court. This tender mother used to spend the greatest part of the day and night in that room, which she had built as a representation of the tomb of her son Buddir ad Deen Houssun, whom she supposed to be dead after so long an absence. She was pouring tears over his memorial when Shumse ad Deen entering, found her buried in the deepest affliction.

He made his compliment, and after beseeching her to suspend her tears and sighs, informed her he had the honour to be her brother-in-law, and acquainted her with the reason of his journey from Cairo to Bussorah.

Scheherazade dropped her story upon the approach of day; but resumed it next night in the following manner.

THE HUNDRED AND FIFTEENTH NIGHT.

SHUMSE ad Deen Mahummud, after acquainting his sister-in-law with all that had passed at Cairo on his daughter's wedding-night, and informing her of the surprise occasioned by the discovery of the paper sewed up in Buddir ad Deen's turban, presented to her Agib and the beautiful lady.

The widow of Noor ad Deen, who had still continued sitting like a woman dejected, and weaned from the affairs of this world, no sooner understood by his discourse that her dear son, whom she lamented so bitterly, might still be alive, than she arose, and repeatedly embraced the beautiful lady and her grandchild Agib; and perceiving in the youth the features of Buddir ad Deen, dropt tears different from what she had been so long accustomed to shed. She could not forbear kissing the youth, who, for his part, received her embraces with all the demonstrations of joy he was capable of shewing. Sister, said Shumse ad Deen, it is time to dry your tears, and suppress your sighs; you must think of going with us to Egypt. The sultan of Bussorah gives me leave to carry you thither, and I doubt not you will consent. I am in hopes we shall at last find out your son my nephew; and if we do, the history of him, of you, of my own daughter, and of my own

adventures, will deserve to be committed to writing, and transmitted to posterity.

The widow of Noor ad Deen heard this proposal with pleasure, and ordered preparations to be made for her departure. While they were making, Shumse ad Deen desired a second audience, and after taking leave of the sultan, who dismissed him with ample marks of respect, and gave him a considerable present for himself, and another of great value for the sultan of Egypt, he set out from Bussorah once more for the city of Damascus.

When he arrived in the neighbourhood of Damascus, he ordered his tents to be pitched without the gate, at which he designed to enter the city; and gave out he would tarry there three days, to give his suit rest, and buy up curiosities to present to the sultan of Egypt.

While he was employed in selecting the finest stuffs which the principal merchants had brought to his tents, Agib begged the black eunuch his governor to carry him through the city, in order to see what he had not had leisure to view before; and to enquire what was become of the pastry-cook whom he had wounded. The eunuch complying with his request, went along with him towards the city, after leave obtained of the beautiful lady his mother.

They entered Damascus by the Paradise-gate, which lay next to the tents of the vizier. They walked

through the great squares and the public places where the richest goods were sold, and took a view of the superb mosque at the hour of prayer, between noon and sun-set¹⁶. When they passed by the shop of Buddir ad Deen Houssun, whom they found still employed in making cream-tarts, I salute you sir, said Agib, Do you know me? Do you remember you ever saw me before? Buddir ad Deen hearing these words, fixed his eyes upon him, and recognizing him, (such was the surprising effect of paternal love!) felt the same emotion as when he saw him first; he was confused, and instead of making any answer, continued a long time without uttering a word. At length, recovering himself, My lord, said he, be so kind as to come once more with your governor into my house, and taste a cream-tart. I beg your lordship's pardon, for the trouble I gave you in following you out of town; I was at that time not myself, I did not know what I did. You drew me after you, and the violence of the attraction was so soft, that I could not withstand it.

Scheherazade, observing the approaching day, stopped here; and the next night resumed her narrative to the following purport.

THE HUNDRED AND SIXTEENTH NIGHT.

AGIB, astonished at what Buddir ad Deen said, replied: There is an excess in the kindness you express, and unless you engage under oath not to follow me when I go from hence, I will not enter your house. If you give me your promise, and prove a man of your word, I will visit you again tomorrow, since the vizier, my grandfather, is still employed in buying up rarities for a present to the sultan of Egypt. My lord, replied Buddir ad Deen, I will do whatever you would have me. This said, Agib and the eunuch went into the shop.

Presently after, Buddir ad Deen set before them a cream-tart, that was full as good as what they had eaten before; Come, said Agib, sit down by me, and eat with us. Buddir ad Deen sat down, and attempted to embrace Agib, as a testimony of the joy he conceived upon sitting by him. But Agib pushed him away, desiring him not to be too familiar. Buddir ad Deen obeyed, and repeated some extempore verses in praise of Agib: he did not eat, but made it his business to serve his guests. When they had done, he brought them water to wash, and a very white napkin to wipe their hands. Then he filled a large china cup with sherbet, and put snow into it; and offering it to Agib, This, said he, is

sherbet of roses; and I am sure you never tasted better. Agib having drunk of it with pleasure, Buddir ad Deen took the cup from him, and presented it to the eunuch, who drank it all off at once.

In fine, Agib and his governor having fared well, returned thanks to the pastry-cook for their good entertainment, and moved homewards, it being then late. When they arrived at the tents of Shumse ad Deen Mahummud, Agib's grandmother received him with transports of joy: her son ran always in her mind, and in embracing Agib, the remembrance of him drew tears from her eyes. Ah, my child! said she, my joy would be perfect, if I had the pleasure of embracing your father as I now embrace you. She made Agib sit by her, and put several questions to him, relating to the walk he had been taking with the eunuch; and when he complained of being hungry, she gave him a piece of cream-tart, which she had made for herself, and was indeed very good: she likewise gave some to the eunuch.

Here approaching day put a stop to Scheherazade's story for this night; but towards the close of the next she resumed it in the following terms.

THE HUNDRED AND SEVENTEENTH NIGHT.

AGIB no sooner touched the piece of cream-tart that had been set before him, than he pretended he did not like it, and left it uncut; and Shubbaunee¹⁷ (which was the eunuch's name) did the same. The widow of Noor ad Deen Ali observed with regret that her grandson did not like the tart. What! said she, does my child thus despise the work of my hands? Be it known to you, no one in the world can make such besides myself and your father, whom I taught. My good mother, replied Agib, give me leave to tell you, if you do not know how to make better, there is a pastry-cook in this town that outdoes you. We were at his shop, and ate of one much better than yours.

On hearing this, the grandmother, frowning upon the eunuch, said, How now, Shubbaunee, was the care of my grandchild committed to you, to carry him to eat at pastry-shops like a beggar? Madam, replied the eunuch, it is true, we did stop a little while and talked with the pastry-cook, but we did not eat with him. Pardon me, said Agib, we went into his shop, and there ate a cream-tart. Upon this, the lady, more incensed against the eunuch than before, rose in a passion from the table, and running

to the tent of Shumse ad Deen, informed him of the eunuch's crime; and that in such terms, as tended more to inflame the vizier, than to dispose him to excuse it.

The vizier, who was naturally passionate, did not fail on this occasion to display his anger. He went forthwith to his sister-in-law's tent, and said to the eunuch, Wretch, have you the impudence to abuse the trust I repose in you? Shubbaunee, though sufficiently convicted by Agib's testimony, denied the fact still. But the child persisting in what he had affirmed, Grandfather, said he, I can assure you we not only ate, but that so very heartily, that we have no occasion for supper: besides, the pastry-cook treated us also with a great bowl of sherbet. Well, cried Shumse ad Deen, after all this, will you continue to deny that you entered the pastry-cook's house, and ate there? Shubbaunee had still the impudence to swear it was not true. Then you are a liar, said the vizier, I believe my grandchild; but after all, if you can eat up this cream-tart I shall be persuaded you have truth on your side.

Though Shubbaunee had crammed himself up to the throat before, he agreed to stand that test, and accordingly took a piece of tart; but his stomach rising against it, he was obliged to spit it out of his mouth. Yet he still pursued the lie, and pretended he had over-eaten himself the day before, and

had not recovered his appetite. The vizier, irritated with all the eunuch's frivolous pretences, and convinced of his guilt, ordered him to be soundly bastinadoed. In undergoing this punishment, the poor wretch shrieked out aloud, and at last confessed the truth; I own, cried he, that we did eat a cream-tart at the pastry-cook's, and that it was much better than that upon the table.

The widow of Noor ad Deen thought it was out of spite to her, and with a design to mortify her, that Shubbaunee commended the pastry-cook's tart; and accordingly said, I cannot believe the cook's tarts are better than mine; I am resolved to satisfy myself upon that head. Where does he live? Go immediately and buy me one of his tarts. The eunuch repaired to Buddir ad Deen's shop, and said, Let me have one of your cream-tarts; one of our ladies wants to taste them. Buddir ad Deen chose one of the best, and gave it to the eunuch.

Shubbaunee returned speedily to the tents, gave the tart to Noor ad Deen's widow, who, snatching it greedily, broke a piece off; but no sooner put it to her mouth, than she cried out and swooned away. The vizier was extremely surprised at the accident; he threw water upon her face, and was very active in recovering her. As soon as she came to herself, My God! cried she, it must needs be my son, my dear Buddir ad Deen who made this tart.

Here day-light interrupted Scheherazade. The next night the sultaness pursued the story in the following manner.

THE HUNDRED AND EIGHTEENTH
NIGHT.

WHEN the vizier Shumse ad Deen heard his sister-in-law say, that the maker of the tart, brought by the eunuch, must needs be her son, he was overjoyed; but reflecting that his joy might prove groundless, and the conjecture of Noor ad Deen's widow be false, Madam, said he, do you think there may not be a pastry-cook in the world, who knows how to make cream-tarts as well as your son? I own, replied she, there may be pastry-cooks that can make as good tarts as he; but as I make them in a peculiar manner, and only my son was let into the secret, it must absolutely be he that made this. Come, my brother, added she in a transport, let us call up mirth and joy; we have at last found what we have been so long looking for. Madam, said the vizier in answer, I entreat you to moderate your impatience, for we shall quickly know the truth. All we have to do, is to bring the pastry-cook hither; and then you and my daughter will readily distinguish whether he be your son or not. But you must both be concealed, so as to have a view of Buddir ad Deen while he cannot see you; for I would not have our interview and mutual discovery happen at Damascus. My design is to delay the discovery till we return to Cairo.

This said, he left the ladies in their tent, and retired to his own; where he called for fifty of his men, and said to them; Take each of you a stick in your hands, and follow Shubbaunee, who will conduct you to a pastry-cook in this city. When you arrive there, break and dash in pieces all you find in the shop: if he demand the reason of your outrage, only ask him in return if it was not he that made the cream-tart that was brought from his house. If he answer in the affirmative, seize his person, fetter him, and bring him along with you; but take care you do not beat him, nor do him the least harm. Go, and lose no time.

The vizier's orders were immediately executed. The detachment, conducted by the black eunuch, went with expedition to Buddir ad Deen's house, broke in pieces the plates, kettles, copper pans, and all the other moveables and utensils they met with, and inundated the sherbet-shop with cream and comfits. Buddir ad Deen, astonished at the sight, said with a pitiful tone, Pray, good people, why do you serve me so? What is the matter? What have I done? Was it not you, said they, that sold this eunuch the cream-tart? Yes, replied he, I am the man; and who says any thing against it? I defy any one to make a better. Instead of giving him an answer, they continued to break all round them, and the oven itself was not spared.

In the mean time the neighbours took the alarm, and surprised to see fifty armed men committing such a disorder, asked the reason of such violence; and Buddir ad Deen said once more to the rioters, Pray tell me what crime I have committed to deserve this usage? Was it not you, replied they, that made the cream-tart you sold to the eunuch? Yes, yes, it was I, replied he; I maintain it is a good one. I do not deserve this treatment. However, without listening to him, they seized his person, and, snatching the cloth off his turban, tied his hands with it behind his back, and, after dragging him by force out of his shop, marched off.

The mob gathering, from compassion to Buddir ad Deen, took his part; but officers from the governor of the city dispersed the people, and favoured the carrying off of Buddir ad Deen; for Shumse ad Deen Mahummud had in the mean time gone to the governor's house to acquaint him with the order he had given, and to demand the interposition of force to favour the execution; and the governor, who commanded all Syria in the name of the sultan of Egypt, was unwilling to refuse any thing to his master's vizier.

Day appearing, Scheherazade could proceed no further till next morning, then she went on as follows.

THE HUNDRED AND NINETEENTH
NIGHT.

IT was in vain for Buddir ad Deen to ask those who carried him off, what fault had been found with his cream-tart: they gave him no answer. In short, they conducted him to the tents, and made him wait there till Shumse ad Deen returned from the governor of Damascus.

Upon the vizier's return, the pretended culprit was brought before him. My lord, said Buddir ad Deen, with tears in his eyes, pray do me the favour to let me know wherein I have displeased you. Why, you wretch, exclaimed the vizier, was it not you that made the cream-tart you sent me? I own I am the man, replied Buddir ad Deen, but pray what crime is that? I will punish you according to your deserts, said Shumse ad Deen, it shall cost you your life, for sending me such a sorry tart. Ah! exclaimed Buddir ad Deen, is it a capital crime to make a bad cream-tart? Yes, said the vizier, and you are to expect no other usage from me.

While this interview lasted, the ladies, who were concealed behind curtains, saw Buddir ad Deen, and recognized him, notwithstanding he had been so long absent. They were so transported with joy, that they swooned away; and when they recovered,

would fain have run up and fallen upon his neck, but the promise they had made to the vizier of not discovering themselves, restrained the tender emotions of love and of nature.

Shumse ad Deen having resolved to set out that night, ordered the tents to be struck, and the necessary preparations to be made for his journey. He ordered Buddir ad Deen to be secured in a sort of cage, and laid on a camel. The vizier and his retinue began their march, and travelled the rest of that night, and all the next day, without stopping. In the evening they halted, and Buddir ad Deen was taken out of his cage, in order to be served with the necessary refreshments, but still carefully kept at a distance from his mother and his wife; and during the whole expedition, which lasted twenty days, was served in the same manner.

When they arrived at Cairo, they encamped in the neighbourhood of the city; Shumse ad Deen called for Buddir ad Deen, and gave orders, in his presence, to prepare a stake. Alas! said Buddir ad Deen, what do you mean to do with a stake? Why, to impale you, replied Shumse ad Deen, and then to have you carried through all the quarters of the town, that the people may have the spectacle of a worthless pastry-cook, who makes cream-tarts without pepper. This said, Buddir ad Deen cried out so ludicrously, that Shumse ad Deen

could hardly keep his countenance: Alas! said he, must I suffer a death as cruel as it is ignominious, for not putting pepper in a cream-tart?

At this period, Scheherazade stopped on the approach of day: and Shier-ear rose, laughing at Buddir ad Deen's fright, and curious to know the sequel of the story, which the sultaness pursued next night as follows.

THE HUNDRED AND TWENTIETH NIGHT.

HAROOH al Rusheed, notwithstanding his gravity, could not forbear laughing, when the vizier Jaaffier told him, that Shumse ad Deen Mahummud threatened to put Buddir ad Deen to death, for not putting pepper into the cream-tart he had sold to Shubbaunee. How, said Buddir ad Deen, must I be rifled; must I be imprisoned in a chest, and at last impaled, and all for not putting pepper in a cream-tart? Are these the actions of Moosulmauns, of persons who make a profession of probity, justice, and good works? With these words he shed tears, and then renewing his complaint; No, continued he, never was a man used so unjustly, nor so severely. Is it possible they should be capable of taking a man's life for not putting pepper in a cream-tart? Cursed be all cream-tarts, as well as the hour in which I was born! Would to God I had died that minute!

The disconsolate Buddir ad Deen did not cease his lamentations; and when the stake was brought, cried out bitterly at the horrid sight. Heaven! said he, can you suffer me to die an ignominious and painful death? And all this, for what crime? not for robbery or murder, or renouncing my religion, but for not putting pepper in a cream-tart.

Night being then pretty far advanced, the vizier ordered Buddir ad Deen to be conveyed again to his cage, saying to him, Stay there till to-morrow; the day shall not elapse before I give orders for your death. The chest or cage then was carried away and laid upon the camel that had brought it from Damascus; at the same time all the other camels were loaded again; and the vizier mounting his horse, ordered the camel that carried his nephew to march before him, and entered the city with all his suit. After passing through several streets, where no one appeared, he arrived at his palace, where he ordered the chest to be taken down, but not opened till farther orders.

While his retinue were unlading the other camels, he took Buddir ad Deen's mother and his daughter aside; and addressed himself to the latter: God be praised, said he, my child, for this happy occasion of meeting your cousin and your husband. You remember, of course, what order your chamber was in on your wedding night: go and put all things as they were then placed; and if your memory do not serve you, I can aid it by a written account, which I caused to be taken upon that occasion.

The beautiful lady went joyfully to execute her father's orders; and he at the same time commanded the hall to be adorned as when Buddir ad Deen Houssun was there with the sultan of Egypt's hunch-

backed groom. As he went over his manuscript, his domestics placed every moveable in the described order. The throne was not forgotten, nor the lighted wax-candles. When every thing was arranged in the hall, the vizier went into his daughter's chamber, and put in their due place Buddir ad Deen's apparel, with the purse of sequins. This done, he said to the beautiful lady, Undress yourself, my child, and go to bed. As soon as Buddir ad Deen enters your room, complain of his being from you so long, and tell him, that when you awoke, you were astonished you did not find him by you. Press him to come to bed again; and to-morrow morning you will divert your mother-in-law and me, by giving us an account of your interview. This said, he went from his daughter's apartment, and left her to undress herself and go to bed.

Scheherazade would have gone on with her story, but approaching day obliged her to discontinue.

THE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIRST NIGHT.

TOWARDS the close of the next night, the sultan of the Indies, who was very impatient to know how the story of Buddir ad Deen would end, awoke Scheherazade himself, and bade her go on with it; which she did in the following terms. Shumse ad Deen Mahummud, said the vizier Jaaffier to the caliph, ordered all his domestics to depart the hall, excepting two or three, whom he desired to remain. These he commanded to go and take Buddir ad Deen out of the cage, to strip him to his under vest and drawers, to conduct him in that condition to the hall, to leave him there alone, and shut the door upon him.

Buddir ad Deen, though overwhelmed with grief, was asleep so soundly, that the vizier's domestics had taken him out of the chest and stripped him before he awoke; and they carried him so suddenly into the hall, that they did not give him time to see where he was. When he found himself alone in the hall, he looked round him, and the objects he beheld recalling to his memory the circumstances of his marriage, he perceived, with astonishment, that it was the place where he had seen the sultan's groom of the stables. His surprise was still the greater, when

approaching softly the door of a chamber which he found open, he spied his own raiments where he remembered to have left them on his wedding-night. My God! said he, rubbing his eyes, am I asleep or awake?

The beautiful lady, who in the mean time was diverting herself with his astonishment, opened the curtains of her bed suddenly, and bending her head forward, My dear lord, said she, with a soft, tender air, what do you do at the door? You have been out of bed a long time. I was strangely surprised when I awoke in not finding you by me. Buddir ad Deen was enraptured; he entered the room, but reverting to all that had passed during a ten years' interval, and not being able to persuade himself that it could all have happened in the compass of one night, he went to the place where his vestments lay with the purse of sequins: and after examining them very carefully, exclaimed, By Allah these are mysteries which I can by no means comprehend! The lady, who was pleased to see his confusion, said, once more, My lord, what do you wait for? He stepped towards the bed, and said to her, Is it long since I left you? The question, answered she, surprises me. Did not you rise from me but now? Surely your mind is deranged. Madam, replied Buddir ad Deen, I do assure you my thoughts are not very composed. I remember indeed to have been with you, but I remem-

ber at the same time, that I have since lived ten years at Damascus. Now, if I was actually in bed with you this night, I cannot have been from you so long. These two points are inconsistent. Pray tell me what I am to think; whether my marriage with you is an illusion, or whether my absence from you is only a dream? Yes, my lord (cried she), doubtless you were light-headed when you thought you were at Damascus. Upon this Buddir ad Deen laughed heartily, and said, What a comical fancy is this? I assure you, madam, this dream of mine will be very pleasant to you. Do but imagine, if you please, that I was at the gate of Damascus in my shirt and drawers, as I am here now; that I entered the town with the halloo of a mob who followed and insulted me; that I fled to a pastry-cook who adopted me, taught me his trade, and left me all he had when he died; that after his death I kept a shop. In fine, I had an infinity of other adventures, too tedious to recount: and all I can say is, that it was well that I awoke, for they were going to impale me! And for what, cried the lady, feigning astonishment, would they have used you so cruelly? Surely you must have committed some enormous crime. Not the least, replied Buddir ad Deen; it was for nothing but a mere trifle, the most ridiculous thing you can imagine. All the crime I was charged with, was selling a cream-tart that had no pepper in it. As

for that matter, said the beautiful lady laughing heartily, I must say they did you great injustice. Ah, replied he, that was not all. For this cursed cream-tart was every thing in my shop broken to pieces, myself bound and fettered, and flung into a chest, where I lay so close, that methinks I am there still, but thanks be to God all was a dream.

At this period the approach of day obliged Scheherazade to stop.

THE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SECOND
NIGHT.

SCHEHERAZADE, awaking before day, went on as follows: Buddir ad Deen was not easy all night. He awoke from time to time, and put the question to himself, whether he dreamed or was awake. He distrusted his felicity; and, to be sure whether it was true or not, looked round the room. I am not mistaken, said he; this is the same chamber where I entered instead of the hunch-backed groom of the stables; and I am now in bed with the fair lady designed for him. Day-light, which then appeared, had not yet dispelled his uneasiness, when the vizier Shumse ad Deen, his uncle, knocked at the door, and at the same time went in to bid him good morrow.

Buddir ad Deen was extremely surprised to see a man he knew so well, and who now appeared with a different air from that with which he pronounced the terrible sentence of death against him. Ah! cried Buddir ad Deen, it was you who condemned me so unjustly to a kind of death, the thoughts of which make me shudder, and all for a cream-tart without pepper. The vizier fell a laughing, and to put him out of suspense, told him how, by the ministry of a genie (for hunchback's relation made him suspect the adventure) he had been at his

palace, and had married his daughter instead of the sultan's groom of the stables; then he acquainted him that he had discovered him to be his nephew by the memorandum of his father, and pursuant to that discovery had gone from Cairo to Bussorah in quest of him. My dear nephew, added he, embracing him with every expression of tenderness, I ask your pardon for all I have made you undergo since I discovered you. I resolved to bring you to my palace before I told you your happiness; which ought now to be so much the dearer to you, as it has cost you so much perplexity and distress. To atone for all your afflictions, comfort yourself with the joy of being in the company of those who ought to be dearest to you. While you are dressing yourself I will go and acquaint your mother, who is beyond measure impatient to see you; and will likewise bring to you your son, whom you saw at Damascus, and for whom, without knowing him, you shewed so much affection.

No words can adequately express the joy of Buddir ad Deen, when he saw his mother and his son. They embraced, and shewed all the transports that love and tenderness could inspire. The mother spoke to Buddir ad Deen in the most moving terms; she mentioned the grief she had felt for his long absence, and the tears she had shed. Little Ajib, instead of flying his father's embraces, as at Damascus,

received them with all the marks of pleasure. And Buddir ad Deen Houssun, divided between two objects so worthy of his love, thought he could not give sufficient testimonies of his affection.

While this passed, the vizier was gone to the palace, to give the sultan an account of the happy success of his travels; and the sultan was so moved with the recital of the story, that he ordered it to be taken down in writing, and carefully preserved among the archives of the kingdom. After Shumse ad Deen's return to his palace, he sat down with his family, and all the household passed the day in festivity and mirth.

The vizier Jaaffier having thus concluded the story of Buddir ad Deen, told the caliph that this was what he had to relate to his majesty. The caliph found the story so surprising, that without farther hesitation he granted his slave Rihan's pardon; and to condole the young man for the grief of having unhappily deprived himself of a woman whom he had loved so tenderly, married him to one of his slaves, bestowed liberal gifts upon him, and maintained him till he died.—But, sir, added Scheherazade, observing the day began to appear, though the story I have now told you be very agreeable, I have one still that is much more so. If your majesty pleases to hear it, I am certain you will be of the same opinion. Shier-ear rose without giving any an-

swer, and was perplexed what to do. The good sultanness, said he within himself, tells very long stories, and when once she begins one, there is no refusing to hear it out. I cannot tell whether I shall put her to death to day or not. I certainly will not; I will do nothing rashly; the story she promises is perhaps more diverting than all she has related, I will not deprive myself of the pleasure of hearing it; when she has finished it, she shall die.

THE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-THIRD NIGHT.

DINARZADE did not fail to awaken the sultaness of the Indies before day; and the sultaness, after asking leave of the sultan, began the story she had promised, to the following purpose.

THE STORY OF THE LITTLE HUNCH-BACK.

There was in former times at Casgar, on the extreme boundaries of Tartary, a taylor who had a pretty wife, whom he affectionately loved, and by whom he was beloved with reciprocal tenderness. One day while he was at work, a little Hunch-back seated himself at the shop-door and began to sing, and play upon a tabor. The taylor was pleased with his performance, and resolved to take him to his house to entertain his wife: This little fellow, said he, will divert us both this evening. He accordingly invited him, and the other readily accepted the invitation: so the taylor shut up his shop, and carried him home. Immediately after their arrival, the taylor's wife placed before them a good dish of fish; but as the little man was eating, he unluckily swallowed a bone, which, notwithstanding all that the taylor and his wife could do, choaked him.

This accident greatly alarmed them both, dreading, if the magistrates should hear of it, that they would be punished as murderers. However, the husband devised a scheme to get rid of the corpse. He reflected that a Jewish doctor lived just by, and having formed his plan, his wife and he took the corpse, the one by the feet and the other by the head, and carried it to the physician's house. They knocked at the door, from which a steep flight of stairs led to his chamber. The servant-maid came down, without any light, and opening the door, asked what they wanted. Have the goodness, said the taylor, to go up again, and tell your master we have brought him a man who is very ill, and wants his advice. Here, continued he, putting a piece of money into her hand, give him that beforehand, to convince him that we do not mean to impose. While the servant was gone up to inform her master, the taylor and his wife hastily conveyed the hunch-backed corpse to the head of the stairs, and leaving it there, hurried away.

In the mean time, the maid told the doctor, that a man and a woman waited for him at the door, desiring he would come down and look at a sick man whom they had brought with them, and clapped into his hand the money she had received. The doctor was transported with joy; being paid beforehand, he thought it must needs be a good patient, and should

not be neglected. Light, light, cried he to the maid, follow me quickly. As he spoke, he hastily ran towards the head of the stairs without waiting for a light, and came against the corpse with so much violence that he precipitated it to the bottom, and had nearly fallen with it.—Bring me a light, cried he to the maid; quick, quick. At last she brought one, and he went down stairs with her; but when he saw that what he had kicked down was a dead man, he was so frightened, that he invoked Moses, Aaron, Joshua, Esdras, and all the other prophets of his nation. Unhappy man that I am, said he, why did I attempt to come without a light! I have killed the poor fellow who was brought to me to be cured: doubtless I am the cause of his death, and unless Esdras's ass* come to assist me, I am ruined: Mercy on me, they will be here out of hand, and drag me out of my house for a murderer.

Notwithstanding the perplexity and confusion into which he was thrown, he had the precaution to shut his door, for fear any one passing by should observe the accident of which he reckoned himself to be the author. He then took the corpse into his wife's chamber, who was ready to swoon at the sight. Alas, cried she, we are utterly ruined and un-

* Here the Arabian author plays upon the Jews; this ass is that which, as the Mahummedans believe, Esdras rode upon when he came from the Babylonian captivity to Jerusalem.

done, unless we can devise some expedient to get the corpse out of our house this night. If we harbour it till morning we are lost. What a deplorable misfortune is this! What have you done to kill this man? That is not now the question, replied the Jew; our business at present is, to find a remedy for the evil which threatens us.—But, sir, said Scheherazade, I do not consider it is day. So she stopped, and next night pursued her story.

THE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FOURTH
NIGHT.

THE doctor and his wife consulted how to dispose of the corpse that night. The doctor racked his brain in vain, he could not think of any stratagem to relieve his embarrassment; but his wife, who was more fertile in invention, said, A thought is just come into my head; let us carry the corpse to the terrace of our house, and throw it down the chimney of our Mussulmaun neighbour.

This Mussulmaun was one of the sultan's purveyors for furnishing oil, butter, and articles of a similar nature, and had a magazine in his house, where the rats and mice made prodigious havoc.

The Jewish doctor approving the proposed expedient, his wife and he took the little hunch-back up to the roof of the house; and clapping ropes under his arm-pits, let him down the chimney into the purveyor's chamber so dexterously that he stood upright against the wall, as if he had been alive. When they found he had reached the bottom, they pulled up the ropes, and left the corpse in that posture. They were scarcely got down into their chamber, when the purveyor, who had just returned from a wedding-feast, went into his room, with a lanthorn in his hand. He was not a little surprised to discover a

man standing in his chimney; but being a stout fellow, and apprehending him to be a thief, he took up a stick, and making straight up to the hunch-back, Ah, said he, I thought the rats and mice ate my butter and tallow; but it is you who come down the chimney to rob me? However, I think you will have no wish to come here again. Upon this he attacked hunch-back, and struck him several times with his stick. The corpse fell down flat on the ground, and the purveyor redoubled his blows. But, observing that the body did not move, he stood a little time to regard it; and then, perceiving it to be dead, fear succeeded his anger. Wretched man that I am, said he, what have I done! I have killed a man; alas, I have carried my revenge too far. Good God, unless thou pity me my life is gone! Cursed, ten thousand times accursed, be the fat and the oil that occasioned me to commit so criminal an action. He stood pale and thunderstruck; he fancied he already saw the officers come to drag him to condign punishment, and could not tell what resolution to take.

Here the dawn interrupted Scheherazade, but next night she proceeded thus.

THE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIFTH NIGHT.

SIR, the sultan of Casgar's purveyor had never noticed the little man's hump back when he was beating him, but as soon as he perceived it, he uttered a thousand imprecations against him. Ah, thou cursed hunch-back, cried he, thou crooked wretch, would to God thou hadst robbed me of all my fat, and I had not found thee here. I then should not have been thrown into this perplexity on account of this and thy vile hunch. Ye stars that twinkle in the heavens, give your light to none but me in this dangerous juncture. As soon as he had uttered these words, he took the crooked corpse upon his shoulders, and carried it to the end of the street, where he placed it in an upright posture against a shop; he then returned without once looking behind him.

A few minutes before day-break, a Christian merchant, who was very rich, and furnished the sultan's palace with various articles, having sat up all night at a debauch, happened to come from his house in this direction on his way to the bath. Though he was intoxicated, he was sensible that the night was far spent, and that the people would soon be called to morning prayers; he therefore

quickened his pace to get to the bath in time, lest some Mussulmaun, in his way to the mosque, should meet him and carry him to prison for a drunkard. When he came to the end of the street, he had occasion to stop by the shop where the sultan's purveyor had put the hunch-backed corpse; which being jostled by him, tumbled upon the merchant's back. The merchant thinking he was attacked by a robber, knocked it down, and after redoubling his blows, cried out thieves.

The outcry alarmed the watch, who came up immediately, and finding a Christian beating a Mussulmaun (for hump-back was of our religion), What reason have you, said he, to abuse a Mussulmaun in this manner? He would have robbed me, replied the merchant, and jumped upon my back in order to take me by the throat. If he did, said the watch, you have revenged yourself sufficiently; come, get off him. At the same time he stretched out his hand to help little hump-back up, but observing he was dead, Oh! said he, is it thus that a Christian dares to assassinate a Mussulmaun? So saying, he laid hold of the Christian, and carried him to the house of the officer of the police, where he was kept till the judge was stirring, and ready to examine him. In the mean time, the Christian merchant became sober, and the more he reflected upon his adventure, the less could he con-

ceive how such slight blows of his fist could have killed the man.

The judge having heard the report of the watch, and viewed the corpse, which they had taken care to bring to his house, interrogated the Christian merchant, who could not deny the crime, though he had not committed it. But the judge considering that little hump-back belonged to the sultan, for he was one of his buffoons, would not put the Christian to death till he knew the sultan's pleasure. For this end he went to the palace, and acquainted the sultan with what had happened; and received this answer, I have no mercy to shew to a Christian who kills a Mussulmaun. Upon this the judge ordered a stake to be prepared, and sent criers all over the city to proclaim that they were about to impale a Christian for killing a Mussulmaun.

At length, the merchant was brought to the place of execution; and the executioner was about to do his duty, when the sultan's purveyor pushed through the crowd, calling to him to stop, for that the Christian had not committed the murder, but he himself had done it. Upon that, the officer who attended the execution began to question the purveyor, who told him every circumstance of his having killed the little hunch-back, and how he had conveyed his corpse to the place where the Christian merchant had found it. You were about, added

he, to put to death an innocent person; for how can he be guilty of the death of a man who was dead before he touched him? It is enough for me to have killed a Mussulmaun, without loading my conscience with the death of a Christian who is not guilty.

Scheherazade perceiving day-light stopped, and the next night resumed her story.

THE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SIXTH
NIGHT.

SIR, said she, the sultan of Casgar's purveyor having publicly charged himself with the death of the little hunch-backed man, the officer could do no less than execute justice on the merchant. Let the Christian go, said he to the executioner, and impale this man in his stead, since it appears by his own confession that he is guilty. Thereupon the executioner released the merchant, and seized the purveyor; but just as he was going to impale him, he heard the voice of the Jewish doctor, earnestly intreating him to suspend the execution, and make room for him to approach.

When he appeared before the judge, My lord, said he, this Mussulmaun you are going to execute is not guilty. I am the criminal. Last night a man and a woman, unknown to me, came to my door with a sick man; my maid went and opened it without a light, and received from them a piece of money with a commission to come and desire me, in their name, to step down and look at the patient. While she was delivering her message, they conveyed the sick person to the stair head, and disappeared. I went, without staying till my servant had lighted a candle, and in the dark happened to stumble upon the sick

person, and kick him down stairs. At length I saw he was dead, and that it was the crooked Mussulmaun whose death you are now about to avenge. My wife and I took the corpse, and, after conveying it up to the roof of the purveyor, our next neighbour, whom you were going to put to death unjustly, let it down the chimney into his chamber. The purveyor finding it in his house, took the little man for a thief, and after beating him, concluded he had killed him. But that it was not so you will be convinced by this my deposition; I am the sole author of the murder; and though it was committed undesignedly, I am resolved to expiate my crime, that I may not have to charge myself with the death of two Mussulmauns.

The sultaness descrying day, discontinued her story till the next night.

THE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SEVENTH
NIGHT.

SIR, said she, the chief justice being persuaded that the Jewish doctor was the murderer, gave orders to the executioner to seize him and release the purveyor. Accordingly the doctor was just going to be impaled, when the taylor appeared, crying to the executioner to hold his hand, and make room for him, that he might come and make his confession to the chief judge. Room being made, My lord, said he, you have narrowly escaped taking away the lives of three innocent persons; but if you will have the patience to hear me, I will discover to you the real murderer of the crook-backed man. If his death is to be expiated by another, that must be mine. Yesterday, towards the evening, as I was at work in my shop, and was disposed to be merry, the little hunch-back came to my door half-drunk, and sat down. He sung a little, and so I invited him to pass the evening at my house. He accepted the invitation, and went in with me. We sat down to supper, and I gave him a plate of fish; but in eating, a bone stuck in his throat, and though my wife and I did our utmost to relieve him, he died in a few minutes. His death afflicted us extremely, and for fear of being charged with it, we carried the corpse to the

Jewish doctor's house and knocked. The maid came and opened the door; I desired her to go up again and ask her master to come down and give his advice to a sick person whom we had brought along with us; and withal, to encourage him, I charged her to give him a piece of money, which I put into her hand. When she was gone, I carried the hunch-back up stairs, and laid him upon the uppermost step, and then my wife and I made the best of our way home. The doctor coming, threw the corpse down stairs, and concluded himself to be the author of his death. This being the case, continued he, release the doctor, and let me die in his stead.

The chief justice, and all the spectators, wondered at the strange events which had ensued upon the death of the little hunch-back. Let the Jewish doctor go, said the judge, and seize the taylor, since he confesses the crime. It is certain this history is very uncommon, and deserves to be recorded in letters of gold. The executioner having dismissed the doctor, prepared to impale the taylor.—But, Sir, said the sultaness, I see day appears.

THE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-EIGHTH NIGHT.

THE sultaness, awakened by her sister, resumed her story as follows: While the executioner was making ready to impale the taylor, the sultan of Casgar, wanting the company of his crooked jester, asked where he was; and one of his officers told him; The hunch-back, Sir, whom you enquire after, got drunk last night, and contrary to his custom slipped out of the palace, and went strolling about the city, and this morning was found dead. A man was brought before the chief justice, and charged with the murder of him; but when he was going to be impaled, up came a man, and after him another, who took the charge upon themselves and cleared one another, and the judge is now examining a third, who gives himself out for the real author of the murder.

Upon this intelligence the sultan of Casgar sent an officer to the place of execution. Go, said he, with all expedition, and tell the judge to bring the accused persons before me immediately; and bring also the corpse of poor hunch-back, that I may see him once more. Accordingly the officer went, and happened to arrive at the place of execution at the very time that the executioner had laid his hands

upon the taylor. He called aloud to him to suspend the execution. The executioner knowing the officer, did not dare to proceed, but released the taylor; and then the officer acquainted the judge with the sultan's pleasure. The judge obeyed, and went directly to the palace, accompanied by the taylor, the Jewish doctor, and the Christian merchant; and made four of his men carry the hunch-backed corpse along with him.

When they appeared in the sultan's presence, the judge threw himself at the prince's feet; and after recovering himself, gave him a faithful relation of what he knew of the story of the hunch-backed man. The story appeared so extraordinary to the sultan, that he ordered his own historian to write it down with all its circumstances. Then addressing himself to the audience; Did you ever hear, said he, such a surprising event as has happened on the account of my little crooked buffoon? The Christian merchant, after falling down, and touching the earth with his forehead, spoke as follows: Most puissant monarch, I know a story yet more astonishing than this; if your majesty will give me leave, I will relate it. The circumstances are such, that no one can hear them without emotion.—Well, said the sultan, you have my permission: and the merchant went on as follows.

THE STORY TOLD BY THE CHRISTIAN MERCHANT.

Sir, before I commence the recital of the story you have permitted me to relate, I beg leave to acquaint you, that I have not the honour to be born in any part of your majesty's empire. I am a stranger, born at Cairo in Egypt, a Copt by nation, and by religion a Christian. My father was a broker, and realized considerable property, which he left me at his death. I followed his example, and pursued the same employment. While I was standing in the public inn frequented by the corn merchants, there came up to me a handsome young man, well drest, and mounted on an ass. He saluted me, and pulling out a handkerchief, in which he had a sample of sesame or Turkey corn, asked me how much a bushel of such sesame would fetch.

Scheherazade perceiving day, stopped here; but the next night went on in the following manner.

THE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-NINTH
NIGHT.

SIR, continued the Christian merchant to the sultan of Casgar, I examined the corn the young man shewed me, and told him it was worth a hundred dirhems ¹⁸ of silver per bushel. Pray, said he, look out for some merchant to take it at that price, and come to me at the Victory gate, where you will see a khan at a distance from the houses. So saying, he left me the sample, and I shewed it to several merchants, who told me, that they would take as much as I could spare at a hundred and ten dirhems per bushel, so that I reckoned on getting ten dirhems per bushel for my commission. Full of the expectation of this profit, I went to the Victory gate, where I found the young merchant expecting me, and he took me into his granary, which was full of sesame. He had then a hundred and fifty bushels, which I measured out, and having carried them off upon asses, sold them for five thousand dirhems of silver. Out of this sum, said the young man, there are five hundred dirhems coming to you, at the rate of ten dirhems per bushel. This I give you; and as for the rest which pertains to me, take it out of the merchants' hands, and keep it till I call or send for it, for I have no occasion for it at present. I answered, it

should be ready for him whenever he pleased to demand it; and so, kissing his hand, took leave of him, with a grateful sense of his generosity.

A month passed before he came near me: then he asked for the sum he had committed to my trust. I told him it was ready, and should be counted to him immediately. He was mounted on his ass, and I desired him to alight, and do me the honour to eat a mouthful with me before he received his money. No, said he, I cannot alight at present, I have urgent business that obliges me to be at a place just by; but I will return this way, and then take the money which I desire you would have in readiness. This said, he disappeared, and I still expected his return, but it was a full month before I saw him again. This young merchant, thought I, has great confidence in me, leaving so great a sum in my hands without knowing me; any other man would have been afraid I should have run away with it. To be short, he came again at the end of the third month, and was still mounted on his ass, but more handsomely dressed than before.

Scheherazade, perceiving day-light, went no farther for this night; but the ensuing night proceeded as follows.

THE HUNDRED AND THIRTIETH NIGHT.

As soon as I saw the young man, continued the Christian merchant to the sultan of Casgar, I intreated him to alight, and asked him if he would not take his money? There is no hurry, said he, with a pleasant easy air, I know it is in good hands; I will come and take it when my other money is all gone: Adieu, continued he, I will return towards the end of the week. With that he struck the ass, and soon disappeared. Well, thought I, he says he will see me towards the end of the week, but he may not perhaps return for a great while; I will make the most I can of his money, which may bring me much profit.

As it happened, I was not deceived in my conjecture; for it was a full year before I saw my young merchant again. He then appeared as richly appareled as before, but seemed to have something on his spirits. I asked him to do me the honour to walk into my house. For this time, replied he, I will: but on this condition, that you shall put yourself to no extraordinary charge on my account. I will do just as you please, said I, only do me the favour to alight and walk in. Accordingly he complied. I gave orders to have a repast prepared, and while this was doing, we entered into conversation.

All things being ready, we sat down. I observed he took the first mouthful with his left hand, and not with the right. I was at a loss what to think of this. Ever since I have known this young man, said I inwardly, he has always appeared very polite; is it possible he can do this out of contempt¹⁹? What can be the reason he does not use his right hand?

Scheherazade perceiving the approach of day discontinued her story, but the next night recommenced it as follows.

THE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FIRST
NIGHT.

SIR, the Christian merchant was very anxious to know why his guest ate with the left hand. After we had done eating, said he, and every thing was taken away, we sat upon a sofa, and I presented him with a lozenge by way of dainty; but still he took it with his left hand. I said to him, Pardon, Sir, the liberty I take in asking you what reason you have for not using your right hand? Perhaps you have some complaint in that hand. Instead of answering, he heaved a deep sigh, and pulling out his right arm, which he had hitherto kept under his vest, shewed me, to my great astonishment, that it had been cut off. Doubtless you were displeased, said he, to see me feed myself with the left hand; but I leave you to judge, whether it was in my power to do otherwise. May one ask, said I, by what mischance you lost your right hand? Upon that he burst into tears, and after wiping his eyes, gave me the following relation.

You must know that I am a native of Bagdad, the son of a rich merchant, the most eminent in that city for rank and opulence. I had scarcely launched into the world, when falling into the company of travellers, and hearing their wonderful

accounts of Egypt, especially of Grand Cairo, I was interested by their discourse, and felt a strong desire to travel. But my father was then alive, and would not grant me permission. At length he died; and being then my own master, I resolved to take a journey to Cairo. I laid out a large sum of money in the purchase of several sorts of fine stuffs of Bagdad and Moussol, and departed.

Arriving at Cairo, I went to the khan, called the khan of Mesrour, and there took lodgings, with a warehouse for my bales, which I had brought with me upon camels. This done, I retired to my chamber to rest, after the fatigue of my journey, and gave some money to my servants, with orders to buy some provisions and dress them. After I had eaten, I went to view the castle, some mosques, the public squares, and the other most remarkable places.

Next day I dressed myself, and ordered some of the finest and richest of my bales to be selected and carried by my slaves to the Circassian bezestein*, whither I followed. I had no sooner made my appearance, than I was surrounded with brokers and criers who had heard of my arrival. I gave patterns of my stuffs to several of the criers, who shewed them all over the bezestein; but none of the merchants

* A bezestein is a public place where silk stuffs, and other precious things, are exposed to sale.

offered near so much as prime cost and carriage. This vexed me, and the criers observing I was dissatisfied, said, If you will take our advice, we will put you in a way to sell your goods without loss.

Here Scheherazade stopped on the approach of day, but the next night went on as follows.

THE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SECOND NIGHT.

THE brokers and the criers, said the young man to the Christian merchant, having thus promised to put me in a way of losing nothing by my goods, I asked them what course they would have me pursue? Divide your goods, said they, among several merchants, they will sell them by retail; and twice a week, that is on Mondays and Thursdays, you may receive what money they may have taken. By this means, instead of losing, you will turn your goods to advantage, and the merchants will gain by you. In the mean while you will have time to take your pleasure about the town, or go upon the Nile.

I took their advice, and conducted them to my warehouse; from whence I brought all my goods to the bezestein, and there divided them among the merchants whom they represented as most reputable and able to pay; and the merchants gave me a formal receipt before witnesses, stipulating that I should not make any demands upon them for the first month.

Having thus regulated my affairs, my mind was occupied with ordinary pleasures. I contracted acquaintance with divers persons of nearly the same age with myself, which made the time pass agreeably. After the first month had expired, I began to visit

my merchants twice a week, taking with me a public officer to inspect their books of sale, and a banker to see that they paid me in good money, and to regulate the value of the several coins²⁰. Every pay-day, I had a good sum of money to carry home to my lodging at the khan of Mesrour. I went on other days to pass the morning sometimes at one merchant's house, and sometimes at another's. In short, I amused myself in conversing with them, and seeing what passed in the bezestein.

One Monday, as I was sitting in a merchant's shop, whose name was Buddir ad Deen, a lady of quality, as might easily be perceived by her air, her apparel, and by a well-dressed slave attending her, came into the shop, and sat down by me. Her external appearance, joined to a natural grace that shone in all her actions, prepossessed me in her favour, and inspired me with a desire to be better acquainted with her. I know not whether she observed that I took pleasure in gazing on her, and whether this attention on my part was not agreeable to her; but she let down the crape that hung over the muslin which covered her face, and gave me the opportunity of seeing her large black eyes; which perfectly charmed me. In fine, she inflamed my love to the height by the agreeable sound of her voice, her graceful carriage in saluting the merchant, and asking him how he did since she had seen him last.

After conversing with him some time upon indifferent subjects, she gave him to understand that she wanted a particular kind of stuff with a gold ground; that she came to his shop, as affording the best choice of any in all the bezestein; and that if he had any such as she asked for, he would oblige her in shewing them. Buddir ad Deen produced several pieces, one of which she pitched upon, and he asked for it eleven hundred dirhems of silver. I will, said she, give you your price for it, but I have not money enough about me; so I hope you will give me credit till to-morrow, and in the mean time allow me to carry home the stuff. I shall not fail, added she, to send you to-morrow the eleven hundred dirhems. Madam, said Buddir ad Deen, I would give you credit with all my heart if the stuff were mine; but it belongs to the young man you see here, and this is the day on which we settle our accounts. Why, said the lady in surprise, do you use me so? Am not I a customer to your shop? And when I have bought of you, and carried home the things without paying ready money for them, did I in any instance fail to send you your money next morning? Madam, said the merchant, all this is true, but this very day I have occasion for the money. There, said she, throwing the stuff to him, take your stuff, I care not for you nor any of the merchants. You are all alike; you respect no

one. As she spoke, she rose up in anger, and walked out.

Scheherazade, perceiving day, discontinued the story till the next night, when she proceeded as follows.

THE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-THIRD
NIGHT.

THE Christian merchant continued his story thus: When I saw, said the young man, that the lady walked away, I felt interested on her behalf, and called her back, saying, Madam, do me the favour to return, perhaps I can find a way to satisfy you both. She returned, saying, it was on my account that she complied. Buddir ad Deen, said I to the merchant, what is the price you must have for this stuff that belongs to me? I must have, replied he, eleven hundred dirhems, I cannot take less. Give it to the lady then, said I, let her take it home with her; I allow a hundred dirhems profit to yourself, and shall now write you a note, empowering you to deduct that sum upon the produce of the other goods you have of mine. In fine, I wrote, signed, and gave him the note, and then delivered the stuff to the lady. Madam, said I, you may take the stuff with you, and as for the money, you may either send it to-morrow or the next day; or, if you will, accept it as a present from me. Pardon me, returned she, I mean no such thing. You treat me with so much politeness, that I should be unworthy to appear in the world again, were I to omit making you my best

acknowledgments. May God reward you, by an increase of your fortune; may you live many years after I am dead; may the gate of paradise be open to you when you remove to the other world, and may all the city proclaim your generosity.

These words inspired me with some assurance. Madam, I replied, I desire no other reward for the service I have done you than the happiness of seeing your face; which will repay me with interest. I had no sooner spoken than she turned towards me, took off her veil, and discovered to me a wonderful beauty. I became speechless with admiration. I could have gazed upon her for ever; but fearing any one should observe her, she quickly covered her face, and letting down the crape, took up the piece of stuff, and went away, leaving me in a very different state of mind from that in which I had entered the shop. I continued for some time in great confusion and perplexity. Before I took leave of the merchant, I asked him, if he knew the lady; Yes, said he, she is the daughter of an emir.

I went back to the khan of Mesrour, and sat down to supper, but could not eat, neither could I shut my eyes all the night, which seemed the longest in my life. As soon as it was day I arose, in hopes of once more beholding the object that dis-

turbed my repose: and to engage her affection, I dressed myself much richer than I had done the day before.

Scheherazade, perceiving day, stopped here, but went on next night as follows.

THE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FOURTH
NIGHT.

SIR, the young Bagdad merchant continued thus: I had but just reached Buddir ad Deen's shop, when I saw the lady coming in more magnificent apparel than before, and attended by her slave. When she entered, she did not regard the merchant, but addressing herself to me, said, Sir, you see I am punctual to my word. I am come for the express purpose of paying the sum you were so kind as to pass your word for yesterday, though you had no knowledge of me. Such uncommon generosity I shall never forget. Madam, said I, you had no occasion to be in such haste; I was well satisfied as to my money, and am sorry you should put yourself to so much trouble. I had been very unjust, answered she, if I had abused your generosity. With these words she put the money into my hand, and sat down by me.

Having this opportunity of conversing with her, I determined to improve it, and mentioned to her the love I had for her; but she rose and left me very abruptly, as if she had been angry with the declaration I had made. I followed her with my eyes as long as she continued in sight; then taking leave of the merchant, walked out of the bezestein, without

knowing where I went. I was musing on this adventure, when I felt somebody pulling me behind, and turning to see who it was, I was agreeably surprised to perceive it was the lady's slave. My mistress, said she, I mean the young lady you spoke to in the merchant's shop, wants to speak with you, if you please to give yourself the trouble to follow me. Accordingly I followed her, and found her mistress sitting waiting for me in a banker's shop.

She made me sit down by her, and spoke to this purpose. Do not be surprised, that I left you so abruptly. I thought it not proper, before that merchant, to give a favourable answer to the discovery you made of your affection for me. But to speak the truth, I was so far from being offended at it, that it gave me pleasure; and I account myself infinitely happy in having a man of your merit for my lover. I do not know what impression the first sight of me may have made on you, but I assure you, I had no sooner beheld you than I found my heart moved with the tenderest emotions of love. Since yesterday I have done nothing but think of what you said to me; and my eagerness to seek you this morning may convince you of my regard. Madam, I replied, transported with love and joy, nothing can be more agreeable to me than this declaration. No passion can exceed that with which I love you. My eyes were dazzled with so many charms, that my

heart yielded without resistance. Let us not trifle away the time in needless discourse, said she, interrupting me; I make no doubt of your sincerity, and you shall quickly be convinced of mine. Will you do me the honour to come to my residence? Or if you will, I will go to yours. Madam, I returned, I am a stranger lodged in a khan, which is not a proper place for the reception of a lady of your quality.

Here the approach of day interrupted Scheherazade, but the next morning she continued thus.

THE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FIFTH NIGHT.

It is more proper, madam, said the young Bagdad merchant, that I should visit you at your house; have the goodness to tell me where it is. The lady consented; I live, said she, in Devotion-street; come on Friday, which is the day after to-morrow, after noon-prayers, and ask for the house of Abon Schama, surnamed Bercour²¹, late master of the emirs; there you will find me. This said, we parted; and I passed the next day in great impatience.

On Friday I put on my richest apparel, and took fifty pieces of gold in my purse. I mounted an ass I had bespoken the day before, and set out, accompanied by the man who let me the ass²². When we came to Devotion-street, I directed the owner of the ass to inquire for the house I wanted; he found it, and conducted me thither. I paid him liberally, directing him to observe narrowly where he left me, and not to fail to return next morning with the ass, to carry me again to the khan of Mesrour.

I knocked at the door, and presently two little female slaves, white as snow, and neatly dressed, came and opened it. Be pleased to come in, Sir, said they, our mistress expects you impatiently; these two days she has talked of nothing but you.

I entered the court, and saw a pavilion raised seven steps, and surrounded with iron rails that parted it from a very pleasant garden. Besides the trees which only embellished the place, and formed an agreeable shade, there was an infinite number of others loaded with all sorts of fruit. I was charmed with the warbling of a great number of birds, that joined their notes to the murmurings of a fountain, in the middle of a parterre enamelled with flowers. This fountain formed a very agreeable object; four large gilded dragons at the angles of the bason, which was of a square form, spouted out water clearer than rock-crystal. This delicious place gave me a charming idea of the conquest I had made. The two little slaves conducted me into a saloon magnificently furnished; and while one of them went to acquaint her mistress with my arrival, the other tarried with me, and pointed out to me the beauties of the hall.

At this period, on the appearance of day, Scheherazade discontinued her story.

THE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SIXTH NIGHT.

SIR, the Christian merchant continued his discourse to the sultan of Casgar to this purpose. I did not wait long in the hall, said the young man of Bagdad, ere the lady I loved appeared, adorned with pearls and diamonds; but the splendour of her eyes far outshone that of her jewels. Her shape, which was now not disguised by the habit she wore in the city, appeared the most slender and delicate. I need not mention with what joy we met once more; it far exceeded all expression. When the first compliments were over, we sat down upon a sofa, and there conversed together with the highest satisfaction. We had the most delicious refreshments served up to us; and after eating, continued our conversation till night. We then had excellent wine brought up, and fruit adapted to promote drinking; and timed our cups to the sound of musical instruments, joined to the voices of the slaves. The lady of the house sung herself, and by her songs raised my passion to the height. In short, I passed the night in full enjoyment.

Next morning I slipped under the bolster of the bed the purse with the fifty pieces of gold I had brought with me, and took leave of the lady, who asked me when I would see her again. Madam,

said I, I give you my promise to return this night. She seemed to be transported with my answer, and conducting me to the door, conjured me at parting to be mindful of my promise.

The same man who had carried me thither waited for me with his ass, which I mounted, and went directly to the khan; ordering the man to come to me again in the afternoon at a certain hour; to secure which, I deferred paying him till that time came.

As soon as I arrived at my lodging, my first care was to order my people to buy a lamb, and several sorts of cakes, which I sent by a porter as a present to the lady. When that was done, I attended to my business till the owner of the ass arrived. I then went along with him to the lady's house, and was received by her with as much joy as before, and entertained with equal magnificence.

Next morning I took leave, left her another purse with fifty pieces of gold, and returned to my khan.

THE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SEVENTH NIGHT.

SIR, the young man of Bagdad, continued the Christian merchant to the sultan of Casgar, went on to this purpose. I continued, said he, to visit the lady every day, and to leave her every time a purse with fifty pieces of gold, till the merchants whom I employed to sell my goods, and whom I visited regularly twice a week, had paid me the whole amount of my goods; and, in short, I came at last to be moneyless, and hopeless of having any more.

In this forlorn condition I walked out of my lodging, not knowing what course to take, and by chance went towards the castle, where there was a great crowd to witness a spectacle given by the sultan of Egypt. As soon as I came up, I wedged in among the crowd, and by chance happened to stand by a horseman well mounted and handsomely clothed, who had upon the pommel of his saddle a bag, half open, with a string of green silk hanging out of it. I clapped my hand to the bag, concluding the silktwist might be the string of a purse within: in the mean time a porter, with a load of wood upon his back, passed by on the other side of the horse so near, that the rider was forced to turn his head towards him, to avoid being hurt, or having his clothes

torn by the wood. In that moment the devil tempted me; I took the string in one hand, and with the other pulled out the purse so dexterously, that nobody perceived me. The purse was heavy, and I did not doubt but it contained gold or silver.

As soon as the porter had passed, the horseman, who probably had some suspicion of what I had done while his head was turned, presently put his hand to his bag, and finding his purse was gone, gave me such a blow, that he knocked me down. This violence shocked all who saw it. Some took hold of the horse's bridle to stop the gentleman, and asked him what reason he had to strike me, or how he came to treat a Mussulmaun so rudely. Do not you trouble yourselves, said he briskly, I had reason for what I did; this fellow is a thief. At these words I started up, and from my appearance every one took my part, and cried out he was a liar, for that it was incredible a young man such as I was should be guilty of so base an action: but while they were holding his horse by the bridle to favour my escape, unfortunately passed by the judge, who seeing such a crowd about the gentleman on horseback, came up and asked what the matter was. Every body present reflected on the gentleman for treating me so unjustly upon the pretence of robbery.

The judge did not give ear to all that was said; but asked the cavalier if he suspected any body else

beside me? The cavalier told him he did not, and gave his reasons why he believed his suspicions not to be groundless. Upon this the judge ordered his followers to seize me, which they presently did ; and finding the purse upon me, exposed it to the view of all the people. The disgrace was so great, I could not bear it, and I swooned away. In the mean time the judge called for the purse.

THE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-EIGHTH
NIGHT.

TOWARDS the close of the next night, the sultanness addressed Shier-ear thus: Sir, the young man of Bagdad pursued his story. When the judge had got the purse in his hand, he asked the horseman if it was his, and how much money it contained. The cavalier knew it to be his own, and assured the judge he had put twenty sequins into it. Upon which the judge called me before him; Come, young man, said he, confess the truth. Was it you that took the gentleman's purse from him? Do not wait for the torture to extort confession. Then with downcast eyes, thinking that if I denied the fact, they, having found the purse upon me, would convict me of a lie, to avoid a double punishment, I looked up and confessed my guilt. I had no sooner made the confession, than the judge called people to witness it, and ordered my hand to be cut off. This sentence was immediately put in execution, to the great regret of all the spectators; nay, I observed, by the cavalier's countenance, that he was moved with pity as much as the rest. The judge would likewise have ordered my foot to be cut off, but I begged the cavalier to intercede for my pardon; which he did, and obtained it.

When the judge was gone, the cavalier came up to me, and holding out the purse, said, I see plainly that necessity drove you to an action so disgraceful and unworthy of such a young man as you appear. Here, take that fatal purse; I freely give it you, and am heartily sorry for the misfortune you have undergone. Having thus spoken, he went away. Being very weak by loss of blood, some of the good people of the neighbourhood had the kindness to carry me into a house and give me a glass of cordial; they likewise dressed my arm, and wrapped up the dismembered hand in a cloth, which I carried away with me fastened to my girdle.

Had I returned to the khan of Mesrour in this melancholy condition, I should not have found there such relief as I wanted; and to offer to go to the young lady was running a great hazard, it being likely she would not look upon me after being informed of my disgrace. I resolved, however, to put her to the trial; and to tire out the crowd that followed me, I turned down several by-streets, and at last arrived at the lady's house very weak, and so much fatigued, that I presently threw myself down upon a sofa, keeping my right arm under my garment, for I took great care to conceal my misfortune.

In the mean time the lady, hearing of my arrival, and that I was not well, came to me in haste; and

seeing me pale and dejected, said, My dear love, what is the matter with you? Madam, I replied, dissembling, I have a violent pain in my head. The lady seemed to be much concerned, and asked me to sit down, for I had arisen to receive her. Tell me, said she, how your illness was occasioned. The last time I had the pleasure to see you, you were very well. There must be something that you conceal from me; let me know what it is. I stood silent, and instead of an answer, tears trickled down my cheeks. I cannot conceive, resumed she, what it is that afflicts you. Have I unthinkingly given you any occasion of uneasiness? Or do you come on purpose to tell me you no longer love me? It is not that, madam, said I, heaving a deep sigh; your unjust suspicion adds to my misfortune.

I could not think of discovering to her the true cause. When night came, supper was brought, and she pressed me to eat; but considering I could only feed myself with my left hand, I begged to be excused upon the plea of having no appetite. It will return, said she, if you would but discover what you so obstinately conceal from me. Your want of appetite, without doubt, is only owing to your irresolution. Alas! madam, returned I, I find I must resolve at last. I had no sooner spoken, than she filled me a cup full of wine, and offering it to me, Drink that,

said she, it will give you courage. I reached out my left hand, and took the cup.

Here the appearance of day discontinued Scheherazade's story, but the next night she pursued the sequel thus.

THE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-NINTH
NIGHT.

WHEN I had taken the cup in my hand, said the young man, I redoubled my tears and sighs. Why do you sigh and weep so bitterly? asked the lady; and why do you take the cup with your left hand, rather than your right? Ah! madam, I replied, I beseech you excuse me; I have a swelling in my right hand. Let me see that swelling, said she; I will open it. I desired to be excused, alleging it was not ripe enough for such an operation; and drank off the cup, which was very large. The fumes of the wine, joined to my weakness and weariness, set me asleep, and I slept very soundly till morning.

In the mean time the lady, curious to know what ailed my right hand, lifted up my garment that covered it; and saw to her great astonishment that it was cut off, and that I had brought it along with me wrapt up in a cloth. She presently apprehended what was my reason for declining a discovery, notwithstanding all her pressing solicitation; and passed the night in the greatest uneasiness on account of my disgrace, which she concluded had been occasioned only by the love I bore to her.

When I awoke, I discerned by her countenance that she was extremely grieved. However, that she

might not increase my uneasiness, she said not a word. She called for jelly-broth of fowl, which she had ordered to be prepared, and made me eat and drink to recruit my strength. After that, I offered to take leave of her; but she declared I should not go out of her doors. Though you tell me nothing of the matter, said she, I am persuaded I am the cause of the misfortune that has befallen you. The grief that I feel on that account will soon end my days; but before I die, I must execute a design for your benefit. She had no sooner spoken, than she called for a judge and witnesses, and ordered a writing to be drawn up, putting me in possession of her whole property. After this was done, and every body dismissed, she opened a large trunk, where lay all the purses I had given her from the commencement of our amour. There they are all entire, said she; I have not touched one of them. Here is the key; take it, for all is yours. After I had returned her thanks for her generosity and goodness; What I have done for you, said she, is nothing; I shall not be satisfied unless I die, to shew how much I love you. I conjured her, by all the powers of love, to relinquish such a fatal resolution. But all my remonstrances were ineffectual: she was so afflicted to see me have but one hand, that she sickened, and died after five or six weeks' illness.

After mourning for her death as long as was

decent, I took possession of all her property, a particular account of which she gave me before she died; and the corn you sold for me was part of it.

The appearance of day interrupting Scheherazade, she discontinued her story till next night; then she went on as follows.

THE HUNDRED AND FORTIETH NIGHT.

THE Christian merchant concluded his story of the young man of Bagdad to this purpose: What I have now told you, said he, will plead my excuse for eating with my left hand. I am highly obliged to you for the trouble you have given yourself on my account. I can never sufficiently recompence your fidelity. Since I have still, thanks to God, a competent estate, notwithstanding I have spent a great deal, I beg you to accept of the sum now in your hand, as a present from me. I have besides a proposal to make to you. As I am obliged, on account of this fatal accident, to quit Cairo, I am resolved never to return to it again. If you choose to accompany me, we will trade together as equal partners, and share the profits.

I thanked the young man for the present he had made me, and I willingly embraced the proposal of travelling with him, assuring him, that his interest should always be as dear to me as my own.

We fixed a day for our departure, and accordingly entered upon our travels. We passed through Syria and Mesopotamia, travelled all over Persia, and after stopping at several cities, came at last, sir, to your capital. Some time after our arrival here, the young man having formed a design of returning

to Persia, and settling there, we balanced our accounts, and parted very good friends. He went from hence, and I, sir, continue here in your majesty's service. This is the story I had to relate. Does not your majesty find it more surprising than that of the hunch-back buffoon?

The sultan of Casgar fell into a passion against the Christian merchant. Thou art a presumptuous fellow, said he, to tell me a story so little worth hearing, and then to compare it to that of my jester. Canst thou flatter thyself so far as to believe that the trifling adventures of a young debauchee are more interesting than those of my jester? I will have you all four impaled, to revenge his death.

Hearing this, the purveyor prostrated himself at the sultan's feet. Sir, said he, I humbly beseech your majesty to suspend your wrath, and hear my story; and if it appears to be more extraordinary than that of your jester, to pardon us. The sultan having granted his request, the purveyor began thus.

THE STORY TOLD BY THE SULTAN OF CASGAR'S
PURVEYOR.

Sir, a person of quality invited me yesterday to his daughter's wedding. I went to his house in the evening at the hour appointed, and found there a large company of men of the law, ministers of jus-

tice, and others of the first rank in the city. After the ceremony was over, we partook of a splendid feast. Among other dishes set upon the table, there was one seasoned with garlic, which was very delicious, and generally relished. We observed however, that one of the guests did not touch it, though it stood just before him. We invited him to taste it, but he intreated us not to press him. I will take good care, said he, how I touch any dish that is seasoned with garlic; I have not yet forgotten what the tasting of such a dish once cost me. We requested him to inform us what the reason was of his aversion to garlic. But before he had time to answer, the master of the house exclaimed, Is it thus you honour my table? This dish is excellent, do not expect to be excused from eating of it; you must do me that favour as well as the rest. Sir, said the gentleman, who was a Bagdad merchant, I hope you do not think my refusal proceeds from any mistaken delicacy; if you insist on my compliance I will submit, but it must be on this condition, that after having eaten, I may, with your permission, wash my hands with alcali* forty times, forty times more with the ashes of the same plant, and forty times again with soap. I hope you will not feel displeased at this stipulation, as I have made an oath never to taste garlic but on these terms.

* This is called in English saltwort.

Scheherazade, perceiving day, stopped, and Shier-ear rose with a curiosity to know why the merchant had sworn to wash himself a hundred and twenty times after eating a ragout with garlic. Towards the close of the next night, the sultaness proceeded with her story in the following words.

THE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FIRST
NIGHT.

As the master of the house, continued the purveyor of the sultan of Casgar, would not dispense with the merchant's partaking of the dish seasoned with garlic, he ordered his servants to provide a bason of water, together with some alcali, the ashes of the same plant, and soap, that the merchant might wash as often as he pleased. After he had given these instructions, he addressed the merchant and said, I hope you will now do as we do.

The merchant, apparently displeased with the constraint put upon him, took up a bit, which he put to his mouth trembling, and ate with a reluctance that astonished us. But what surprised us yet more was, that he had no thumb; which none of us had observed before, though he had eaten of other dishes. You have lost your thumb, said the master of the house. This must have been occasioned by some extraordinary accident, a relation of which will be agreeable to the company. Sir, replied the merchant, I have no thumb on either the right or the left hand. As he spoke he put out his left hand, and shewed us that what he said was true. But this is not all, continued he: I have no great toe on

either of my feet: I was maimed in this manner by an unheard-of adventure, which I am willing to relate, if you will have the patience to hear me. The account will excite at once your astonishment and your pity. Only allow me first to wash my hands. With this he rose from the table, and after washing his hands a hundred and twenty times, re-seated himself, and proceeded with his narrative as follows.

In the reign of the caliph Haroon al Rusheed, my father lived at Bagdad, the place of my nativity, and was reputed one of the richest merchants in the city. But being a man addicted to his pleasures, and neglecting his private affairs, instead of leaving me an ample fortune, he died in such embarrassed circumstances, that I was reduced to the necessity of using all the economy possible to discharge the debts he had contracted. I at last, however, paid them all; and by care and good management my little fortune began to wear a smiling aspect.

One morning, as I opened my shop, a lady mounted upon a mule, and attended by an eunuch and two slaves, stopped near my door, and with the assistance of the eunuch alighted. Madam, said the eunuch, I told you you would be too early; you see there is no one yet in the bezestein: had you taken my advice, you might have saved yourself the

trouble of waiting here. The lady looked round, and perceiving no shop open but mine, asked permission to sit in it till the other merchants arrived. With this request I of course readily complied.

THE HUNDRED AND FORTY-SECOND
NIGHT.

THE lady took a seat in my shop, continued the merchant of Bagdad, and observing there was no one in the bezestein but the eunuch and myself, uncovered her face to take the air. I had never beheld any thing so beautiful. I became instantly enamoured, and kept my eyes fixed upon her. I flattered myself that my attention was not unpleasant to her; for she allowed me time to view her deliberately, and only concealed her face so far as she thought necessary to avoid being observed.

After she had again lowered her veil, she told me she wanted several sorts of the richest and finest stuffs, and asked me if I had them. Alas! madam, I replied, I am but a young man just beginning the world; I have not capital sufficient for such extensive traffic. I am much mortified not to be able to accommodate you with the articles you want. But to save you the trouble of going from shop to shop, when the merchants arrive, I will, if you please, go and get those articles from them, and ascertain the lowest prices. She assented to this proposal, and entered into conversation with me, which I prolonged, making her believe the merchants that could furnish what she wanted were not yet come.

I was not less charmed with her wit than I had been before with the beauty of her face; but was obliged to forego the pleasure of her conversation. I ran for the stuffs she wanted, and after she had fixed upon what she liked, we agreed for five thousand dirhems of coined silver; I wrapped up the stuffs in a small bundle, and gave it to the eunuch, who put it under his arm. She then rose and took leave. I followed her with my eyes till she had reached the bezestein gate, and even after she had remounted her mule.

The lady had no sooner disappeared, than I perceived that love had led me to a serious oversight. It had so engrossed my thoughts, that I did not reflect that she went away without paying, and that I had not informed myself who she was, or where she resided. I soon felt sensible, however, that I was accountable for a large sum to the merchants, who, perhaps, would not have patience to wait for their money: I went to them, and made the best excuse I could, pretending that I knew the lady; and then returned home, equally affected with love, and with the burden of such a heavy debt.

Scheherazade had no sooner spoken these words than day appeared. But the next night she proceeded as follows.

THE HUNDRED AND FORTY-THIRD
NIGHT.

I HAD desired my creditors, continued the merchant, to wait eight days for their money: when this period had elapsed, they did not fail to dun me. I then intreated them to give me eight days more, to which they consented; but the next day I saw the lady enter the bezestein, mounted on her mule, with the same attendants as before, and exactly at the same hour of the day.

She came straight to my shop. I have made you wait some time, said she, but here is your money at last; carry it to the banker, and see that it is all good and right. The eunuch who carried the money went along with me to the banker, and we found it very right. I returned, and had the happiness of conversing with the lady till all the shops of the bezestein were open. Though we talked but of ordinary things, she gave them such a turn, that they appeared new and uncommon; and convinced me that I was not mistaken in admiring her wit at our first interview.

As soon as the merchants had arrived and opened their shops, I carried to the respective owners the money due for their stuffs, and was readily in-

trusted with more, which the lady had desired to see. She chose some from these to the value of one thousand pieces of gold, and carried them away as before without paying; nay, without speaking a word, or informing me who she was. What distressed me was the consideration that while at this rate she risked nothing, she left me without any security against being made answerable for the goods in case she did not return. She has paid me, thought I, a considerable sum; but she leaves me responsible for a greater. Surely she cannot be a cheat. The merchants do not know her; they will all come upon me. In short, my love was not so powerful as to stifle the uneasiness I felt, when I reflected upon the circumstances in which I was placed. A whole month passed before I heard any thing of the lady again; and during that time my alarm increased. The merchants were impatient for their money, and to satisfy them, I was going to sell off all I had, when one morning the lady returned with the same equipage as before.

Take your weights, said she, and weigh the gold I have brought you. These words dispelled my fear, and inflamed my love. Before we counted the money, she asked me several questions, and particularly if I was married. I answered I never had been. Then reaching out the gold to the eunuch, Let us have your interposition, said she, to accommo-

date our matters. Upon which the eunuch fell a laughing, and calling me aside, made me weigh the gold. While I was thus occupied, the eunuch whispered in my ear--I know by your eyes you love this lady, and I am surprised that you have not the courage to disclose your passion. She loves you more ardently than you do her. Do not imagine that she has any real occasion for your stuffs. She only makes this her pretence to come here, because you have inspired her with a violent passion. It was for this reason she asked you if you were married. It will be your own fault, if you do not marry her. It is true, I replied, I have loved her since I first beheld her; but I durst not aspire to the happiness of thinking my attachment could meet her approbation. I am entirely hers, and shall not fail to retain a grateful sense of your good offices in this affair.

I finished weighing the gold, and while I was putting it into the bag, the eunuch turned to the lady, and told her I was satisfied; that being the word they had agreed upon between themselves. Presently after, the lady rose and took her leave; telling me she would send her eunuch to me, and that I had only to obey the directions he might give me in her name.

I carried each of the merchants their money, and waited some days with impatience for the

eunuch. At last he came. But here Scheherazade stopped, because it was day, and pursued the sequel of her story the next night in the following manner.

THE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FOURTH
NIGHT.

I RECEIVED the eunuch very kindly, said the Bagdad merchant, and inquired after his mistress's health. You are, said he, the happiest lover in the world; she is impatient to see you; and were she mistress of her own conduct, would not fail to come to you herself, and willingly pass in your society all the days of her life. Her noble mien and graceful carriage, I replied, convinced me, that she was a lady beyond the common rank. You have not erred in your judgment on that head, said the eunuch; she is the favourite of Zobèide the caliph's wife, who is the more affectionately attached to her from having brought her up from her infancy, and intrusts her with all her affairs. Having a wish to marry, she has declared to her mistress that she has fixed her affections upon you, and has desired her consent. Zobeide told her, she would not withhold her consent; but that she would see you first, in order to judge if she had made a good choice; in which case she meant herself to defray the expences of the wedding. Thus you see your felicity is certain; since you have pleased the favourite, you will be equally agreeable to the mistress, who seeks only to oblige her, and would by no means thwart her inclina-

tion. All you have to do is to come to the palace. I am sent hither to invite you. My resolution is already formed, said I, and I am ready to follow you whithersoever you please. Very well, said the eunuch; but you know men are not allowed to enter the ladies' apartments in the palace, and you must be introduced with great secrecy. The favourite lady has contrived the matter well. On your side you must act your part discreetly; for if you do not, your life is at stake.

I gave him repeated assurances punctually to perform whatever he might require. Then, said he, in the evening, you must be at the mosque built by the caliph's lady on the bank of the Tygris, and wait there till somebody comes to conduct you. To this I agreed; and after passing the day in great impatience, went in the evening to the prayer that is said an hour and a half after sun-set in the mosque, and remained there after all the people had departed.

Soon after I saw a boat making up to the mosque, the rowers of which were all eunuchs, who came on shore, put several large trunks into the mosque, and then retired. One of them staid behind, whom I perceived to be the eunuch that had accompanied the lady, and had been with me that morning. I saw the lady also enter the mosque; and approaching her, told her I was ready to obey her orders. We have no time to lose, said she; and

opening one of the trunks, desired me to get into it, that being necessary both for her safety and mine. Fear nothing, added she; leave the management of all to me. I considered with myself that I had gone too far to recede, and obeyed her orders; when she immediately locked the trunk. This done, the eunuch her confidant called the other eunuchs who had brought in the trunks, and ordered them to carry them on board again. The lady and the eunuch re-embarked, and the boatmen rowed to Zobeide's apartment.

In the mean time I reflected very seriously upon the danger to which I had exposed myself, and made vows and prayers, though it was then too late.

The boat stopped at the palace-gate, and the trunks were carried into the apartment of the officer of the eunuchs, who keeps the key of the ladies' apartments, and suffers nothing to enter without a narrow inspection. The officer was then in bed, and it was necessary to call him up. But now, sir, said Scheherazade, I see it is day; upon which Shier-ear rose to hold a council, resolving to hear the rest of the story the next night.

THE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FIFTH NIGHT.

SOME minutes before day the sultanness of the Indies awaking, pursued her story as follows: The officer of the eunuchs, continued the Bagdad merchant, was displeased at having his rest disturbed, and severely chid the favourite lady for coming home so late. You shall not come off so easily as you think, said he: not one of these trunks shall pass till I have opened it. At the same time he commanded the eunuchs to bring them before him, and open them one by one. The first they took was that wherein I lay, which put me into inexpressible fear.

The favourite lady, who had the key, protested it should not be opened. You know very well, said she, I bring nothing hither but what is for the use of Zobeide, your mistress and mine. This trunk is filled with rich goods, which I purchased from some merchants lately arrived, besides a number of bottles of Zemzem²³ water sent from Mecca; and if any of these should happen to break, the goods will be spoiled, and you must answer for them; depend upon it, Zobeide will resent your insolence. She insisted upon this in such peremptory terms, that the officer did not dare to open any of the trunks. Let them go, said he angrily; you may take them

away. Upon this the door of the women's apartment was opened, and all the trunks were carried in.

This had been scarcely accomplished, when I heard the people cry, Here is the caliph! Here comes the caliph! This put me in such alarm, that I wonder I did not die upon the spot; for as they announced, it proved to be the caliph. What hast thou got in these trunks? said he to the favourite. Some stuffs, she replied, lately arrived, which the empress wishes to see. Open them, cried he, and let me see them. She excused herself, alleging the stuffs were only proper for ladies, and that by opening them, his lady would be deprived of the pleasure of seeing them first. I say open them, resumed the caliph; I will see them. She still represented that her mistress would be angry with her, if she complied: No, no, said he, I will engage she shall not say a word to you. Come, come, open them, and do not keep me waiting.

It was necessary to obey, which gave me such alarm, that I tremble every time I recollect my situation. The caliph sat down; and the favourite ordered all the trunks to be brought before him one after another. She opened some of them; and to lengthen out the time, displayed the beauties of each particular stuff, thinking in this manner to tire out his patience; but her stratagem did not succeed. Being as unwilling as myself to have the trunk where I lay

opened, she left that to the last. When all the rest were viewed, Come, said the caliph, let us see what is in that. I am at a loss to tell you whether I was dead or alive that moment; for I little thought of escaping such imminent danger.

Day appearing, Scheherazade stopped, but proceeded with her story next night as follows.

THE HUNDRED AND FORTY-SIXTH NIGHT.

WHEN Zobeide's favourite, continued the Bagdad merchant, saw that the caliph persisted in having this trunk opened: As for this, said she, your majesty will please to dispense with the opening of it; there are some things in it which I cannot shew you without your lady be present. Well, well, said the caliph, since that is the case, I am satisfied; order the trunks to be carried away. The words were no sooner spoken than they were moved into her chamber, where I began to revive again.

As soon as the eunuchs, who had brought them, were gone, she opened the trunk in which I was confined. Come out, said she; go up these stairs that lead to an upper room, and wait there till I come to you. The door, which led to the stairs, she locked after me; and that was no sooner done, than the caliph came and sat down on the very trunk which had been my prison. The occasion of this visit did not respect me. He wished to question the lady about what she had seen or heard in the city. So they conversed together some time; he then left her, and retired to his apartment.

When she found the coast clear, she came to the chamber where I lay concealed, and made many apologies for the alarms she had given me. My uneasiness, said she, was no less than yours; you can-

not well doubt of that, since I have run the same risque out of love to you. Perhaps another person in my situation would not, upon so delicate an occasion, have had the presence of mind to manage so difficult a business with so much dexterity; nothing less than the love I had for you could have inspired me with courage to do what I have. But come, take heart, the danger is now over. After much tender conversation, she told me it was time to go to rest, and that she would not fail to introduce me to Zobeide her mistress, some hour on the morrow, which will be very easy, added she; for the caliph never sees her but at night. Encouraged by these words, I slept very well, or if my sleep was interrupted, it was by agreeable disquietudes, caused by the hopes of possessing a lady blest with so much wit and beauty.

The next day, before I was introduced to Zobeide, her favourite instructed me how to conduct myself, mentioning what questions she would probably put to me, and dictating the answers I was to return. She then carried me into a very magnificent and richly furnished hall. I had no sooner entered, than twenty female slaves, advanced in age, dressed in rich and uniform habits, came out of Zobeide's apartment, and placed themselves before the throne in two equal rows; they were followed by twenty other younger ladies, clothed after the

same fashion, only their habits appeared somewhat gayer. In the middle of these appeared Zobeide with a majestic air, and so laden with jewels, that she could scarcely walk²⁴. She ascended the throne, and the favourite lady, who had accompanied her, stood just by her right hand; the other ladies, who were slaves, being placed at some distance on each side of the throne.

As soon as the caliph's lady was seated, the slaves who came in first made a sign for me to approach. I advanced between the two rows they had formed, and prostrated myself upon the carpet that was under the princess's feet. She ordered me to rise, did me the honour to ask my name, my family, and the state of my fortune; to all which I gave her satisfactory answers, as I perceived, not only by her countenance, but by her words. I am glad, said she, that my daughter (so she used to call the favourite lady), for I look upon her as such after the care I have taken of her education, has made this choice; I approve of it, and consent to your marriage. I will myself give orders for having it solemnized; but I wish my daughter to remain with me ten days before the solemnity; in that time I will speak to the caliph, and obtain his consent: meanwhile do you remain here; you shall be taken care of.

Scheherazade, perceiving day, stopped here, but went on the next night as follows.

THE HUNDRED AND FORTY-SEVENTH
NIGHT.

PURSUANT to the commands of the caliph's lady, continued the Bagdad merchant, I remained ten days in the women's apartments, and during that time was deprived of the pleasure of seeing the favourite lady: but was so well used by her orders, that I had no reason to be dissatisfied.

Zobeide told the caliph her resolution of marrying the favourite lady; and the caliph leaving to her the liberty to act in the business as she thought proper, granted the favourite a considerable sum by way of settlement. When the ten days were expired, Zobeide ordered the contract of marriage to be drawn up and brought to her, and the necessary preparations being made for the solemnity, the musicians and the dancers, both male and female, were called in, and there were great rejoicings in the palace for nine days. The tenth day being appointed for the last ceremony of the marriage, the favourite lady was conducted to a bath, and I to another. At night I had all manner of dishes served up to me, and among others, one seasoned with garlic, such as you have now forced me to eat. This I liked so well, that I scarcely touched any of the other dishes. But to my misfortune, when I rose

from table, instead of washing my hands well, I only wiped them; a piece of negligence of which I had never before been guilty.

As it was then night, the whole apartment of the ladies was lighted up so as to equal the brightness of day. Nothing was to be heard through the palace but musical instruments, dances, and acclamations of joy. My bride and I were introduced into a great hall, where we were placed upon two thrones. The women who attended her made her robe herself several times, according to the usual custom on wedding days; and they shewed her to me every time she changed her habit.

All these ceremonies being over, we were conducted to the nuptial chamber: as soon as the company retired, I approached my wife; but instead of returning my transports, she pushed me away, and cried out, upon which all the ladies of the apartment came running in to enquire the cause: and for my own part, I was so thunder-struck, that I stood like a statue, without the power of even asking what she meant. Dear sister, said they to her, what has happened since we left you? Let us know, that we may try to relieve you. Take, said she, take that vile fellow out of my sight. Why, madam? I asked, wherein have I deserved your displeasure? You are a villain, said she in a furious passion, to eat garlic, and not wash your hands! Do you think I

would suffer such a polluted wretch to poison me? Down with him, down with him on the ground, continued she, addressing herself to the ladies, and bring me a bastinado. They immediately did as they were desired; and while some held my hands, and others my feet, my wife, who was presently furnished with a weapon, laid on me as long as she could stand. She then said to the ladies, Take him, send him to the judge, and let the hand be cut off with which he fed upon the garlic dish.

Alas! cried I, must I be beaten unmercifully, and, to complete my affliction, have my hand cut off, for partaking of a dish seasoned with garlic, and forgetting to wash my hands? What proportion is there between the punishment and the crime? Curse on the dish, on the cook who dressed it, and on him who served it up.

Here the sultaness discontinued her story, observing the dawn of day; and Shier-ear rose, laughing heartily at the favourite lady's anger, and curious to know the issue of the story.

THE HUNDRED AND FORTY-EIGHTH
NIGHT.

NEXT morning Scheherazade, awaking before day, resumed her narrative. All the ladies, continued the Bagdad merchant, who had seen me receive the thousand strokes, took pity on me, when they heard the cutting off of my hand mentioned. Dear madam, dear sister, said they to the favourite lady, you carry your resentment too far. We own he is a man quite ignorant of the world, of your quality, and the respect that is due to you: but we beseech you to overlook and pardon his fault. I have not received adequate satisfaction, said she; I will teach him to know the world; I will make him bear sensible marks of his impertinence, and be cautious hereafter how he tastes a dish seasoned with garlic without washing his hands. They renewed their solicitations, fell down at her feet, and kissing her fair hands, said, Good madam, moderate your anger, and grant us the favour we supplicate. She made no reply, but got up, and after uttering a thousand reproaches against me, walked out of the chamber: all the ladies followed her, leaving me in inconceivable affliction.

I continued thus ten days, without seeing any body but an old female slave that brought me victuals.

I asked her what was become of the favourite lady. She is sick, said the old woman; she is sick of the poisoned smell with which you infected her. Why did you not take care to wash your hands after eating of that cursed dish? Is it possible, thought I, that these ladies can be so nice, and so vindictive for such a trifling fault! I loved my wife notwithstanding all her cruelty, and could not help pitying her.

One day the old woman told me my spouse was recovered, and gone to bathe, and would come to see me the next day: So, said she, I would have you call up your patience, and endeavour to accommodate yourself to her humour. For she is in other respects a woman of good sense and discretion, and beloved by all the ladies about the court of our respected mistress Zobeide.

My wife accordingly came on the following evening, and accosted me thus: You perceive that I must possess much tenderness to you, after the affront you have offered me: but still I cannot be reconciled till I have punished you according to your demerit, in not washing your hands after eating of the garlic dish. She then called the ladies, who, by her order, threw me upon the ground; and after binding me fast, she had the barbarity to cut off my thumbs and great toes herself, with a razor. One of the ladies applied a certain root to staunch

the blood; but by bleeding and by the pain, I swooned away.

When I came to myself, they gave me wine to drink, to recruit my strength. Ah! madam, said I to my wife, if ever I again eat of a dish with garlic in it, I solemnly swear to wash my hands a hundred and twenty times with alkali, with the ashes of the same plant, and with soap. Well, replied she, upon that condition I am willing to forget what is past, and live with you as my husband.

This, continued the Bagdad merchant, addressing himself to the company, is the reason why I refused to eat of the dish seasoned with what is now on the table.

Day appearing, stopped Scheherazade; but next night she proceeded as follows.

THE HUNDRED AND FORTY-NINTH
NIGHT.

SIR, to conclude the Bagdad merchant's story: The ladies, said he, applied to my wounds not only the root I mentioned, but likewise some balsam of Mecca, which they were well assured was not adulterated, because they had it out of the caliph's own dispensatory. By virtue of that admirable balsam, I was in a few days perfectly cured, and my wife and I lived together as agreeably as if I had never eaten of the garlic dish. But having been all my lifetime used to enjoy my liberty, I grew weary of being confined to the caliph's palace; yet I said nothing to my wife on the subject, for fear of displeasing her. However, she suspected my feelings; and eagerly wished for liberty herself, for it was gratitude alone that made her continue with Zobeide. She represented to her mistress in such lively terms the constraint I was under, in not living in the city with people of my own rank, as I had always done, that the good princess chose rather to deprive herself of the pleasure of having her favourite about her than not to grant what we both equally desired.

A month after our marriage, my wife came into my room with several eunuchs, each carrying a bag of silver. When the eunuchs were gone; You never

told me, said she, that you were uneasy in being confined to court; but I perceived it, and have happily found means to make you contented. My mistress Zobeide gives us permission to quit the palace; and here are fifty thousand sequins, of which she has made us a present, in order to enable us to live comfortably in the city. Take ten thousand of them, and go and buy us a house.

I quickly found a house for the money, and after furnishing it richly, we went to reside in it, kept a great many slaves of both sexes, and made a good figure. We thus began to live in a very agreeable manner: but my felicity was of short continuance; for at the end of a year my wife fell sick and died.

I might have married again, and lived honourably at Bagdad; but curiosity to see the world put me upon another plan. I sold my house, and after purchasing several kinds of merchandize, went with a caravan to Persia; from Persia I travelled to Samarcand, and from thence to this city.

This, said the purveyor to the sultan of Casgar, is the story that the Bagdad merchant related in a company where I was yesterday. This story, said the sultan, has something in it extraordinary; but it does not come near that of the little hunch-back. The Jewish physician prostrated himself before the sultan's throne, and addressed the prince in the following manner: Sir, if you will be so good as to hear

me, I flatter myself you will be pleased with a story I have to tell you. Well spoken, said the sultan; but if it be not more surprising than that of little hunchback, you must not expect to live.

Day appearing, the sultanness stopped, but resumed her discourse the next night as follows.

THE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH NIGHT.

SIR, said she, the Jewish physician, finding the sultan of Casgar disposed to hear him, gave the following relation.

THE STORY TOLD BY THE JEWISH PHYSICIAN.

When I was studying physic at Damascus, and was just beginning to practise that noble profession with some reputation, a slave called me to see a patient in the governor of the city's family. Accordingly I went, and was conducted into a room, where I found a very handsome young man, much dejected by his disorder. I saluted him, and sat down by him; but he made no return to my compliments, only a sign with his eyes that he heard me, and thanked me. Pray, sir, said I, give me your hand, that I may feel your pulse. But instead of stretching out his right, he gave me his left hand, at which I was extremely surprised. However, I felt his pulse, wrote him a prescription, and took leave.

I continued my visits for nine days, and every time I felt his pulse, he still gave me his left hand. On the tenth day he seemed to be so far recovered, that I only deemed it necessary to prescribe bathing to him. The governor of Damascus, who was by,

in testimony of his satisfaction with my service, invested me with a very rich robe, saying, he had appointed me a physician of the city hospital, and physician in ordinary to his house, where I might eat at his table when I pleased.

The young man likewise shewed me many civilities, and asked me to accompany him to the bath. Accordingly we went together, and when his attendants had undressed him, I perceived he wanted the right hand, and that it had not long been cut off, which had been the occasion of his disorder, though concealed from me; for while the people about him were applying proper medicines externally, they had called me to prevent the ill consequence of the fever which was on him. I was much surprised, and concerned on seeing his misfortune; which he observed by my countenance. Doctor, cried he, do not be astonished that my hand is cut off; some day or other I will tell you the cause; and in that relation you will hear very surprising adventures.

After we had returned from the bath, we sat down to a collation; and he asked me if it would be any prejudice to his health if he went and took a walk out of town in the governor's garden? I made answer, that the air would be of service to him. Then, said he, if you will give me your company, I will recount to you my history. I replied, I was at his command for all that day. Upon which

he presently called his servants, and we went to the governor's garden. Having taken two or three turns there, we seated ourselves on a carpet that his servants had spread under a tree, which gave a pleasant shade. The young man then gave me his history in the following terms:

I was born at Moussol, of one of the most considerable families in the city. My father was the eldest of ten brothers, who were all alive and married when my grandfather died. All the brothers were childless, except my father; and he had no child but me. He took particular care of my education; and made me learn every thing proper for my rank.— But, sir, said Scheherazade, I am enjoined silence by the day-light which now appears. So she stopped, and the sultan arose.

THE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FIRST NIGHT.

NEXT morning Scheherazade continued her story as follows: The Jewish physician addressing himself to the sultan of Casgar, said, the young man of Mous-sol went on thus:

When I was grown up, and began to enter into the world, I happened one Friday to be at noon-prayers with my father and my uncles in the great mosque of Moussol. After prayers were over, the rest of the company going away, my father and my uncles continued sitting upon the best carpet in the mosque; and I sat down by them. They discoursed of several things, but the conversation fell insensibly, I know not how, upon the subject of travelling. They extolled the beauties and peculiar rarities of some kingdoms, and of their principal cities. But one of my uncles said, that according to the uniform report of an infinite number of voyagers, there was not in the world a pleasanter country than Egypt, on account of the Nile; and the description he gave infused into me such high admiration, that from that moment I had a desire to travel thither. Whatever my other uncles said, by way of preference to Bagdad and the Tygris, in calling Bagdad the residence of the mussulmaun religion, and the metropolis of all the cities of the earth, made no impression upon

me. My father joined in opinion with those of his brothers who had spoken in favour of Egypt; which filled me with joy. Say what you will, said he, the man that has not seen Egypt has not seen the greatest rarity in the world. All the land there is golden; I mean, it is so fertile, that it enriches its inhabitants. All the women of that country charm you by their beauty and their agreeable carriage. If you speak of the Nile, where is there a more wonderful river? What water was ever lighter or more delicious? The very slime it carries along in its overflowing fattens the fields, which produce a thousand times more than other countries that are cultivated with the greatest labour. Observe what a poet said of the Egyptians, when he was obliged to depart from Egypt: Your Nile loads you with blessings every day; it is for you only that it runs from such a distance. Alas! in removing from you, my tears will flow as abundantly as its waters; you are to continue in the enjoyment of its sweetnesses, while I am condemned to deprive myself of them against my will.

If you look, added my father, towards the island that is formed by the two greatest branches of the Nile, what variety of verdure! What enamel of all sorts of flowers! What a prodigious number of cities, villages, canals, and a thousand other agreeable objects! If you turn your eyes on the other side, up

towards Ethiopia, how many other subjects of admiration! I cannot compare the verdure of so many plains, watered by the different canals of the island, better than to brilliant emeralds set in silver. Is not Grand Cairo the largest, the most populous, and the richest city in the world? What a number of magnificent edifices, both public and private! If you view the pyramids, you will be filled with astonishment at the sight of the masses of stone of an enormous thickness, which rear their heads to the skies! You will be obliged to confess, that the Pharoahs, who employed such riches, and so many men in building them, must have surpassed in magnificence and invention all the monarchs who have appeared since, not only in Egypt, but in all the world, for having left monuments so worthy of their memory: monuments so ancient, that the learned cannot agree upon the date of their erection; yet such as will last to the end of time. I pass over in silence the maritime cities of the kingdom of Egypt, such as Damietta, Rosetta, and Alexandria, where nations come for various sorts of grain, cloth, and an infinite number of commodities calculated for accommodation and delight. I speak of what I know; for I spent some years there in my youth, which I shall always reckon the most agreeable part of my life.

Scheherazade was proceeding, when day-light appeared: but towards the close of the ensuing night, she pursued her story in the following manner.

THE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SECOND
NIGHT.

My uncles could make no reply, continued the young man of Moussol, and assented to all my father had said of the Nile, of Cairo, and of the whole kingdom of Egypt. My imagination was so full of these subjects, that I could not sleep that night. Soon after, my uncles declared how much they were struck with my father's account. They made a proposal to him, that they should travel all together into Egypt. To this he assented; and being rich merchants, they resolved to carry with them such commodities as were likely to suit the market. When I found that they were making preparations for their departure, I went to my father, and begged of him, with tears in my eyes, that he would suffer me to make one of the party, and allow me some stock of goods to trade with on my own account. You are too young, said he, to travel into Egypt; the fatigue is too great for you; and, besides, I am sure you will come off a loser in your traffic. These words, however, did not suppress my eager desire to travel. I made use of my uncles interest with my father, who at last granted me permission to go as far as Damascus, where they were to leave me, till they had travelled through Egypt. The city of Damascus, said my

father, may likewise glory in its beauties, and my son must be content with leave to go so far. Though my curiosity to see Egypt was very pressing, I considered he was my father, and submitted to his will.

I set out from Moussol in company with him and my uncles. We travelled through Mesopotamia, passed the Euphrates, and arrived at Aleppo, where we staid some days. From thence we went to Damascus, the first sight of which struck me with agreeable surprise. We lodged all together in one khan; and I had the view of a city that was large, populous, full of handsome people, and well fortified. We employed some days in walking up and down the delicious gardens that surrounded it; and we all agreed, that Damascus was justly said to be seated in a paradise. At last my uncles thought of pursuing their journey; but took care, before they went, to sell my goods so advantageously for me, that I gained by them five hundred per cent. This sale brought me a sum so considerable, as to fill me with delight.

My father and my uncles left me in Damascus, and pursued their journey. After their departure, I used great caution not to lay out my money idly. But at the same time I took a stately house, built of marble, adorned with paintings of gold, silver foliage, and a garden with fine water-works. I furnished it, not so richly indeed as the magnificence of the place

deserved, but at least handsomely enough for a young man of my rank. It had formerly belonged to one of the principal lords of the city; but was then the property of a rich jewel-merchant, to whom I paid for it only two sherifs* a month. I had a number of domestics, and lived honourably; sometimes I gave entertainments to such people as I had made an acquaintance with, and sometimes was treated by them. Thus did I spend my time at Damascus, waiting for my father's return; no passion disturbed my repose, and my only employment was conversing with people of credit.

One day, as I sat taking the cool air at my gate, a very handsome well-dressed lady came to me, and asked if I did not sell stuffs? She had no sooner spoken the words, than she went into my house.

Here Scheherazade stopped, perceiving day; but the next night went on as follows.

* A sherif is the same with a sequin. This word occurs in our ancient authors.

THE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-THIRD
NIGHT.

WHEN I saw, continued the young man of Moussol, that the lady had entered the house, I rose, and having shut the gate, conducted her into a hall, and prayed her to sit down. Madam, said I, I have had stuffs fit to be shewn to you, but at present, I am sorry to say, I have none. She removed the veil from her face, and discovered such beauty as affected me with emotions I had never felt before. I have no occasion for stuffs, replied she, I only come to see you, and, if you please, to pass the evening in your company; all I ask of you is a light collation.

Transported with joy, I ordered the servants to bring us several sorts of fruit, and some bottles of wine. These being speedily served, we ate, drank, and made merry till midnight. In short, I had not before passed a night so agreeably as this. Next morning I would have put ten sherifs into the lady's hands, but she drew back instantly. I am not come to see you, said she, from interested motives; you therefore do me wrong. So far from receiving money from you, I must insist on your taking some from me, or else I will see you no more. In speaking this, she put her hand into her purse, took out ten sherifs, and forced me to take them, saying, You may expect

me three days hence after sun-set. She then took leave of me, and I felt that when she went she carried my heart along with her.

She did not fail to return at the appointed hour three days after; and I received her with all the joy of a person who waited impatiently for her arrival. The evening and the night we spent as before; and next day at parting she promised to return the third day after. She did not, however, leave me without forcing me to take ten sherifs more.

She returned a third time; and at that interview, when we were both warm with wine, she spoke thus: My dear love, what do you think of me? Am I not handsome and agreeable? Madam, I replied, I think this an unnecessary question: the love which I shew you, ought to persuade you that I admire you; I am charmed to see and to possess you. You are my queen, my sultaness; in you lies all the felicity of my life. Ah! returned she, I am sure you would speak otherwise, if you saw a certain lady of my acquaintance, who is younger and handsomer than I am. She is of such a pleasant lively temper, that she would make the most melancholy people merry: I must bring her hither; I spoke of you to her, and from the account I have given of you, she is dying with desire to see you. She intreated me to procure her that pleasure, but I did not dare to promise her without speaking to you beforehand. Madam, said

I, do what you please; but whatever you may say of your friend, I defy all her charms to tear my heart from you, to whom it is so inviolably attached, that nothing can disengage it. Be not too positive, returned she; I now tell you, I am about to put your heart to a severe trial.

We continued together all night, and next morning at parting, instead of ten sherifs she gave me fifteen, which I was forced to accept. Remember, said she, that in two days time you are to have a new guest; pray take care to give her a good reception: we will come at the usual hour. I had my hall put in great order, and a handsome collation prepared against they came.

Here Scheherazade, observing it was day, stopped; but the next night she went on as follows.

THE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FOURTH
NIGHT.

SIR, the young man of Moussol, recounting the history of his adventures to the Jewish physician, continued thus: I waited for the two ladies with impatience, and at last they arrived at the close of the day. They both unveiled, and as I had been surprised with the beauty of the first, I had reason to be much more so when I saw her friend. She had regular features, an elegant person, and such sparkling eyes, that I could hardly bear their splendor. I thanked her for the honour she did me, and entreated her to excuse me if I did not give her the reception she deserved. No compliments, replied she; it should be my part to make them to you, for allowing my friend to bring me hither. But since you are pleased to suffer it, let us lay aside all ceremony, and think only of amusing ourselves.

I had given orders, as soon as the ladies arrived, to have the collation served up, and we soon sat down to our entertainment. I placed myself opposite the stranger, who never ceased looking upon me with a smiling countenance. I could not resist her conquering eyes, and she made herself mistress of my heart, without opposition. But while she in-

spired me with a flame, she caught it herself; and so far from appearing to be under any constraint, she conversed in very free and lively language.

The other lady, who observed us, did nothing at first but laugh. I told you, said she, addressing herself to me, you would find my friend full of charms; and I perceive you have already violated the oath you made of being faithful to me. Madam, replied I, laughing as well as she, you would have reason to complain, if I were wanting in civility to a lady whom you brought hither, and who is your intimate friend; both of you might then upbraid me for not performing duly the rites of hospitality.

We continued to drink; but as the wine warmed us, the strange lady and I ogled one another with so little reserve, that her friend grew jealous, and quickly gave us a dismal proof of the inveteracy of her feelings. She rose from the table and went out, saying, she would be with us presently again: but in a few moments after, the lady who staid with me changed countenance, fell into violent convulsions, and expired in my arms, while I was calling for assistance to relieve her. I went out immediately, and enquired for the other lady; when my people told me, she had opened the street door and was gone. I then suspected what was but too true, that she had been the cause of her friend's death. She

had the dexterity, and the malice, to put some very strong poison into the last glass, which she gave her with her own hand.

I was afflicted beyond measure with the accident. What shall I do? I exclaimed in agony. What will become of me? I considered there was no time to lose, and it being then moon-light, I ordered my servants to take up one of the large pieces of marble, with which the court of my house was paved, dig a hole, and there inter the corpse of the young lady. After replacing the stone, I put on a travelling suit, took what money I had; and having locked up every thing, affixed my own seal on the door of my house. This done, I went to the jewel-merchant my landlord, paid him what I owed, with a year's rent in advance; and giving him the key, prayed him to keep it for me. A very urgent affair, said I, obliges me to be absent for some time; I am under the necessity of going to visit my uncles at Cairo. I took my leave of him, immediately mounted my horse, and departed with my attendants from Damascus.

Day appearing, Scheherazade discontinued her discourse; but resumed it the next night.

THE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FIFTH
NIGHT.

I HAD a good journey, continued the young man of Moussol, and arrived at Cairo without any accident. There I met with my uncles, who were much surprised to see me. To excuse myself, I pretended I was tired of waiting; and hearing nothing of them, was so uneasy, that I could not be satisfied without coming to Cairo. They received me kindly, and promised that my father should not be displeased with me for leaving Damascus without his permission. I lodged in the same khan with them, and saw all the curiosities of Cairo.

Having finished their traffic, they began to talk of returning to Moussol, and to make preparations for their departure; but I, having a wish to view in Egypt what I had not yet seen, left my uncles, and went to lodge in another quarter at a distance from their khan, and did not appear any more till they were gone. They sought for me all over the city; but not finding me, supposed remorse for having come to Egypt without my father's consent had occasioned me to return to Damascus, without saying any thing to them. So they began their journey, expecting to find me at Damascus, and there to take me up.

After their departure I continued at Cairo three years, more completely to indulge my curiosity in seeing all the wonders of Egypt. During that time I took care to remit money to the jewel-merchant, ordering him to keep my house for me; for I designed to return to Damascus, and reside there some years longer. I had no adventure at Cairo worth relating; but doubtless you will be much surprised at that which befell me on my return to Damascus.

Arriving at this city, I went to the jewel-merchant's, who received me joyfully, and would accompany me to my house, to shew me that no one had entered it whilst I was absent. The seal was still entire upon the lock; and when I went in, I found every thing in the order in which I had left it.

In sweeping and cleaning out the hall where I had eaten with the ladies, one of my servants found a gold chain necklace, with ten very large and perfect pearls strung upon it at certain distances. He brought it to me, when I knew it to be the same I had seen upon the lady's neck who was poisoned; and concluded it had broken off and fallen. I could not look upon it without shedding tears, when I called to mind the lovely creature I had seen die in such a shocking manner. I wrapt it up, and put it in my bosom.

I rested some days to recover from the fatigues of my journey; after which, I began to visit my

former acquaintance. I abandoned myself to every species of pleasure, and gradually squandered away all my money. Being thus reduced, instead of selling my furniture, I resolved to part with the necklace; but I had so little skill in pearls, that I took my measures very ill, as you shall hear.

I went to the bezestein, where I called a crier aside, and shewing him the necklace, told him I wished to sell it, and desired him to shew it to the principal jewellers. The crier was surprised to see such a valuable ornament. How beautiful, exclaimed he, gazing upon it with admiration; never did our merchants see any thing so rich; I am sure I shall oblige them highly in shewing it to them; and you need not doubt they will set a high price upon it, in emulation of each other. He carried me to a shop which proved to be my landlord's; Stop here, said the crier, I will return presently and bring you an answer.

While he was running about to shew the necklace, I sat with the jeweller, who was glad to see me, and we conversed on different subjects. The crier returned, and calling me aside, instead of telling me the necklace was valued at two thousand sherifs, assured me nobody would give me more than fifty. The reason is, added he, the pearls are false; consider if you will part with it at that price. I took him at his word, wanting money. Go, said I,

I take your word, and that of those who know better than myself; deliver it to them, and bring me the money immediately.

The crier had been ordered to offer me fifty sherifs by one of the richest jewellers in town, who had only made that offer to sound me, and try if I was well acquainted with the value of the pearls. He had no sooner received my answer, than he carried the crier to the judge, and shewing him the necklace; Sir, said he, here is a necklace which was stolen from me, and the thief, under the character of a merchant, has had the impudence to offer it to sale, and is at this minute in the bezestein. He is willing to take fifty sherifs for a necklace that is worth two thousand, which is a clear proof of his having stolen it.

The judge sent immediately to seize me; and when I came before him, he asked me if the necklace he had in his hand was not the same that I had exposed to sale in the bezestein. I told him it was. Is it true, demanded he, that you are willing to sell it for fifty sherifs? I answered I was. Well, continued he, in a scoffing way, give him the bastinado; he will quickly confess, notwithstanding his merchant's disguise, that he is only an artful thief; let him be beaten till he owns his guilt. The pain of the torture made me tell a lie; I confessed, though it was not true, that I had stolen the necklace; and the judge

ordered my hand to be cut off, according to the sentence of our law.

This made a great noise in the bezestein, and I was scarcely returned to my house when my landlord came. My son, said he, you seem to be a young man well educated, and of good sense; how is it possible you could be guilty of such an unworthy action, as that I hear talked of? You gave me an account of your property yourself, and I do not doubt but the account was just. Why did not you request money of me, and I would have lent it you? However, after what has happened, I cannot allow you to remain longer in my house; you must go and seek for other lodgings. I was extremely troubled at this; and entreated the jeweller, with tears in my eyes, to let me stay three days longer; which he granted.

Alas, thought I, this misfortune and affront are unsufferable; how shall I dare to return to Moussol? Nothing I can say to my father will persuade him that I am innocent.

Scheherazade perceiving day, stopped here; but continued her story next day as follows.

THE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SIXTH NIGHT.

THREE hours after this fatal accident my house was forcibly entered by the judge's officers, accompanied by my landlord, and the merchant who had falsely accused me of having stolen the necklace. I asked them, what brought them there? But instead of giving me any answer, they bound and gagged me, calling me a thousand abusive names, and telling me the necklace belonged to the governor of Damascus, who had lost it above three years before, and that one of his daughters had not been heard of since. Judge of my sensations when I heard this intelligence. However, I summoned all my resolution; I will, thought I, tell the governor the truth; and it will rest with him either to put me to death, or to protect my innocence.

When I was brought before him, I observed he looked upon me with an eye of compassion, from whence I augured well. He ordered me to be untied, and addressing himself to the jeweller, who accused me, and to my landlord: Is this the man, asked he, that sold the pearl necklace? They had no sooner answered yes, than he continued, I am sure he did not steal the necklace, and I am much astonished at the injustice that has been done him. These words giving me courage: Sir, said I, I do assure

you I am perfectly innocent. I am likewise fully persuaded the necklace never did belong to my accuser, whom I never saw, and whose horrible perfidy is the cause of my unjust treatment. It is true, I made a confession as if I had stolen it; but this I did contrary to my conscience, through the force of torture, and for another reason that I am ready to give you, if you will have the goodness to hear me. I know enough of it already, replied the governor, to do you one part of the justice to which you are entitled. Take from hence, continued he, the false accuser; let him undergo the same punishment as he caused to be inflicted on this young man, whose innocence is known to myself.

The governor's orders were immediately put in execution; the jeweller was punished as he deserved. Then the governor, having ordered all present to withdraw, said to me: My son, tell me without fear how this necklace fell into your hands, conceal nothing from me. I related plainly all that had passed, and declared I had chosen rather to pass for a thief than to reveal that tragical adventure. Good God, exclaimed the governor, thy judgments are incomprehensible, and we ought to submit to them without murmuring. I receive, with entire submission, the stroke thou hast been pleased to inflict upon me. Then directing his discourse to me: My son, said he, having now heard the cause of your disgrace, for

which I am truly concerned, I will give you an account of the affliction which has befallen myself. Know then, that I am the father of both the young ladies you were speaking of.

Scheherazade, perceiving the appearance of day, stopped here, but proceeded next night in the following manner.

THE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SEVENTH
NIGHT.

MY son, continued the governor of Damascus, know that the first lady, who had the impudence to come to your house, was my eldest daughter. I had given her in marriage at Cairo to one of her cousins, my brother's son. Her husband died, and she returned home corrupted by every vice too often contracted in Egypt. Before I took her home, her younger sister, who died in that deplorable manner in your arms, was a truly virtuous girl, and had never given me any occasion to complain of her conduct. But after that, the elder sister became very intimate with her, and insensibly made her as wicked as herself.

The day after the death of the younger, not finding her at home, I asked her elder sister what was become of her; but she, instead of answering, affected to weep bitterly; from whence I formed a fatal presage. I pressed her to inform me of what she knew respecting her sister. Father, replied she, sobbing, I can tell you no more than that my sister put on yesterday her richest dress, with her valuable pearl necklace, went out, and has not been heard of since. I searched for her all over the town, but could learn nothing of her unhappy fate. In the

mean time the elder, who doubtless repented of her jealous fury, became melancholy, and incessantly bewailed the death of her sister; she denied herself all manner of food, and so put an end to her deplorable days.

Such, continued the governor, is the condition of mankind! such are the misfortunes to which we are exposed! However, my son, added he, since we are both of us equally unfortunate, let us unite our sorrow, and not abandon one another. I will give you in marriage a third daughter I have still left; she is younger than her sisters, and in no respect imitates their conduct; besides, she is handsomer, and I assure you is of a disposition calculated to make you happy. You shall have no other house but mine, and, after my death, you and she shall be heirs to all my property.

My lord, I replied, I am overcome by your favours, and shall never be able to make a sufficient acknowledgment. Enough, said he, interrupting me, let us not waste time in idle words. He then called for witnesses, ordered the contract of marriage to be drawn, and I became the husband of his third daughter.

He was not satisfied with punishing the jeweller, who had falsely accused me, but confiscated for my use all his property, which was very considerable. As for the rest, since you have been called to the

governor's house, you may have seen what respect they pay me there. I must tell you further, that a person despatched by my uncles to Egypt, on purpose to inquire for me there, passing through this city found me out last night, and delivered me a letter from them. They inform me of my father's death, and invite me to come and take possession of his property at Moussol. But as the alliance and friendship of the governor have fixed me here, and will not suffer me to leave him, I have sent back the express with a power, which will secure to me my inheritance. After what you have heard, I hope you will pardon my seeming incivility during the course of my illness, in giving you my left instead of my right hand.

This, said the Jewish physician, is the story I heard from the young man of Moussol. I continued at Damascus as long as the governor lived; after his death, being still in the vigour of my age, I had the curiosity to travel. Accordingly I went through Persia to the Indies, and came at last to settle in this your capital, where I have practised physic with reputation.

The sultan of Casgar was well pleased with this story. I must confess, said he to the Jew, the story you have told me is very singular; but I declare freely, that of the little hump-back is yet more extraordinary, and much more diverting; so you are

not to expect that I will give you your life, any more than the rest. I will have you all four executed. Pray, sir, stay a minute, said the tailor, advancing, and prostrating himself at the sultan's feet. Since your majesty loves pleasant stories, I have one to tell you that will not displease you. Well, I will hear thee too, said the sultan; but do not flatter thyself that I will suffer thee to live, unless thou tellest me some adventure that is yet more diverting than that of my hump-backed jester. Upon this the tailor, as if he had been sure of success, spoke boldly to the following purpose:

THE STORY TOLD BY THE TAILOR.

A citizen of this city did me the honour two days ago to invite me to an entertainment, which he was to give to his friends yesterday morning. Accordingly I went early, and found there about twenty persons.

The master of the house was gone out upon some business, but in a short time returned, and brought with him a young man, a stranger, very well dressed, and handsome, but lame. When he entered, we all rose, and out of respect to the master of the house, invited the young man to sit down with us upon the estrade. He was going to comply; but suddenly perceiving a barber in our company, flew backwards,

and made towards the door. The master of the house, surprised at his behaviour, stopped him. Where are you going? demanded he. I bring you along with me to do me the honour of being my guest among the rest of my friends, and you are no sooner got into my house, than you are for running away. Sir, replied the young man, for God's sake do not stop me, let me go, I cannot without horror look upon that abominable barber, who, though he was born in a country where all the natives are white, resembles an Ethiopian; and his soul is yet blacker and more horrible than his face.

Scheherazade perceiving day, said no more for that night; but next day proceeded as follows.

THE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-EIGHTH NIGHT.

WE were all surprised to hear the young man speak in this manner, continued the tailor, and began to have a very bad opinion of the barber, without knowing what ground the young man had for what he said. Nay, we protested we would not suffer any one to remain in our company, who bore so horrid a character. The master of the house intreated the stranger to tell us what reason he had for hating the barber. Gentlemen, resumed the young man, you must know this cursed barber is the cause of my being lame, and having fallen into the most ridiculous and teasing situation you can imagine. For this reason I have sworn to avoid all the places where he is, and even not to stay in the cities where he resides. It was for this reason that I left Bagdad, where he then dwelt; and travelled so far to settle in this city, at the extremity of Tartary; a place where I flattered myself I should never see him. And now, after all, contrary to my expectation, I find him here. This obliges me, gentlemen, against my will, to deprive myself of the honour of being merry with you. This very day I shall take leave of your town, and go, if I can, to hide my head where he cannot come. This said, he would have

left us, but the master of the house earnestly intreated him to stay, and tell us the cause of his aversion for the barber, who all this while looked down and said not a word. We joined with the master of the house in his request; and at last the young man, yielding to our importunities, sat down; and, after turning his back on the barber, that he might not see him, gave us the following narrative of his adventures.

My father's quality might have entitled him to the highest posts in the city of Bagdad, but he always preferred a quiet life to the honours of a public station. I was his only child, and when he died I had finished my education, and was of age to dispose of the plentiful fortune he had left me; which I did not squander away foolishly, but applied to such uses as obtained for me every body's respect.

I had not yet been disturbed by any passion: I was so far from being sensible of love, that I bashfully avoided the conversation of women. One day, walking in the streets, I saw a large party of ladies before me; and that I might not meet them, I turned down a narrow lane, and sat down upon a bench by a door. I was placed opposite a window, where stood a pot of beautiful flowers, on which I had my eyes fixed, when the window opened, and a young lady appeared, whose beauty struck me. Immediately she fixed her eyes upon me; and in watering

the flower-pot with a hand whiter than alabaster, looked upon me with a smile, that inspired me with as much love for her as I had formerly aversion for all women. After having watered her flowers, and darted upon me a glance full of charms that pierced my heart, she shut the window, and left me in inconceivable perplexity, from which I should not have recovered, if a noise in the street had not brought me to myself. I lifted up my head, and turning, saw the first cauzee of the city, mounted on a mule, and attended by five or six servants: he alighted at the door of the house, where the young lady had opened the window, and went in; from whence I concluded he was her father.

I went home in an altered state of mind; agitated by a passion the more violent, as I had never felt its assaults before: I retired to bed in a violent fever, at which all the family were much concerned. My relations, who had a great affection for me, were so alarmed by the sudden disorder, that they importuned me to tell the cause; which I took care not to discover. My silence created an uneasiness that the physicians could not dispel, because they knew nothing of my distemper, and by their medicines rather inflamed than checked it.

My relations began to despair of my life, when an old lady of our acquaintance, hearing I was ill, came to see me. She considered me with great at-

tention, and after having examined me, penetrated, I know not how, into the real cause of my illness. She took my relations aside, and desired all my people would retire out of the room, and leave her with me alone.

When the room was clear, she sat down on the side of my bed. My son, said she, you have obstinately concealed the cause of your illness; but you have no occasion to reveal it to me. I have experience enough to penetrate into a secret; you will not deny when I tell you it is love that makes you sick. I can find a way to cure you, if you will but inform me who that happy lady is, that could move a heart so insensible as yours; for you have the character of a woman-hater, and I was not the last who perceived that such was your disposition; but what I foresaw has come to pass, and I am now glad of the opportunity to employ my talents in relieving your pain.

Sir, said Scheherazade, I perceive it is day: Shier-ear rose, full of impatience to know the sequel of the story.

THE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-NINTH
NIGHT.

SIR, said Scheherazade, the lame young man pursued his story to the following purport: The old lady having thus spoken, paused, expecting my answer; but though what she had said had made a strong impression upon me, I durst not lay open to her the bottom of my heart; I only turned to her, and heaved a deep sigh, without replying a word. Is it bashfulness, said she, that keeps you silent? Or is it want of confidence in me? Do you doubt the effect of my promise? I could mention to you a number of young men of your acquaintance, who have been in the same condition with yourself, and have received relief from me.

The good lady told me so many more circumstances that I broke silence, declared to her my complaint, pointed out to her the place where I had seen the object which occasioned it, and unravelled all the circumstances of my adventure. If you succeed, added I, and procure me the happiness of seeing that charming beauty, and revealing to her the passion with which I burn for her, you may depend upon it I will be grateful. My son, replied the old woman, I know the lady you speak of; she is, as you rightly judged, the daughter of the first cauzee of this city:

I am not surprised that you are in love with her. She is the handsomest and most lovely lady in Bagdad, but very proud, and of difficult access. You know how strict our judges are, in enjoining the punctual observance of the severe laws that confine women; and they are yet more strict in the observation of them in their own families; the cauzee you saw is more rigid in that point than any of the other magistrates. They are always preaching to their daughters what a heinous crime it is to shew themselves to men; and the girls themselves are so prepossessed with the notion, that they make no other use of their own eyes but to conduct them along the street, when necessity obliges them to go abroad. I do not say absolutely that the first cauzee's daughter is of that humour; but that does not hinder my fearing to meet with as great obstacles on her side, as on her father's. Would to God you had loved any other, then I should not have had so many difficulties to surmount. However, I will employ all my wits to compass the matter; but it requires time. In the mean while take courage and trust to me.

The old woman took leave; and as I weighed within myself all the obstacles she had been talking of, the fear of her not succeeding in her undertaking inflamed my disorder. Next day she came again, and I read in her countenance that she had no favourable news to impart. She spoke thus: My

son, I was not mistaken, I have somewhat else to conquer besides the vigilance of a father. You love an insensible object, who takes pleasure in making every one miserable who suffers himself to be charmed by her; she will not deign them the least comfort: she heard me with pleasure, when I spoke of nothing but the torment she made you undergo; but I no sooner opened my mouth to engage her to allow you to see her, and converse with her, but casting at me a terrible look, You are very presumptuous, said she, to make such a proposal to me; I charge you never to insult me again with such language.

Do not let this cast you down, continued she; I am not easily disheartened, and am not without hope but I shall compass my end. To shorten my story, said the young man, this good woman made several fruitless attacks in my behalf on the proud enemy of my rest. The vexation I suffered inflamed my distemper to that degree, that my physicians gave me over. I was considered as a dead man, when the old woman came to recall me to life.

That no one might hear what was said, she whispered in my ear; Remember the present you owe for the good news I bring you. These words produced a marvellous effect; I raised myself up in the bed, and with transport replied, You shall not go without a present; but what is the news you

bring me? Dear sir, said she, you shall not die; I shall speedily have the pleasure to see you in perfect health, and very well satisfied with me. Yesterday I went to see the lady you love, and found her in good humour. As soon as I entered, I put on a sad countenance, heaved many deep sighs, and began to squeeze out some tears. My good mother, demanded she, what is the matter with you, why are you so cast down? Alas, my dear and honourable lady, I replied, I have just been with the young gentleman of whom I spoke to you the other day, who is dying on your account. I am at a loss to know, said she, how you make me to be the cause of his death. How can I have contributed to it? How, replied I, did not you tell me the other day, that he sat down before your window when you opened it to water your flower-pot? He then saw that prodigy of beauty, those charms that your mirror daily represents to you. From that moment he languished, and his disorder has so increased, that he is reduced to the deplorable condition I have mentioned.

At this period, Scheherazade seeing day, discontinued the story till next night, when she resumed it as follows.

THE HUNDRED AND SIXTIETH NIGHT.

THE old lady continued her account of the interview she had with the cauzee's daughter. You well remember, added I, how harshly you treated me at our last interview; when I was speaking to you of his illness, and proposing a way to save him from the threatened consequences of his complaint. After I left you I went directly to his house, and he no sooner learnt from my countenance that I had brought no favourable answer than his distemper increased. From that time, madam, he has been at the point of death; and I doubt whether your compassion would not now come too late to save his life. The fear of your death alarmed her, and I saw her face change colour. Is your account true? she asked. Has he actually no other disorder than what is occasioned by his love of me? Ah, madam! I replied, it is too true; would it were false! Do you believe, said she, that the hopes of seeing me would at all contribute to rescue him from his danger? I answered, Perhaps it may, and if you will permit me, I will try the remedy. Well, resumed she, sighing, give him hopes of seeing me; but he must pretend to no other favours, unless he aspire to marry me, and obtains my father's consent. Madam, replied I, your goodness overcomes me: I will instantly seek the young gentle-

man, and tell him he is to have the pleasure of an interview with you. The best opportunity I can think of, said she, for granting him that favour, will be next Friday at the hour of noon-prayers. Let him observe when my father goes out, and then, if his health permits him to be abroad, come and place himself opposite the house. I shall then see him from my window, and will come down and open the door for him: we will converse together during prayer-time; but he must depart before my father returns.

It is now Tuesday, continued the old lady; you have the interval between this and Friday to recover your strength, and make the necessary dispositions for the interview. While the good old lady was speaking, I felt my illness decrease, or rather, by the time she had done, I found myself perfectly recovered. Here, take this, said I, reaching out to her my purse, which was full, it is to you alone that I owe my cure. I reckon this money better employed than all that I gave the physicians, who have only tormented me during my illness.

When the lady was gone, I found I had strength enough to get up: and my relations finding me so well, complimented me on the occasion, and went home.

On Friday morning the old woman came, just as I was dressing, and choosing out the richest clothes

in my wardrobe, said, I do not ask you how you are, what you are about is intimation enough of your health; but will not you bathe before you go? That will take up too much time, I replied; I will content myself with sending for a barber, to shave my head. Immediately I ordered one of my slaves to call a barber that could do his business cleverly and expeditiously.

The slave brought me the wretch you see here, who came, and after saluting me, said, Sir, you look as if you were not well. I told him I was just recovered from a fit of sickness. May God, resumed he, deliver you from all mischance; may his grace always go along with you. I hope he will grant your wish, for which I am obliged to you. Since you are recovering from a fit of sickness, he continued, I pray God preserve your health; but now let me know what I am to do; I have brought my razors and my lancets, do you desire to be shaved or to be bled? I replied, I am just recovered from a fit of sickness, and you may readily judge I only want to be shaved: come, do not lose time in prattling; for I am in haste, and have an appointment precisely at noon.

Here the approach of day interrupted Scheherazade, but next night she pursued her story.

THE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIRST NIGHT.

THE barber, continued the young man, spent much time in opening his case, and preparing his razors. Instead of putting water into the bason, he took a very handsome astrolabe out of his case, and went very gravely out of my room to the middle of the court to take the height of the sun: he returned with the same grave pace, and entering my room, said, Sir, you will be pleased to know this day is Friday the 18th of the moon Suffir²⁵, in the year 653*, from the retreat of our great prophet from Mecca to Medina, and in the year 7320† of the epocha of the great Iskender with two horns; and that the conjunction of Mars and Mercury signifies you cannot choose a better time than this very day and hour for being shaved. But, on the other hand,

* This year 653, is one of the Hijerah, the common epocha of the Mahummedans, and answers to the year 1255, from the nativity of Christ; from whence we may conjecture that these computations were made in Arabia about that time.

† As for the year 7320, the author is mistaken in that computation. The year 653 of the Hijerah, and the 1255 of Christ, coincide only with the 1557 of the æra or epocha of the Seleucides, which is the same with that of Alexander the Great, who is called Iskender with two horns, according to the expression of the Arabians.—This name he has from his father Jupiter Ammon, in memory of whom he is represented sometimes with the horns of a ram on his head.

the same conjunction is a bad presage to you. I learn from it, that this day you run a great risque, not indeed of losing your life, but of an inconvenience which will attend you while you live. You are obliged to me for the advice I now give you, to avoid this accident; I shall be sorry if it befall you.

You may guess, gentlemen, how vexed I was at having fallen into the hands of such a prattling impertinent fellow; what an unseasonable adventure was it for a lover preparing for an interview with his mistress! I was quite irritated. I care not, said I, in anger, for your advice and predictions; I did not call you to consult your astrology; you came hither to shave me; shave me, or begone. I will call another barber, sir, replied he, with a coolness that put me out of all patience; what reason have you to be angry with me? You do not know, that all of my profession are not like me; and that if you made it your business to search, you would not find such another. You only sent for a barber; but here, in my person, you have the best barber in Bagdad, an experienced physician, a profound chemist, an infallible astrologer, a finished grammarian, a complete orator, a subtile logician, a mathematician perfectly well versed in geometry, arithmetic, astronomy, and all the refinements of algebra; an historian fully master of the histories of all the kingdoms of the universe. Besides, I understand all parts of philosophy. I have all our sacred tradi-

tions by heart. I am a poet, I am an architect; and what is it I am not? There is nothing in nature hidden from me. Your deceased father, to whose memory I pay a tribute of tears every time I think of him, was fully convinced of my merit; he was fond of me, and spoke of me in all companies as the first man in the world. Out of gratitude and friendship for him, I am willing to attach myself to you, to take you under my protection, and guard you from all the evils that your stars may threaten.

When I heard all this jargon, I could not forbear laughing, notwithstanding my anger. You impertinent prattler! said I, will you have done, and begin to shave me?

Here Scheherazade stopped, perceiving day; but next night pursued the story of the young man, in the following manner.

THE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SECOND
NIGHT.

SIR, replied the barber, you affront me in calling me a prattler; on the contrary, all the world gives me the honourable title of Silent. I had six brothers, whom you might justly have called prattlers. These indeed were impertinent chatterers, but for me, who am a younger brother, I am grave and concise in my discourse.

For God's sake, gentlemen, do but suppose you had been in my place. What could I say, when I saw myself so cruelly delayed? Give him three pieces of gold, said I to the slave who was my housekeeper, and send him away, that he may disturb me no more; I will not be shaved this day. Sir, said the barber, pray what do you mean? I did not come to seek for you, you sent for me; and as that is the case, I swear by the faith of a Moosulmaun, I will not stir out of these doors till I have shaved you. If you do not know my value, it is not my fault. Your deceased father did me more justice. Every time he sent for me to let him blood, he made me sit down by him, and was charmed with hearing what witty things I said. I kept him in a continual strain of admiration; I elevated him; and when I had finished my discourse, My God, he would exclaim, you are an in-

exhaustible source of science, no man can reach the depth of your knowledge. My dear sir, I would answer, you do me more honour than I deserve. If I say any thing that is worth hearing, it is owing to the favourable audience you vouchsafe me; it is your liberality that inspires me with the sublime thoughts which have the happiness to please you. One day, when he was charmed with an admirable discourse I had made him, he said, Give him a hundred pieces of gold, and invest him with one of my richest robes. I instantly received the present. I then drew his horoscope, and found it the happiest in the world. Nay, I carried my gratitude further; I let him blood with cupping-glasses.

This was not all; he spun out another harangue that was a full half hour long. Tired with hearing him, and fretted at the loss of time, which was almost spent before I was half ready, I did not know what to say. It is impossible, I exclaimed, there should be such another man in the world who takes pleasure, as you do, in making people mad.

Day appearing, Scheherazade discontinued, but next night she proceeded.

THE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-THIRD
NIGHT.

I THOUGHT, said the lame young man of Bagdad, I might perhaps succeed better, if I dealt mildly with my barber. In the name of God, said I, leave off talking, and shave me directly; business of the last importance calls me, as I have already told you. At these words he fell a laughing: It would be fortunate, said he, if our minds were always in the same state; if we were always wise and prudent. I am willing, however, to believe, that if you are angry with me, it is your disorder that has caused the change in your temper, for which reason you stand in need of some instructions, and you cannot do better than follow the example of your father and grandfather. They came and consulted me upon all occasions, and I can say, without vanity, that they always highly prized my advice. Pray observe, sir, men never succeed in their undertakings without the counsel of persons of understanding. A man cannot, says the proverb, be wise without receiving advice from the wise. I am entirely at your service, and you have only to command me.

What! cannot I prevail with you then, I demanded, interrupting him, to leave off these long speeches, that tend to nothing but to distract my head, and detain

me from my business? Shave me, I say, or begone: with that I started up in anger, stamping my foot against the ground.

When he saw I was in earnest, he said, Sir, do not be angry, we are going to begin. He lathered my head, and began to shave me; but had not given four strokes with his razor before he stopped, and addressed me, Sir, you are hasty, you should avoid these transports that only come from the devil. I am entitled to some consideration on account of my age, my knowledge, and my great virtues.

Go on and shave me, said I, interrupting him again, and talk no more. That is to say, replied he, you have some urgent business to go about; I will lay you a wager I guess right. Why I told you two hours ago, I returned, you ought to have shaved me before. Moderate your passion, replied he, perhaps you have not maturely weighed what you are going about; when things are done precipitately, they are generally repented of. I wish you would tell me what mighty business this is you are so earnest upon. I would tell you my opinion of it; besides, you have time enough, since your appointment is not till noon, and it wants three hours of that yet. I do not mind that, said I; persons of honour and of their word are rather before their time than after. But I forget that by reasoning with you, I give into the faults of you prattling barbers; have done, have done; shave me.

The more haste I was in, the less speed he made. He laid down the razor, and took up his astrolabe; then laid down his astrolabe, and took up his razor again.

Here the appearance of day obliged Scheherazade to stop, but next night she pursued the story.

THE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FOURTH
NIGHT.

THE barber, continued the lame young man, quitted his razor again, and took up his astrolabe a second time; and so left me half shaved, to go and see precisely what hour it was. Back he came, and exclaimed, Sir, I knew I was not mistaken, it wants three hours of noon. I am sure of it, or else all the rules of astronomy are false. Just heaven! cried I, my patience is exhausted, I can bear this no longer. You cursed barber, you barber of mischief, I can scarcely forbear falling upon you and strangling you. Softly, sir, said he, very calmly, without being moved by my anger: Are you not afraid of a relapse? Be not in a passion, I am going to shave you this minute. In speaking these words, he clapped his astrolabe in his case, took up his razor, and passing it over the strap which was fixed to his belt, fell to shaving me again; but all the while he was thus employed, the dog could not forbear prattling. If you would be pleased, sir, said he, to tell me what the business is you are going about at noon, I could give you some advice that might be of use to you. To satisfy the fellow, I told him I was going to meet some friends at an entertainment at noon, to make merry with me on the recovery of my health.

When the barber heard me talk of regaling; God bless you this day, as well as all other days! he cried: You put me in mind that yesterday I invited four or five friends to come and eat with me as this day; indeed I had forgotten the engagement, and have made no preparation for them. Do not let that trouble you, said I; though I dine abroad, my larder is always well furnished. I make you a present of all that it contains; and besides, I will order you as much wine as you have occasion for, I have excellent wine in my cellar; only you must hasten to finish shaving me: and pray remember as my father made you presents to encourage you to speak, I give you mine to induce you to be silent.

He was not satisfied with my promise, but exclaimed, God reward you, sir, for your kindness: pray shew me these provisions now, that I may see if there will be enough to entertain my friends. I would have them satisfied with the good fare I make them. I have, said I, a lamb, six capons, a dozen chickens, and enough to make four courses. I ordered a slave to bring all before him, with four great pitchers of wine. It is very well, returned the barber; but we shall want fruit, and sauce for the meat. These I ordered likewise; but then he left off shaving, to look over every thing one after another; and this survey lasted almost half an hour. I raged and

stormed like a madman; but it signified nothing, the wretch made no more haste. However, he took up his razor again, and shaved me for some minutes; then stopping suddenly, exclaimed, I could not have believed, sir, that you would have been so liberal; I begin to perceive that your deceased father lives again in you. Most certainly, I do not deserve the favours with which you have loaded me; and I assure you I shall have them in perpetual remembrance; for, sir, to let you know, I have nothing but what I obtain from the generosity of such gentlemen as you: in which respect, I am like to Zantout, who rubs the people in the baths; to Sali, who cries boiled peas in the streets; to Salout, who sells beans; to Akerscha, who sells greens; to Aboumecarez, who sprinkles the streets to lay the dust; and to Cassem, the caliph's life-guard man. Of all these persons, not one is apt to be melancholy; they are neither impertinent nor quarrelsome; they are more contented with their lot, than the caliph in the midst of his court; they are always gay, ready to sing and dance, and have each of them their peculiar song and dance, with which they divert the city of Bagdad; but what I esteem most in them is, that they are no great talkers, any more than your slave, that has now the honour to speak to you. Here, sir, is the song and dance of Zantout, who rubs the

people in the baths; mind me, pray, and see if I do not imitate it exactly.

Scheherazade proceeded no farther this night, because she perceived day; next morning she continued her story in the following words.

THE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIFTH
NIGHT.

THE barber sung the song, and danced the dance of Zantout, continued the lame youth; and let me say what I could to oblige him to finish his buffooneries, he did not cease till he had imitated, in like manner, the songs and dances of the other persons he had named. After that, addressing himself to me, I am going, said he, to invite all these honest men to my house; if you will take my advice, you will join us, and disappoint your friends, who perhaps are great talkers. They will only tease you to death with their impertinent discourse, and make you relapse into a disorder worse than that from which you are so lately recovered; whereas at my house you shall have nothing but pleasure.

Notwithstanding my anger, I could not forbear laughing at the fellow's impertinence. I wish I had no business upon my hands, I replied, I would accept your invitation, and go with all my heart to partake of your entertainment; but I beg to be excused, I am too much engaged; another day I shall be more at leisure, and then we will make up the same party. Come finish shaving me, and make haste home; perhaps your friends are already arrived at your house. Sir, replied he, do not refuse me the favour I ask of

you; were you but once in our company, it would afford you so much pleasure as abundantly to compensate you for forsaking your friends. Let us talk no more of that, said I; I cannot be your guest.

I found I gained no ground by mild terms. Since you will not come to my house, replied the barber, you must allow me to go along with you: I will carry these things to my house, where my friends may eat of them if they like, and I will return immediately: I would not be so uncivil as to leave you alone. You deserve this piece of complaisance at my hands. Heavens! cried I, then I shall not get clear of this troublesome fellow to-day. In the name of the living God, leave off your unreasonable jargon; go to your friends, drink, eat, and be merry with them, and leave me at liberty to go to mine. I must go alone, I have no occasion for company; besides, I must needs tell you, the place to which I go is not one where you can be received. You jest, sir, said he; if your friends have invited you to a feast, what should prevent you from allowing me to go with you? You will please them, I am sure, by introducing to them a man who can talk wittily like me, and knows how to divert company. But say what you will, I am determined to accompany you.

These words, gentlemen, perplexed me much. How, thought I, shall I get rid of this cursed barber?

If I persist in contradicting him, we shall never have done.

Besides, I heard at this instant the first call to noon prayers, and it was time for me to go. In fine, I resolved to say nothing, and to make as if I consented to his accompanying me. He then finished shaving me, and I said to him, Take some of my servants to carry these provisions along with you, and return hither; I will stay for you, and shall not go without you.

At last he went, and I dressed myself as expeditiously as I could. I heard the last call to prayers, and hastened to set out: but the malicious barber, who guessed my intention, went with my servants only within sight of the house, and stood there till he saw them enter it, after which he concealed himself at the corner of the street, with an intent to observe and follow me. In fine, when I arrived at the cauzee's door, I looked back and saw him at the head of the street, which alarmed me to the last degree.

The cauzee's door was half open, and as I went in I saw an old woman waiting for me, who, after she had shut the door, conducted me to the chamber of the young lady who was the object of my love; but but we had scarcely begun to converse, when we heard a noise in the streets. The young lady put her head to the window, and saw through the gate

that it was her father already returning from prayers. At the same time I looked, and saw the barber sitting over-against the house, on the bench from which I had first seen the young lady.

I had then two things to fear, the arrival of the cauzee, and the presence of the barber. The young lady mitigated my apprehension on the first head, by assuring me the cauzee came but seldom to her chamber, and as she had foreseen that this misadventure might happen, she had contrived a way to convey me out safe: but the indiscretion of the accursed barber made me very uneasy; and you shall hear that my uneasiness was not without ground.

As soon as the cauzee was come in, he caned one of his slaves, who had deserved chastisement. This slave made a horrid noise, which was heard in the streets; the barber thought it was I who cried out, and was maltreated. Prepossessed with this thought, he roared out aloud, rent his clothes, threw dust upon his head, and called the neighbourhood to his assistance. The neighbours collected, and asked what assistance he wanted? Alas! cried he, they are assassinating my master, my dear patron; and without saying any thing more, he ran all the way to my house, with the very same cry in his mouth. From thence he returned, followed by all my domestics armed with sticks. They knocked with inconceivable fury at the door, and the cauzee sent

a slave to see what was the matter; but the slave being frightened, returned to his master, crying, Sir, above ten thousand men are going to break into your house by force.

Immediately the cauzee himself ran, opened the door, and asked what they wanted. His venerable presence could not inspire them with respect. They insolently said to him, You cursed cauzee, what reason have you to assassinate our master? What has he done to you? Good people, replied the magistrate, for what should I assassinate your master, whom I do not know, and who has done me no harm; my house is open to you, come and search. You bastinadoed him, said the barber; I heard his cries not a minute ago. What harm could your master do to me, replied the cauzee, to oblige me to abuse him at that rate? Is he in my house? If he is, how came he in, or who could have introduced him? Ah! wretched cauzee, cried the barber, you and your long beard shall never make me believe you; I know your daughter is in love with our master, and appointed him a meeting during the time of noon prayer; you without doubt have had notice of it, returned home, and surprised him, and made your slaves bastinado him: but this your wicked action shall not pass with impunity; the caliph shall be acquainted with it, and he will give true and brief justice. Let him come out, deliver him to us immediately; or if you do not,

we will go in and take him out to your shame. There is no occasion for so many words, replied the cauzee, nor to make so great a noise: if what you say is true, go and find him out, I give you free liberty. Thereupon the barber and my domestics rushed into the house like furies, and looked for me all about.

Scheherazade perceiving day, stopped at this period: Shier-ear rose, laughing at the indiscreet zeal of the barber, and curious to know what passed in the cauzee's house, and by what accident the young man became lame: next night the sultaness satisfied his curiosity, and resumed the story in the following words.

THE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SIXTH
NIGHT.

THE tailor continued to relate to the sultan of Casgar the story which he had begun. Sir, said he, the lame young man went on thus: As I heard all that the barber said to the cauzee, I sought for a place to conceal myself, and could find nothing but a large empty trunk, in which I lay down, and shut it upon me. The barber, after he had searched every where, came into the chamber where I was, and opened the trunk. As soon as he saw me, he took it upon his head and carried it away. He descended a high staircase into a court, which he crossed hastily, and at length reached the street door. While he was carrying me, the trunk unfortunately flew open, and not being able to endure the shame of being exposed to the view and shouts of the mob who followed us, I leaped out into the street with so much haste, that I have been lame ever since. I was not sensible of the hurt at first, and therefore got up quickly to avoid the people, who laughed at me; nay, I threw handfuls of gold and silver among them, and whilst they were gathering it up, I made my escape by cross streets and alleys. But the cursed barber followed me close, crying, Stay, sir, why do you run so fast? If you know how much I am afflicted at the

ill treatment you received from the cauzee, you, who are so generous, and to whom I and my friends are so much obliged! Did I not tell you truly, that you would expose your life by your obstinate refusal to let me go with you? See what has happened to you, by your own fault; and if I had not resolutely followed, to see whither you went, what would have become of you? Whither do you go, sir? Stay for me.

Thus the barber cried aloud in the street; it was not enough for him to have occasioned so great a scandal in the quarter where the cauzee lived, but he would have it known through the whole town. I was in such a rage, that I had a great mind to stop and cut his throat; but considering this would have perplexed me farther, I chose another course. Perceiving that his calling after me exposed me to vast numbers of people, who crowded to the doors or windows, or stopped in the street to gaze at me, I entered a khan or inn, the chamberlain of which knew me; and finding him at the gate, whither the noise had brought him, I prayed him, for the sake of heaven, to hinder that madman from coming in after me. He promised to do so, and was as good as his word, but not without a great deal of trouble; for the obstinate barber would enter in spite of him, and did not retire without calling him a thousand names. After the chamberlain had shut the gate, the barber continued telling all he met what great service he had done me. Thus I rid myself of that

troublesome fellow. After this, the chamberlain prayed me to tell him my adventure, which I did, and then desired him to let me have an apartment until I was cured: But, sir, said he, will it not be more convenient for you to go home? I will not return thither, replied I; for the detestable barber will continue plaguing me there, and I shall die of vexation to be continually teased by him. Besides, after what has befallen me to-day, I cannot think of staying any longer in this town; I must go whither my ill-fortune leads me. Accordingly, when I was cured, I took all the money I thought necessary for my travels, and divided the rest of my property among my kindred.

Thus, gentlemen, I left Bagdad, and came hither. I had ground to hope that I should not meet this pernicious barber in a country so far from my own, and yet I find him amongst you. Be not surprised then at my haste to be gone: you may easily judge how unpleasant to me is the sight of a man, who was the occasion of my lameness, and of my being reduced to the melancholy necessity of living so far from my kindred, friends, and country. When he had spoken these words, the lame young man rose up and went out; the master of the house conducted him to the gate, and told him, he was sorry that he had given him, though innocently, so great a subject of mortification.

When the young man was gone, continued the

tailor, we were all astonished at the story, and turning to the barber, told him he was very much to blame, if what we had just heard was true. Gentlemen, answered he, raising up his head, which till then he had held down, my silence during the young man's discourse is sufficient to testify that he advanced nothing that was not true: but for all that he has said to you, I maintain that I ought to have done what I did; I leave you to be judges. Did not he throw himself into danger, and could he have come off so well without my assistance? He may think himself happy to have escaped with the lame leg. Did not I expose myself to greater danger to get him out of a house where I thought he was ill-treated? Has he any reason to complain of and abuse me? This is what one gets by serving unthankful people. He accuses me of being a prattling fellow, which is a mere slander: of seven brothers, I speak least, and have most wit to my share; and to convince you of this, gentlemen, I need only relate my own story and theirs. Honour me, I beseech you, with your attention.

THE STORY OF THE BARBER.

In the reign of the caliph Mustunsir Billah*, that is, seeking victory of God, continued he, a prince

* He was raised to this dignity in the year of the Hijerah 623 and Anno Dom. 1226, and was the 36th caliph of the race of the Abassides.

so famous for his liberality towards the poor, ten highwaymen infested the roads about Bagdad, and for a long time committed unheard-of robberies and cruelties. The caliph, having notice of this, sent for the judge of the police, some days before the feast of Bairam, and ordered him, on pain of death, to bring all the ten to him.

Scheherazade stopped here, because day appeared, and next night resumed her discourse as follows.

THE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SEVENTH
NIGHT.

THE judge of the police, continued the barber, used so much diligence, and sent so many people in pursuit of the ten robbers, that they were taken on the very day of Bairam. I was walking at the time on the banks of the Tygris, and saw ten men richly appareled go into a boat. Had I but observed the guards who had them in custody, I might have concluded they were robbers; but my attention was fixed on the men themselves, and thinking they were people who designed to spend the festival in jollity, I entered the boat with them, hoping they would not object to my making one of the company. We descended the Tygris, and landed before the caliph's palace: I had by this time had leisure to reflect, and to discover my mistake. When we quitted the boat, we were surrounded by a new troop of the judge of the police's guard, who bound us all, and carried us before the caliph. I suffered myself to be bound as well as the rest, without speaking one word: for what would it have availed to have spoken, or made any resistance? That had been the way to have got myself ill-treated by the guards, who would not have listened to me, for they are brutish fellows, who will hear no reason; I was with the robbers, and

that was enough to make them believe me to be one of their number.

When we had been brought before the caliph, he ordered the ten highwaymen's heads to be cut off immediately. The executioner drew us up in a file within reach of his arm, and by good fortune I was placed last. He cut off the heads of the ten highwaymen, beginning at the first; and when he came to me, he stopped. The caliph perceiving that he did not strike me, grew angry: Did not I command thee, said he, to cut off the heads of ten highwaymen, and why hast thou cut off but nine? Commander of the faithful, he replied, Heaven preserve me from disobeying your majesty's orders: here are ten bodies upon the ground, and as many heads which I have cut off; your majesty may count them. When the caliph saw that what the executioner said was true, he looked at me with amazement, and perceiving that I had not the face of a highwayman, said to me, Good old man, how came you to be among those wretches, who have deserved a thousand deaths? I answered, Commander of the faithful, I will make a true confession. This morning I saw those ten persons, whose punishment is a proof of your majesty's justice, take boat: I embarked with them, thinking they were men going to celebrate this day, which is the most distinguished in our religion.

The caliph could not forbear laughing at my adventure; and instead of treating me as a prattling fellow, as this lame young man did, he admired my discretion and taciturnity. Commander of the faithful, I resumed, your majesty need not wonder at my silence on such an occasion, as would have made another apt to speak. I make a particular profession of holding my peace, and on that account have acquired the glorious title of *Silent*; by which I am distinguished from my six brothers. This is the effect of my philosophy; and, in a word, in this virtue consists my glory and happiness. I am glad, said the caliph, smiling, that they gave you a title which you know so well how to use. But tell me what sort of men were your brothers, were they like you? By no means, I replied, they were all of them loquacious prating fellows. And as to their persons, there was still a greater difference betwixt them and me. The first was hump-backed; the second had rotten teeth; the third had but one eye; the fourth was blind; the fifth had his ears cut off; and the sixth had hare-lips. They had met with such adventures as would enable you to judge of their characters, had I the honour of relating them to your majesty: and as the caliph seemed desirous to hear their several stories, I went on without waiting his commands.

THE STORY OF THE BARBER'S ELDEST BROTHER.

Sir, I proceeded, my eldest brother, whose name was Bacbouc the hump-back, was a tailor: when he came out of his apprenticeship, he hired a shop over against a mill, and having but very little business, could scarcely maintain himself. The miller, on the contrary, was very wealthy, and had a handsome wife. One day as my brother was at work in his shop, he saw the miller's wife looking out of the window, and was charmed with her beauty. The woman took no notice of him, but shut her window, and made her appearance no more that day. The poor tailor did nothing all day long but lift up his eyes towards the mill. He pricked his finger oftener than once, and his work was not very regular. At night, when he was to shut his shop, he could scarcely tell how to do it, because he still hoped the miller's wife would once more come to the window; but at last he was forced to shut up, and go home, where he passed but a very uncomfortable night. He arose betimes in the morning, and ran to his shop, in hopes to see his mistress; but he was no happier than the day before, for the miller's wife did not appear at the window above a minute in the course of the day, but that minute made the tailor the most amorous man that ever lived. The third day he had more

ground of satisfaction, for the miller's wife cast her eyes upon him by chance, and surprised him as he was gazing at her, which convinced her of what passed in his mind. Here day began to appear, which made the sultaness break off her story, but she resumed it the next night.

THE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-EIGHTH
NIGHT.

No sooner, continued the barber, did the miller's wife perceive my brother's inclination, than, instead of allowing it to excite her resentment, she resolved to divert herself with it. She looked at him with a smiling countenance, and my brother returned her smile, but in so ludicrous a way, that the miller's wife hastily shut her window, lest her loud laughter should make him sensible that she only ridiculed him. Poor Bacbouc interpreted her carriage to his own advantage, and flattered himself that she looked upon him with pleasure.

The miller's wife resolved to have sport with my brother: she had a piece of very fine stuff, with which she had a long time designed to make a vest²⁶; she wrapt it up in a fine embroidered silk handkerchief, and sent it to him by a young slave whom she kept; who being taught her lesson, went to the tailor's shop, and told him, My mistress gives you her service, and prays you to make her a vest of this stuff according to this pattern; she changes her dress often, so that her custom will be profitable to you. My brother doubted not but the miller's wife loved him, and thought she had sent him work so soon after what had passed betwixt them, only to signify

that she knew his mind, and convince him that he had obtained her favour. He charged the slave to tell her mistress, that he would lay aside all work for hers, and that the vest should be ready next morning. He worked at it with so much diligence, that he finished it in the course of the same day: Next morning the young slave came to see if the vest was ready. Bacbouc delivered it to her neatly folded up, telling her, I am too much concerned to please your mistress to neglect her work; I would engage her by my diligence to employ no other than myself for the time to come. The young slave went some steps as if she had intended to go away, and then coming back, whispered to my brother, I had forgotten part of my commission; my mistress charged me to make her compliments to you, and to ask how you passed the night; as for her, poor woman, she loves you to that degree that she could not sleep. Tell her, answered my silly brother, I have so strong a passion for her, that for these four nights I have not slept one wink. After such a compliment from the miller's wife, my brother thought she would not let him languish long in expectation of her favours.

About a quarter of an hour after, the slave returned to my brother with a piece of satin: My mistress, said she, is very well pleased with her vest,

nothing in the world can fit her better; and as it is very handsome, she will not wear it without a new pair of drawers; she prays you to make her one, as soon as you can, of this piece of satin. Enough, said Bacbouc, I will do it before I leave my shop: you shall have it in the evening. The miller's wife shewed herself often at her window, and was very prodigal of her charms, to encourage my brother. You would have laughed to see him work. The pair of drawers was soon made, and the slave came for it, but brought the tailor no money, neither for the trimming he had bought for the vest, nor for the making. In the mean time, this unfortunate lover, whom they only amused, though he could not see it, had eaten nothing all that day, and was forced to borrow money at night to buy his supper. Next morning, as soon as he arrived at his shop, the young slave came to tell him that the miller wanted to speak to him. My mistress, said she, spoké to him so much in your praise, when she shewed him your work, that he has a mind you should work for him also; she does this on purpose, that the connection she wishes to form betwixt you and him may crown your mutual wishes with success. My brother was easily persuaded, and went to the mill with the slave. The miller received him very kindly, and shewed him a piece of cloth, and told him he

wanted shirts, bade him make it into twenty, and return him again what was left.

Scheherazade perceiving day discontinued, and the next night pursued the history of Bacbouc.

THE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-NINTH
NIGHT.

My brother, said the barber, had work enough for five or six days to make twenty shirts for the miller, who afterwards gave him another piece of cloth to make him as many pair of drawers. When they were finished, Bacbouc carried them to the miller, who asked him what he must have for his pains. My brother answered, he would be content with twenty dirhems of silver. The miller immediately called the young slave, and bade her bring him his weights to see if his money was right. The slave, who had her lesson, looked at my brother with an angry countenance, to signify to him, that he would spoil all if he took money. He knew her meaning, and refused to take any, though he wanted it so much that he was forced to borrow some to buy the thread to sew the shirts and drawers. When he left the miller, he came to me to borrow money to purchase provisions, and told me they did not pay him. I gave him some copper money I had in my purse, and upon that he subsisted for some days. It is true, indeed, he lived upon nothing but broth, nor had he his fill of that.

One day he went to the miller, who was busy at his work, and thinking my brother came for money,

offered him some; but the young slave being present, made him another sign not to take it, which he complied with, and told the miller he did not come for his money, but only to know how he did. The miller thanked him, and gave him an upper garment to make. Bacbouc carried it to him the next day. When the miller drew out his purse, the young slave gave my brother the usual sign, on which he said to the miller, Neighbour, there is no haste, we will reckon another time; so that the poor ninny went to his shop again, with three terrible distempers, love, hunger, and an empty purse. The miller's wife was not only avaricious, but ill-natured; for, not content with cheating my brother of his due, she provoked her husband to revenge himself upon him for making love to her, which they accomplished thus. The miller invited Bacbouc one night to supper, and after giving him a very sorry treat, said to him, Brother, it is too late for you to return home, you had better stay here all night, and then took him to a place in the mill, where there was a bed; there he left him, and went to bed with his wife. About the middle of the night, the miller came to my brother, and said, Neighbour, are you asleep? My mule is ill, and I have a quantity of corn to grind; you will do me a great kindness if you will turn the mill in her stead. Bacbouc, to shew his good nature, told him, he was ready to do him that service, if he would shew him

how. The miller tied him by the middle in the mule's place, and whipping him soundly over the back, said to him, Go on, neighbour. Ho! exclaimed my brother, why do you beat me? It is to make you brisk, replied the miller, for without a whip my mule will not go. Baeoubou was amazed at this treatment, but durst not complain. When he had gone five or six rounds, he would fain have rested; but the miller gave him a dozen sound lashes, saying, Courage, neighbour! do not stop, pray; you must go on without taking breath, otherwise you will spoil my meal.

Scheherazade stopped here, because she saw day, and the next morning continued her story.

THE HUNDRED AND SEVENTIETH NIGHT.

THE miller obliged my brother, said the barber, to turn the mill thus all night. About break of day he left him without untying him, and went to his wife's chamber. Bacbouc continued there for some time, and at last the young slave came and untied him. Ah! said the treacherous wretch, how my mistress and I pitied you! We had no hand in this wicked trick which her husband has played you. The wretched Bacbouc answered not a word, he was so much fatigued with work and blows; but crept home to his house, resolving never to think more of the miller's wife.

The telling of this story, continued the barber, made the caliph laugh. Go home, said he to me, I have ordered something to be given you to make up for the loss of the good dinner you expected. Commander of the faithful, I replied, I pray your majesty to let me stay till I have told the story of my other brothers. The caliph having signified by his silence that he was willing to hear me, I went on thus.

THE STORY OF THE BARBER'S SECOND BROTHER.

My second brother, who was called Backbarah the Toothless, going one day through the city, met in a distant street an old woman, who came up to him, and said, I want one word with you, pray stop a moment. He did so, and asked what she would have. If you have time to come with me, said she, I will bring you into a stately palace, where you shall see a lady as fair as the day. She will receive you with much pleasure, and treat you with excellent wine. I need say no more. But is what you say true? demanded my brother. I am no lying hussy, replied the old woman. I say nothing to you but what is true. But hark, I have something to ask of you. You must be prudent, say but little, and be extremely polite. Backbarah agreed to all this. The old woman went on, and he followed her. They came to the gate of a great palace, where there was a number of officers and domestics. Some of them would have stopt my brother, but no sooner did the old woman speak to them than they let him pass. Then turning to my brother, she said to him, You must remember that the young lady I bring you to loves good-nature and modesty, and cannot endure to be contradicted; if you please her in these respects, you may be sure to obtain of her

what you please. Backbarah thanked her for this advice, and promised to follow it.

She brought him into a superb court, answerable to the magnificence of the palace. There was a gallery round it, and a garden in the middle. The old woman made him sit down on a handsome sofa, and bade him stay a moment, till she went to acquaint the young lady with his arrival.

My brother, who had never been in such a stately palace before, gazed on the fine things that he saw; and judging of his good fortune by the magnificence of the palace, he was scarcely able to contain himself for joy. In a short time he heard a great noise, occasioned by a troop of merry slaves, who came towards him with loud fits of laughter; and in the middle of them he perceived a young lady of extraordinary beauty, who was easily known to be their mistress by the respect they paid her. Backbarah, who expected private conversation with the lady, was extremely surprised when he saw so much company with her. In the mean time, the slaves, as they drew near, put on a grave countenance; and when the young lady came up to the sofa, my brother rose and made her a low obeisance. She took the upper seat, prayed him to sit down, and said to him with a smiling countenance, I am much pleased to see you, and wish you all the happiness you can desire. Madam, replied Backbarah, I cannot de-

sire a greater happiness than to be in your company. You seem to be of a pleasant humour, said she, and to be disposed to pass the time agreeably.

She commanded a collation to be brought; and immediately a table was covered with several baskets of fruits and sweetmeats. The lady sat down at the table with the slaves and my brother; and he being placed just opposite to her, when he opened his mouth to eat, she perceived he had no teeth; and taking notice of this to her slaves, she and they laughed heartily. Backbarah, from time to time, lifted up his head to look at her, and perceiving her laugh, concluded it was from the pleasure she derived from his company, and flattered himself that she would speedily send away her slaves, and remain with him alone. She guessed his thoughts, and amusing herself to flatter him in this mistake, addressed him in the most pleasant language, and presented him the best of every thing with her own hand. The entertainment being finished, they rose from the table; ten slaves took musical instruments, and began to play and sing, and others to dance. My brother, to please them, danced likewise, and the lady danced with them. After they had danced some time, they sat down to take breath, and the young lady calling for a glass of wine, looked upon my brother with a smiling countenance, to signify that she was going to drink his health. He rose

and stood while she drank. When she had done, instead of giving back the glass, she ordered it to be filled, and presented it to my brother, that he might pledge her.

Scheherazade, perceiving day, broke off her story, and continued it next night in the following manner.

THE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIFTH
NIGHT.

SIR, said she to the sultan, the barber went on thus: My brother took the glass from the young lady's hand, which he kissed at the same time, and stood and drank to her, in return for the favour she had done him. The young lady then made him sit down by her, and began to caress him. She put her hand behind his head, and gave him some tips from time to time with her fingers: ravished with these favours, he thought himself the happiest man in the world, and felt disposed to toy with the charming lady, but durst not take that liberty before so many slaves, who had their eyes upon him, and laughed at their lady's wanton tricks. The young lady continued to tip him with her fingers, but at last gave him such a sound box on the ear, that he grew angry; the colour came into his face, and he rose up to remove to a greater distance from such a rude playfellow. Then the old woman, who brought him thither, gave him a look, to let him know that he was in the wrong, and that he had forgotten her advice, to be very complaisant. He owned his fault, and to make amends, went near the young lady again, pretending that he did not remove out of any ill-humour. She drew him by the arm, made him sit down by

her, and gave him a thousand malicious squeezes. Her slaves took their part in the diversion; one gave poor Backbarah several fillips on the nose with all her might; another pulled him by the ears, as if she would have pulled them off; and others boxed him in a manner that might have made it appear they were not in jest. My brother bore all this with admirable patience, affecting a gay air, and looking at the old woman, said to her with a forced smile, You told me, indeed, that I should find the lady perfectly kind, pleasant, and charming; I am mightily obliged to you! All this is nothing, replied the old woman: let her go on, you will see other things by and by. Then the young lady said to him, Brother, you are a brave man; I am glad to find you are so good-humoured and complaisant to bear with my little caprices, and that your humour is so conformable to mine. Madam, replied Backbarah, who was charmed with this address, I am no more at my own disposal, I am wholly yours, you may do with me as you please. How you oblige me, returned the lady, by such submission! I am well pleased with you, and would have you be so with me: bring him perfume, and rose-water. Upon this, two slaves went out and returned speedily, one with a silver casket, filled with the best of aloes-wood, with which she perfumed him; and the other with rose-water, which she sprinkled on his face and

hands. My brother was quite enraptured with this handsome treatment. After this ceremony, the young lady commanded the slaves, who had already played on their instruments and sung, to renew their concerts. They obeyed, and while they were thus employed, the lady called another slave, and ordered her to take my brother with her, and do what she knew, and bring him back to her again. Backbarah, who heard this order, got up quickly, and going to the old woman, who also rose to accompany him and the slave, prayed her to inform him what they were to do with him. My mistress is only curious, replied the old woman softly; she has a mind to see how you look in a woman's dress, and this slave, who is desired to take you with her, has orders to paint your eye-brows, to cut off your whiskers, and to dress you like a woman. You may paint my eye-brows as much as you please, said my brother, I consent to that, because I can wash it off again; but to shave me, you know I must not permit. How can I appear abroad again without mustaches? Beware of refusing what is asked of you, returned the old woman: you will spoil your fortune, which is now in as favourable a train as heart can wish. The lady loves you, and has a mind to make you happy; and will you, for a nasty whisker, renounce the most delicious favours that man can obtain? Backbarah listened to the old woman, and without saying a word,

went to a chamber with the slave, where they painted his eye-brows with red, cut off his whiskers, and were going to do the like with his beard. My brother's patience then began to fail: O! said he, I will never part with my beard. The slave told him, that it was to no purpose to have parted with his whiskers, if he would not also part with his beard, which could never comport with a woman's dress; and she wondered that a man, who was upon the point of enjoying the finest lady in Bagdad, should be concerned about his beard. The old woman threatened him with the loss of the young lady's favour; so that at last he allowed them to do what they would. When he was dressed in female attire, they brought him before the young lady, who laughed so heartily when she saw him, that she fell backward on the sofa. The slaves laughed and clapped their hands, so that my brother was quite out of countenance. The young lady got up, and still laughing, said to him, After so much complaisance, I should be very much to blame not to love you with all my heart: but there is one thing more you must do for me, and that is, to dance as we do. He obeyed, and the young lady and her slaves danced with him, laughing as if they had been mad. After they had danced some time, they all fell upon the poor wretch, and did so box and kick him, that he fell down like one out of his senses. The old wo-

man helped him up again; and that he might not have time to think of his ill-treatment, bade him take courage, and whispered in his ear, that all his sufferings were at an end, and that he was just about to receive his reward.

Day-light beginning to appear, Scheherazade broke off her story, and continued it next night as follows.

THE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SECOND NIGHT.

THE old woman continued her discourse to Backbarah thus: You have only one thing more to do, and that is but a small one. You must know that my mistress has a custom, when she has drunk a little, as you see she has done to day, to let no one that she loves come near her, except they be stripped to their shirt; and when they have done so, she takes a little advantage of them, and begins running before them through the gallery, and from chamber to chamber, till they catch her. This is one more of her humours: what advantage soever she takes of you, considering your nimbleness and inclination, you will soon overtake her; strip yourself then to your shirt, undress yourself without ceremony.

My silly brother had done too much to hesitate at any thing now. He undressed himself; and in the mean time the young lady was stripped to her shift and drawers, that she might run the more nimbly. When they were ready, the young lady took the advantage of twenty paces, and then began to run with surprising swiftness: my brother followed as fast as he could, the slaves in the mean time laughing heartily and clapping their hands. The young lady, instead of losing ground, gained upon my

brother: she made him run two or three times round the gallery, and then entering a long dark passage, made her escape. Backbarah, who still followed, having lost sight of her in the passage, was obliged to slacken his pace, because of the darkness of the place: at last perceiving a light, he ran towards it, and went out at a door, which was immediately shut after him. You may imagine how he was surprised to find himself in a street inhabited by curriers, and they were no less surprised to see him in his shirt, his eyes painted red, and without beard or mustaches: they began to clap their hands and shout at him, and some of them ran after him and lashed his back with leather straps. They then took him and set him upon an ass which they met by chance, and carried him through the town exposed to the laughter of the people.

To complete his misfortune, as he went by the judge's house, he would needs know the cause of the tumult. The curriers told him, that they saw him come in that condition from the gate of the apartments of the grand vizier's women, which opened into their street; upon which the judge ordered unfortunate Backbarah to have a hundred blows with a cane on the soles of his feet, and sent him out of the town, with orders never to return.

Thus, commander of the faithful, said I to the caliph, I have given an account of the adventure of

my second brother, who did not know that our greatest ladies divert themselves sometimes by putting such tricks upon young people, who are so foolish as to be caught in the snare.

Scheherazade was obliged to stop here, because day appeared; the next night she diverted the sultan with the following story.

THE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-THIRD NIGHT.

SIR, the barber, without breaking off, told the story of his third brother in the following manner:

THE STORY OF THE BARBER'S THIRD BROTHER.

Commander of the faithful, my third brother, whose name was Backbac, was blind, and his evil destiny reduced him to beg from door to door. He had been so long accustomed to walk through the streets alone, that he wanted none to lead him: he had a custom to knock at people's doors, and not to answer till they opened to him. One day he knocked thus, and the master of the house, who was alone, cried, Who is there? My brother made no answer, and knocked a second time: the master of the house asked again and again, Who is there? but to no purpose, no one answered; upon which he came down, opened the door, and asked my brother what he wanted? Give me something for Heaven's sake, said Backbac. You seem to be blind, replied the master of the house. Yes, to my sorrow, answered my brother. Give me your hand, resumed the master of the house. My brother did so, thinking he was going to give him alms; but he only took him

by the hand to lead him up to his chamber. Backbac thought he had been carrying him to dine with him, as many other people had done. When they reached the chamber, the man let go his hand, and sitting down, asked him again what he wanted? I have already told you, said Backbac, that I want something for God's sake. Good blind man, replied the master of the house, all that I can do for you is to wish that God may restore you your sight. You might have told me that at the door, replied my brother, and not have given me the trouble to come up stairs. And why, fool, said the man of the house, do not you answer at first, when people ask you who is there? Why do you give any body the trouble to come and open the door when they speak to you? What will you do with me then? asked my brother. I tell you again, said the man of the house, I have nothing to give you. Help me down the stairs then, as you brought me up. The stairs are before you, said the man of the house, and you may go down by yourself if you will. My brother attempted to descend, but missing a step about the middle of the stairs, fell to the bottom and hurt his head and his back: he got up again with much difficulty, and went out cursing the master of the house, who laughed at his fall.

As my brother went out of the house, two blind men, his companions, were going by, knew him by

his voice, and asked him what was the matter? He told them what had happened; and afterwards said, I have eaten nothing to day; I conjure you to go along with me to my house, that I may take some of the money that we three have in common to buy me something for supper. The two blind men agreed, and they went home with him.

You must know that the master of the house where my brother was so ill used was a robber, and of a cunning and malicious disposition. He overheard from his window what Backbac had said to his companions, and came down and followed them to my brother's house. The blind men being seated, Backbac said to them, Brothers, we must shut the door, and take care there be no stranger with us. At this the robber was much perplexed, but perceiving a rope hanging down from a beam, he caught hold of it, and hung by it, while the blind men shut the door, and felt about the room with their sticks. When they had done, and had sat down again in their places, the robber left his rope, and seated himself softly by my brother, who thinking himself alone with his blind comrades, said to them, Brothers, since you have trusted me with the money, which we have been a long time gathering, I will shew you that I am not unworthy of the confidence you repose in me. The last time we reckoned, you know we had ten thousand dirhems, and that we put them

into ten bags; I will shew you that I have not touched one of them: having so said, he put his hand among some old clothes, and taking out the bags one after another, gave them to his comrades, saying, There they are; you may judge by their weight that they are whole, or you may tell them if you please. His comrades answered there was no need, they did not mistrust him; so he opened one of the bags, and took out ten dirhems, and each of the other blind men did the like.

My brother put the bags into their place again: after which, one of the blind men said to him, There is no need to lay out any thing for supper, for I have collected as much victuals from good people as will serve us all. At the same time he took out of his bag bread and cheese, and some fruit, and putting all upon the table, they began to eat. The robber, who sat at my brother's right hand, picked out the best, and eat with them; but, whatever care he took to make no noise, Backbac heard his chaps going, and cried out immediately, We are undone, there is a stranger among us: having so said, he stretched out his hand, and caught hold of the robber by the arm, cried out Thieves, fell upon him, and struck him. The other blind men fell upon him in like manner; the robber defended himself as well as he could, and being young and vigorous, besides having

the advantage of his eyes, gave furious blows, sometimes to one, sometimes to another, and cried out Thieves louder than they did. The neighbours came running at the noise, broke open the door, and had much ado to separate the combatants; but having at last succeeded, they asked the cause of their quarrel. My brother, who still had hold of the robber, cried out, Gentlemen, this man I have hold of is a thief, and stole in with us on purpose to rob us of the little money we have. The thief, who shut his eyes as soon as the neighbours came, feigned himself blind, and exclaimed, Gentlemen, he is a liar. I swear to you by heaven, and by the life of the caliph, that I am their companion, and they refuse to give me my just share. They have all three fallen upon me, and I demand justice. The neighbours would not interfere in their quarrel, but carried them all before the judge.

When they came before the magistrate, the robber, without staying to be examined, cried out, still feigning himself blind, Sir, since you are deputed to administer justice by the caliph, whom God prosper, I declare to you that we are equally criminal, my three comrades and I; but we have all engaged, upon oath, to confess nothing except we be bastinadoed; so that if you would know our crime, you need only order us to be bastinadoed, and begin

with me. My brother would have spoken, but was not allowed to do so: and the robber was put under the bastinado.

Here Scheherazade stopped, because it was day, and the next night she resumed her story thus.

THE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FOURTH
NIGHT.

THE robber being under the bastinado, had the courage to bear twenty or thirty blows; when, pretending to be overcome with pain, he first opened one eye, and then the other, and crying out for mercy, begged the judge would put a stop to the blows. The judge perceiving that he looked upon him with his eyes open, was much surprised, and said to him, Rogue, what is the meaning of this miracle? Sir, replied the robber, I will discover to you an important secret, if you will pardon me, and give me, as a pledge that you will keep your word, the seal-ring which you have on your finger. The judge consented, gave him his ring, and promised him pardon. Under this promise, continued the robber, I must confess to you, sir, that I and my three comrades do all of us see very well. We feigned ourselves to be blind, that we might freely enter people's houses, and women's apartments, where we abuse their weakness. I must farther confess to you, that by this trick we have gained together ten thousand dirhems. This day I demanded of my partners two thousand five hundred that belonged to my share, but they refused because I told them I would leave them; and they were afraid I should accuse them.

Upon my pressing still to have my share, they fell upon me; for which I appeal to those people who brought us before you. I expect from your justice, sir, that you will make them deliver me the two thousand five hundred dirhems which is my due; and if you have a mind that my comrades should confess the truth, you must order them three times as many blows as I have had, and you will find they will open their eyes as well as I have done.

My brother and the other two blind men would have cleared themselves of this horrid charge, but the judge would not hear them: Villains, said he, do you feign yourselves blind then, and, under that pretext of moving their compassion, cheat people, and commit such crimes? He is an impostor, cried my brother, and we take God to witness that none of us can see.

All that my brother could say was in vain, his comrades and he received each of them two hundred blows. The judge expected them to open their eyes, and ascribed to their obstinacy what really they could not do. All the while the robber said to the blind men, Poor fools that you are, open your eyes, and do not suffer yourselves to be beaten to death. Then addressing himself to the judge, said, I perceive, sir, that they will be maliciously obstinate to the last, and will never open their eyes. They wish certainly to avoid the shame of reading their

own condemnation in the face of every one that looks upon them; it were better, if you think fit, to pardon them, and to send some person along with me for the ten thousand dirhems they have hidden.

The judge consented to give the robber two thousand five hundred dirhems, and kept the rest himself; and as for my brother and his two companions, he thought he shewed them pity by sentencing them only to be banished. As soon as I heard what had befallen my brother, I went to him; he told me his misfortune, and I brought him back secretly to the town. I could easily have justified him to the judge, and have had the robber punished as he deserved, but durst not make the attempt, for fear of bringing myself into danger of assassination. Thus I finished the sad adventure of my honest blind brother. The caliph laughed at it, as much as at those he had heard before, and ordered again that something should be given me; but without staying for it, I began the story of my fourth brother.

THE STORY OF THE BARBER'S FOURTH BROTHER.

Alcouz was the name of the fourth brother, who lost one of his eyes, upon an occasion that I shall have the honour to relate to your majesty. He was a butcher by profession, and had a particular way of teaching rams to fight, by which he gained the ac-

quaintance and friendship of the chief lords of the country, who loved that sport, and for that end kept rams at their houses²⁷. He had besides a very good trade, and had his shop always full of the best meat, because he spared no cost for the prime of every sort. One day when he was in his shop, an old man with a long white beard came and bought six pounds of meat of him, gave him money for it, and went his way. My brother thought the money so pure and well coined, that he put it apart by itself: the same old man came every day for five months together, bought a like quantity of meat, and paid for it in the same kind of money, which my brother continued to lay apart.

At the end of five months, Alcouz having a mind to buy a lot of sheep, and to pay for them in this money, opened his chest; but instead of finding his money, was extremely surprised to see nothing in the place where he had laid it, but a parcel of leaves clipped round. He beat his head, and cried out aloud, which presently brought the neighbours about him, who were as much surprised as he, when he told them the story. O! cried my brother, weeping, that this treacherous old fellow would come now with his hypocritical looks! He had scarcely spoken, when he saw him at a distance; he ran to him, and laid hands on him; Moosulmauns, cried he, as loud as he could, help! hear what a cheat this wicked fellow has put upon me, and at the same time told a

great crowd of people, who came about him, what he had formerly told his neighbours. When he had done, the old man said to him very gravely and calmly, You had better let me go, and by that means make amends for the affront you have put upon me before so many people, for fear I should put a greater affront upon you, which I should be sorry to do. How, said my brother, what have you to say against me? I am an honest man in my business, and fear not you, nor any body. You would have me speak out then, resumed the old man in the same tone; and turning to the crowd, said to them, Know, good people, that this fellow, instead of selling mutton as he ought to do, sells human flesh. You are a cheat, said my brother. No, no, continued the old man; good people, this very minute while I am speaking to him, there is a man with his throat cut hung up in the shop like a sheep; do any of you go thither, and see if what I say be not true.

Just before my brother had opened his chest he had killed a sheep, dressed it, and exposed it in the shop, according to custom: he protested that what the old man said was false; but notwithstanding all his protestations, the credulous mob, prejudiced against a man accused of such a heinous crime, would go to see whether the charge were true. They obliged my brother to quit the old man, laid hold of him, and ran like madmen into his shop, where they saw, to all appearance, a man hung up with his

throat cut, as the old man had told them; for he was a magician, and deceived the eyes of all people, as he did my brother, when he made him take leaves instead of money. At this sight, one of those who held Alcouz gave him a violent blow with his fist, and said to him, Thou wicked villain, dost thou make us eat man's flesh instead of mutton? And at the same time the old man gave him another blow, which beat out one of his eyes. Every body that could get near him struck him; and not content with that, they carried him before a judge, with the pretended carcase of the man, to be evidence against him. Sir, said the old magician to the judge, we have brought you a man, who is so barbarous as to murder people, and to sell their flesh instead of mutton. The public expects that you will punish him in an exemplary manner. The judge heard my brother with patience, but would believe nothing of the story of the money changed into leaves, called my brother a cheat, told him he would believe his own eyes, and ordered him to receive five hundred blows. He afterwards made him tell him where his money was, took it all from him, and banished him for ever, after having made him ride three days through the city upon a camel, exposed to the insults of the people.

Scheherazade perceiving day-light, broke off, and next night continued her story as follows.

THE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIFTH
NIGHT.

THE barber went on: I was not at Bagdad when this tragical adventure befell my fourth brother. He retired into a remote place, where he lay concealed till he was cured of the blows with which his back was terribly mangled. When he was able to walk, he went by night to a certain town where nobody knew him; and there he took a lodging, from whence he seldom moved; but being weary of this confined life, he went to walk in one of the suburbs, where suddenly he heard a noise of horsemen coming behind him. He was then by chance near the gate of a house, and fearing, after what had befallen him, that these horsemen were pursuing him, he opened the gate in order to hide himself, and after he had shut it, entered a court, where immediately two servants came and collared him, saying, Heaven be praised, that you have come of your own accord to surrender yourself; you have alarmed us so much these three last nights, that we could not sleep; nor would you have spared our lives, if we had not prevented your design. You may well imagine my brother was much surprised. Good people, said he, I know not what you mean; you certainly take me for somebody else. No, no, replied they, we know that

you and your comrades are robbers: you were not contented to rob our master of all that he had, and to reduce him to beggary, but you conspired to take his life. Let us see if you have not a knife about you, which you had in your hand when you pursued us last night. Having said thus, they searched him, and found he had a knife. Ho! ho! cried they, laying hold of him, and dare you say that you are not a robber? Why, said my brother, cannot a man carry a knife about him without being a robber? If you will hearken to my story, instead of having so bad an opinion of me, you will be touched with compassion at my misfortunes. But far from attending to him, they fell upon him, trod upon him, took away his clothes, and tore his shirt. Then seeing the scars on his back, O dog, said they, redoubling their blows, would you have us believe you are an honest man, when your back shews us the contrary? Alas! said my brother, my crimes must be very great, since, after having been abused already so unjustly, I am thus treated a second time without being more culpable!

The two servants, no way moved with his complaint, carried him before the judge, who asked him how he durst presume to go into their house, and pursue them with a drawn knife? Sir, replied the unfortunate Alcouz, I am the most innocent man in the world, and am undone if you will not be

pleased to hear me patiently: no one deserves more compassion. Sir, exclaimed one of the domestics, will you listen to a robber, who enters people's houses to plunder and murder them? If you will not believe us, only look upon his back; and while he said so, he uncovered my brother's back, and shewed it to the judge, who, without any other information, commanded his officers immediately to give him a hundred lashes over the shoulders, and made him afterwards be carried through the town on a camel, with one crying before him, Thus are men punished who enter people's houses by force. After having treated him thus, they banished him the town, and forbid him ever to return. Some people, who met him after the second misfortune, brought me word where he was; I went, brought him to Bagdad privately, and gave him all the assistance I could. The caliph, continued the barber, did not laugh so much at this story as at the other. He was pleased to pity the unfortunate Alcouz, and ordered something to be given me. But without giving his servants time to obey his orders, I continued my discourse, and said to him: My sovereign lord and master, you see that I do not talk much; and since your majesty has been pleased to do me the favour to listen to me so far, I beg you would likewise hear the adventures of my two other brothers; I hope they will be as diverting as those of the

former. You may make a complete history of them, that will not be unworthy of your library: I shall do myself the honour then to acquaint you, that the fifth brother was called Alnaschar.

Here Scheherazade stopped, and left the rest of the story till next morning.

THE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SIXTH NIGHT.

THE STORY OF THE BARBER'S FIFTH BROTHER.

ALNASCHAR, as long as our father lived, was very lazy: instead of working he used to beg in the evening, and live upon what he got. Our father died at a very old age, and left among us seven hundred dirhems: we divided equally, so that each of us had a hundred for his share. Alnaschar, who had never before possessed so much money, was much perplexed to know what he should do with it. He consulted a long time with himself, and at last resolved to lay it out in glass-ware, which he bought of a wholesale dealer. He put all in an open basket, and sat with it before him, and his back against a wall, in a place where he might sell it. In this posture, with his eyes fixed on his basket, he began to meditate; during which, he spoke as follows: This basket cost me a hundred dirhems, which is all I have in the world. I shall make two hundred of them by retailing my glass, and of these two hundred, which I will again lay out in glass-ware, I shall make four hundred; and going on thus, I shall at last make four thousand dirhems; of four thousand I shall easily make eight thousand, and when I come

to ten thousand, I will leave off selling glass, and turn jeweller; I will trade in diamonds, pearls, and all sorts of precious stones: then when I am as rich as I can wish, I will buy a fine mansion, a great estate, slaves, eunuchs, and horses. I will keep a good house, and make a great figure in the world; I will send for all the musicians and dancers of both sexes in town. Nor will I stop here, for I will, by the favour of Heaven, go on till I get one hundred thousand dirhems, and when I have amassed so much, I will send to demand the grand vizier's daughter in marriage; and represent to that minister, that I have heard much of the wonderful beauty, understanding, wit, and all the other qualities of his daughter; in a word, that I will give him a thousand pieces of gold the first night after we are married; and if the vizier be so uncivil as to refuse his daughter, which cannot be supposed, I will go and carry her off before his face, and take her to my house, whether he will or no. As soon as I have married the grand vizier's daughter, I will buy her ten young black eunuchs, the handsomest that can be had; I will clothe myself like a prince, and mounted upon a fine horse, with a saddle of fine gold, with housings of cloth of gold, finely embroidered with diamonds and pearls, I will ride through the city, attended by slaves before and behind. I will go to the vizier's palace in view of all the people great and small, who will

shew me the most profound respect. When I alight at the foot of the vizier's staircase, I will ascend through my own people, ranged in files on the right and left; and the grand vizier, receiving me as his son-in-law, shall give me the right hand, and set me above him, to do me the more honour. If this comes to pass, as I hope it will, two of my people shall each of them have a purse with a thousand pieces of gold, which they shall carry with them. I will take one, and presenting it to the grand vizier, will tell him, There is the thousand pieces of gold that I promised the first night of marriage; and I will offer him the other, and say to him, There is as much more, to shew you that I am a man of my word, and even better than my promise. After such an action as this, all the world will talk of my generosity. I will return to my own house in the same pomp. My wife will send some officer to compliment me, on account of my visit to the vizier her father: I will honour the officer with a fine robe, and send him back with a rich present. If she send me a present, I will not accept it, but dismiss the bearer. I will not suffer her to go out of her apartment on any account whatever, without giving me notice: and when I have a mind to come to her apartment, it shall be in such a manner as to make her respect me. In short, no house shall be better ordered than mine. I will be always richly clad.

When I retire with my wife in the evening, I will sit on the upper seat, I will affect a grave air, without turning my head to one side or the other. I will speak little; and whilst my wife, beautiful as the full moon, stands before me in all her charms, I will make as if I did not see her. Her women about her will say to me, Our dear lord and master, here is your spouse, your humble servant, before you, ready to receive your caresses, but much mortified that you do not vouchsafe to look upon her; she is wearied with standing so long, bid her, at least, sit down. I will make no answer, which will increase their surprise and grief. They will prostrate themselves at my feet; and after they have for a considerable time entreated me to relent, I will at last lift up my head, give her a careless look, and resume my former posture: they will suppose that my wife is not handsomely enough dressed, and will carry her to her closet to change her apparel. At the same time I will get up and put on a more magnificent suit; they will return and address me as before, but I will not so much as look upon my wife, till they have prayed and entreated as long as they did at first. Thus I will begin on the first day of marriage, to teach her what she is to expect during the rest of her life.

Here Scheherazade broke off, because it was day, and next morning resumed her story as follows.

THE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SEVENTH
NIGHT.

AFTER the ceremonies of the marriage, said Alnaschar, I will take from one of my servants, who shall be about me, a purse of five hundred pieces of gold, which I will give to the tire-women, that they may leave me alone with my spouse: when they are gone, my wife shall go to bed first; then I will lie down by her with my back towards her, and will not say one word to her all night. The next morning she will certainly complain of my contempt and of my pride, to her mother the grand vizier's wife, which will rejoice my heart. Her mother will come to wait upon me, respectfully kiss my hands, and say to me, Sir, (for she will not dare to call me son-in-law, for fear of provoking me by such a familiar style), I entreat you not to disdain to look on my daughter, and refuse to come near her. I assure you that her chief delight is to please you, and that she loves you with all her soul. But in spite of all my mother-in-law can say, I will not answer her one word, but keep an obstinate gravity. Then she will throw herself at my feet, kiss them repeatedly, and say to me, Sir, is it possible that you can suspect my daughter's virtue? You are the first man who ever saw her face: do not mortify her so much; do her the favour to look upon

her, to speak to her, and confirm her in her good intentions to satisfy you in every thing. But nothing of this shall prevail with me. Upon which my mother-in-law will take a glass of wine, and putting it in the hand of her daughter my wife, will say, Go, present him this glass of wine yourself; perhaps he will not be so cruel as to refuse it from so fair a hand. My wife will come with the glass and stand trembling before me; and when she finds that I do not look towards her, but that I continue to disdain her, she will say to me, with tears in her eyes, My heart, my dear soul, my amiable lord, I conjure you, by the favours which heaven heaps upon you, to receive this glass of wine from the hand of your most humble servant: but I will not look upon her still, nor answer her. My charming spouse, will she say, redoubling her tears, and putting the glass to my mouth, I will never cease till I prevail with you to drink; then wearied with her entreaties, I will dart a terrible look at her, shake my hand in her face, and spurn her from me with my foot.

My brother was so full of these chimerical visions, that he acted with his foot as if she had been really before him, and unfortunately gave such a push to his basket and glasses, that they were thrown down, and broken into a thousand pieces²⁸.

On this fatal accident, he came to himself, and perceiving that he had brought misfortune

upon himself by his insupportable pride, beat his face, tore his clothes, and cried so loud, that the neighbours came about him; and the people, who were going to their noon prayers, stopped to know what was the matter. Being on a Friday, more people went to prayers than usual; some of them took pity on Alnaschar, and others only laughed at his extravagance. In the mean time, his vanity being dispersed with his property, he bitterly bewailed his loss; and a lady of rank passing by upon a mule richly caparisoned, my brother's situation moved her compassion. She asked who he was, and what he cried for? They told her, that he was a poor man, who had laid out the little money he possessed in the purchase of a basket of glass-ware, that the basket had fallen, and all his glasses were broken. The lady immediately turned to an eunuch who attended her, and said to him, Give the poor man what you have about you. The eunuch obeyed, and put into my brother's hands a purse with five hundred pieces of gold. Alnaschar was ready to die with joy when he received it. He gave a thousand blessings to the lady, and shutting up his shop, where he had no more occasion to sit, went to his house.

While he was pondering over his good luck, he heard somebody knock at his door. Before he opened, he asked who it was, and knowing by the voice that it was a woman, he let her in. My son, said she,

I have a favour to beg of you: the hour of prayer is come, let me perform my ablutions in your house, that I may be fit to say my prayers. My brother looking at her, and seeing that she was well advanced in years, though he knew her not, granted her request, and sat down again, still full of his new adventure. He put his gold in a long strait purse, proper to carry at his girdle. The old woman in the mean time said her prayers, and when she had done, came to my brother and bowed twice to the ground, so low, that she touched it with her forehead: then rising up, she wished him all happiness.

The day beginning to dawn, Scheherazade discontinued, and next night resumed, personating the barber, as follows.

THE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-EIGHTH
NIGHT.

THE old woman wished my brother all happiness, and thanked him for his civility. Being meanly clad, and very humble, he thought she asked alms; upon which he offered her two pieces of gold. The old woman stepped back in a sort of surprise, as if my brother had affronted her. Good God! said she, what is the meaning of this? Is it possible, sir, that you took me for one of those impudent beggars who push into people's houses to ask alms? Take back your money: thank heaven, I need it not. I belong to a young lady of this city, who is a perfect beauty, and very rich; she lets me want for nothing.

My brother was not cunning enough to perceive the craft of the old woman, who only refused the two pieces of gold, that she might catch more. He asked her, if she could not procure him the honour of seeing that lady. With all my heart, she replied; she will be very glad to marry you, and to put you in possession of her fortune, by making you master of her person. Take up your money, and follow me. My brother, transported with his good luck in finding so great a sum of money, and almost at the same time a beautiful and rich wife, shut his eyes to all other considerations; so that he took his five hun-

dred pieces of gold, and followed the old woman. She walked on, and he followed at a distance, to the gate of a great house, where she knocked. He came up just as a young Greek slave opened the gate. The old woman made him enter first, crossed a well-paved court, and introduced him into a hall, the furniture of which confirmed him in the good opinion he had conceived of the mistress of the house. While the old woman went to acquaint the lady, he sat down, and the weather being hot, put off his turban, and laid it by him. He speedily saw the young lady enter: her beauty and rich apparel perfectly surprised him; he arose as soon as he saw her. The lady, with a smiling countenance, prayed him to sit down again, and placed herself by him. She told him, she was very glad to see him; and after having spoken some engaging words, said, We do not sit here at our ease. Come, give me your hand. At these words she presented him hers, and conducted him into an inner chamber, where she conversed with him for some time: she then left him, saying that she would be with him in a moment. He waited for her; but instead of the lady came in a great black slave with a cimeter in his hand, and looking upon my brother with a terrible aspect, said to him fiercely, What have you to do here? Alnaschar was so frightened, that he had not power to answer. The black stripped him, carried off his gold, and gave him several

flesh wounds with his cimeter. My unhappy brother fell to the ground, where he lay without motion, though he had still the use of his senses. The black thinking him to be dead, asked for salt: the Greek slave brought him a bason full: they rubbed my brother's wounds with it, but he had so much command of himself, notwithstanding the intolerable pain it put him to, that he lay still without giving any sign of life. The black and the Greek slave having retired, the old woman, who had enticed my brother into the snare, came and dragged him by the feet to a trap-door, which she opened, and threw him into a place under ground, among the bodies of several other people who had been murdered. He perceived this as soon as he came to himself, for the violence of the fall had taken away his senses. The salt rubbed into his wounds preserved his life, and he recovered strength by degrees, so as to be able to walk. After two days he opened the trap-door in the night, and finding in the court a place proper to hide himself in, continued there till break of day, when he saw the cursed old woman open the street gate, and go out to seek another victim. He stayed in the place some time after she was gone, that she might not see him, and then came to me for shelter, when he told me of his adventures.

In a month's time he was perfectly cured of his wounds by medicines that I gave him, and resolved

to avenge himself of the old woman, who had put such a barbarous cheat upon him. To this end he took a bag, large enough to contain five hundred pieces of gold, and filled it with pieces of glass.

Here Scheherazade stopped till next morning, when she proceeded.

THE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-NINTH
NIGHT.

My brother, continued the barber, fastened the bag of glass about him, disguised himself like an old woman, and took a cimeter under his gown. One morning he met the old woman walking through the town to seek her prey; he went up to her, and counterfeiting a woman's voice, said, Cannot you lend me a pair of scales? I am newly come from Persia, have brought five hundred pieces of gold with me, and would know if they are weight. Good woman, answered the old hag, you could not have applied to a fitter person: follow me, I will conduct you to my son, who changes money, and will weigh them himself to save you the trouble. Let us make haste, for fear he should go to his shop. My brother followed her to the house where she carried him at first, and the Greek slave opened the door.

The old woman took my brother to the hall, where she desired him to wait till she called her son. The pretended son came, and proved to be the villainous black slave. Come, old woman, said he to my brother, rise and follow me: having spoken thus, he went before to conduct him to the place where he designed to murder him. Alnaschar got up, followed him, and drawing his cimeter, gave him such a dexterous blow behind on the neck, that he cut off

his head, which he took in one hand, and dragging the corpse with the other, threw them both into the place under ground before-mentioned. The Greek slave, who was accustomed to the trade, came presently with a bason of salt; but when she saw Al-naschar with his cimeter in his hand, and without his veil, she laid down the bason, and fled. But my brother overtaking her, cut off her head also. The wicked old woman came running at the noise, and my brother seizing her, said to her, Treacherous wretch, do not you know me? Alas, Sir! answered she trembling, who are you? I do not remember that I ever saw you. I am, replied he, the person to whose house you came the other day to wash and say your prayers. Hypocritical hag, do not you remember? Then she fell on her knees to beg his pardon, but he cut her in four pieces.

There remained only the lady, who knew nothing of what had passed: he sought her out, and found her in a chamber, where she was ready to sink when she saw him: she begged her life, which he generously granted. Madam, said he, how could you live with such wicked people, as I have so justly revenged myself upon? I was, she answered, wife to an honest merchant; and the old woman, whose wickedness I did not then know, used sometimes to come to see me; Madam, said she to me one day, we have a wedding at our house, which you will be pleased to

see, if you will give us the honour of your company: I was persuaded by her, put on my best apparel, and took with me a hundred pieces of gold. I followed her; she brought me to this house, where the black has since kept me by force, and I have been three years here to my great sorrow. By the trade which that cursed black followed, replied my brother, he must have gathered together a vast deal of riches. There is so much, said she, that you will be made for ever, if you can carry them off: follow me, and you shall see them. Alnaschar followed her to a chamber, where she shewed him several coffers full of gold, which he beheld with admiration. Go, said she, and fetch people to carry it all off. My brother went out, got ten men together, and brought them with him, but was much surprised to find the gate open, the lady and the coffers gone; for she being more diligent than he, had conveyed them all off and disappeared. However, being resolved not to return empty-handed, he carried off all the furniture of the house, which was a great deal more than enough to make up the five hundred pieces of gold he had been robbed of; but when he went out of the house, he forgot to shut the gate. The neighbours, who saw my brother and the porters come and go, went and acquainted the magistrate, for they looked upon my brother's conduct as suspicious. Alnaschar slept well enough all night, but the next morning, when

he came out of his house, twenty of the magistrate's men seized him. Come along with us, said they, our master would speak with you. My brother prayed them to have patience for a moment, and offered them a sum of money to let him escape; but instead of listening to him, they bound him, and forced him to go with them. They met in the street an old acquaintance of my brother's, who stopped them awhile, asked them why they had seized my brother, offered them a considerable sum to let him escape, and tell the magistrate they could not find him, but in vain.

Here Scheherazade stopped, because she saw day; but resumed her story thus next morning.

THE HUNDRED AND EIGHTIETH NIGHT.

WHEN the officers brought him before the magistrate, he asked him where he had the goods which he had carried home the preceding evening? Sir, replied Alnaschar, I am ready to tell you all the truth; but allow me first to have recourse to your clemency, and to beg your promise, that I shall not be punished. I give it you,' said the magistrate. My brother then told him the whole story without disguise, from the period the old woman came into his house to say her prayers, to the time the lady made her escape, after he had killed the black, the Greek slave, and the old woman: and as for what he had carried to his house, he prayed the judge to leave him part of it, for the five hundred pieces of gold of which he had been robbed.

The judge, without promising any thing, sent his officers to bring off the whole, and having put the goods into his own warehouse, commanded my brother to quit the town immediately, and never to return, for he was afraid, if he had staid in the city, he would have found some way to represent this injustice to the caliph. In the mean time, Alnaschar obeyed without murmuring, and left that town to go to another. By the way, he met with highwaymen, who stript him naked; and when the ill news was

brought to me, I carried him a suit, and brought him secretly into the town, where I took the like care of him as I did of his other brothers.

THE STORY OF THE BARBER'S SIXTH BROTHER.

I have now only to relate the story of my sixth brother, called Schacabac, with the hare lips. At first he was industrious enough to improve the hundred dirhems of silver which fell to his share, and went on very well; but a reverse of fortune brought him to beg his bread, which he did with a great deal of dexterity. He studied chiefly to get into great men's houses, by means of their servants and officers, that he might have access to their masters, and obtain their charity. One day as he passed by a magnificent house, whose high gate shewed a very spacious court, where there was a multitude of servants, he went to one of them, and asked him to whom that house belonged? Good man, replied the servant, whence do you come that you ask me such a question? Does not all that you behold point out to you that it is the palace of a Bermukkee *? My brother, who very well knew the liberality and generosity of the Bermukkees, addressed himself to one of his porters (for he had more than one), and prayed

* The Bermukkees, as has been said already, were a noble family of Persia, who settled at Bagdad.

him to give him an alms. Go in, said he, nobody hinders you, and address yourself to the master of the house; he will send you back satisfied.

My brother, who expected no such civility, thanked the porters, and with their permission entered the palace, which was so large, that it took him a considerable time to reach the Bermukkee's apartment; at last he came to an arcade square building of an excellent architecture, and entered by parterres of flowers intersected by walks of several colours, extremely pleasant to the eye: the lower apartments round this square were most of them open, and were shut only with great curtains to keep out the sun, which were opened again when the heat was over to let in the fresh air.

Such an agreeable place would have struck my brother with admiration, even if his mind had been more at ease than it was. He went on till he came into a hall richly furnished and adorned with painting of gold and azure foliage, where he saw a venerable man with a long white beard, sitting at the upper end on a sofa, whence he concluded him to be the master of the house; and in fact it was the Bermukkee himself, who said to my brother in a very civil manner, that he was welcome; and asked him what he wanted? My lord, answered my brother, in a begging tone, I am a poor man who stands in need of the help of such rich and generous persons as yourself. He could

not have addressed himself to a fitter person than this lord, who had a thousand good qualities.

The Bermukkee seemed to be astonished at my brother's answer, and putting both his hands to his stomach, as if he would rend his clothes for grief, Is it possible, cried he, that I am at Bagdad, and that such a man as you is so poor as you say? this is what must never be. My brother, fancying that he was going to give him some singular mark of his bounty, blessed him a thousand times, and wished him all happiness. It shall not be said, replied the Bermukkee, that I will abandon you, nor will I have you leave me. Sir, replied my brother, I swear to you I have not eaten one bit to day. Is it true, demanded the Bermukkee, that you are fasting till now? Alas, poor man! he is ready to die for hunger. Ho, boy, cried he, with a loud voice, bring a bason and water presently, that we may wash our hands. Though no boy appeared, and my brother saw neither water nor bason, the Bermukkee fell to rubbing his hands, as if one had poured water upon them, and bade my brother come and wash with him. Schacabac judged by this, that the Bermukkee lord loved to be merry, and he himself understanding raillery, and knowing that the poor must be complaisant to the rich, if they would have any thing from them, came forward and did as he was required.

Come on, said the Bermukkee, bring us some-

thing to eat, and do not let us wait. When he had spoken, though nothing appeared, he began to cut as if something had been brought him upon a plate, and putting his hand to his mouth began to chew, and said to my brother, Come, friend, eat as freely as if you were at home; come, eat; you said you were like to die of hunger, but you eat as if you had no appetite. Pardon me, my lord, said Schacabac, who perfectly imitated what he did, you see I lose no time, and that I play my part well enough. How like you this bread, said the Bermukkee; do not you find it very good? O! my lord, replied my brother, who saw neither bread nor meat, I have never eaten any thing so white and so fine. Eat your belly-full, said the Bermukkee; I assure you the woman who bakes me this good bread cost me five hundred pieces of gold to purchase her.

Here Scheherazade stopped because it was day, and next night went on thus.

THE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-FIRST
NIGHT.

THE Bermukkee, after having boasted so much of his bread, which my brother ate only in idea, cried, Boy, bring us another dish: and though no boy appeared, Come, my good friend, continued he, taste this new dish; and tell me if ever you ate better mutton and barley-broth than this. It is admirably good, replied my brother, and therefore you see I eat heartily. You oblige me highly, resumed the Bermukkee; I conjure you then, by the satisfaction I have to see you eat so heartily, that you eat all up, since you like it so well. A little while after he called for a goose and sweet sauce, made up of vinegar, honey, dry raisins, grey peas, and dry figs, which were brought just in the same manner as the others had. The goose is very fat, said the Bermukkee, eat only a leg and a wing; we must save our stomachs, for we have abundance of other dishes to come. He actually called for several others, of which my brother, who was ready to die of hunger, pretended to eat; but what he boasted of more than all the rest was a lamb fed with pistachio nuts, which he ordered to be brought up in the same manner. Here is a dish, said the Bermukkee, that you will see at nobody's table but my own; I would have you

eat your belly-full of it. Having spoken thus, he stretched out his hand as if he had had a piece of lamb in it, and putting it to my brother's mouth, There, said he, swallow that, and you will judge whether I had not reason to boast of this dish. My brother thrust out his head, opened his mouth, and made as if he took the piece of lamb, and eat it with extreme pleasure. I knew you would like it, said the Bermukkee. There is nothing in the world finer, replied my brother; your table is most delicious. Come, bring the ragout; I fancy you will like that as well as you did the lamb: Well, how do you relish it? O! it is wonderful, replied Schacabac; for here we taste all at once, amber, cloves, nutmeg, ginger, pepper, and the most odoriferous herbs, and all these delicacies are so well mixed, that one does not prevent our tasting the other. How pleasant! Honour this ragout, said the Bermukkee, by eating heartily of it. Ho, boy, bring us another ragout. No, my lord, if it please you, replied my brother, for indeed I can eat no more.

Come, take away then, said the Bermukkee, and bring the fruit. He staid a moment as it were to give time for his servants to carry away; after which, he addressed my brother, Taste these almonds, they are good and fresh gathered. Both of them made as if they had peeled the almonds, and eaten them; after this, the Bermukkee invited my brother to eat

something else. Look, said he, there are all sorts of fruits, cakes, dry sweetmeats, and conserves, take what you like; then stretching out his hand, as if he had reached my brother something, Look, he continued, there is a lozenge, very good for digestion. Schacabac made as if he ate it, and said, My lord, there is no want of musk here. These lozenges, replied the Bermukkee, are made at my own house, where nothing is wanting to make every article good. He still bade my brother eat, and said to him, Methinks you do not eat as if you had been so hungry as you complained you were when you came in. My lord, replied Schacabac, whose jaws ached with moving and having nothing to eat, I assure you I am so full that I cannot eat one bit more.

Well then, friend, resumed the Bermukkee, we must drink now, after we have eaten so well. You may drink wine, my lord, replied my brother, but I will drink none if you please, because I am forbidden. You are too scrupulous, rejoined the Bermukkee; do as I do. I will drink then out of complaisance, said Schacabac, for I see you will have nothing wanting to make your treat complete; but since I am not accustomed to drink wine, I am afraid I shall commit some error in point of good breeding, and contrary to the respect that is due to you; therefore I pray you, once more, to excuse me from drinking any wine; I will be content with water. No, no, said

the Bermukkee, you shall drink wine, and at the same time he commanded some to be brought, in the same manner as the meat and fruit had been served before. He made as if he poured out wine, and drank first himself, and then pouring out for my brother, presented him the glass, saying, Drink my health, and let us know if you think this wine good. My brother made as if he took the glass, and looked as if the colour was good, and put it to his nose to try the flavour: he then made a low salute to the Bermukkee, to signify that he took the liberty to drink his health, and lastly he appeared to drink with all the signs of a man that drinks with pleasure: My lord, said he, this is very excellent wine, but I think it is not strong enough. If you would have stronger, answered the Bermukkee, you need only speak, for I have several sorts in my cellar. Try how you like this. Upon which he made as if he poured out another glass for himself, and one for my brother; and did this so often, that Schacabac, feigning to be intoxicated with the wine, and acting a drunken man, lifted up his hand, and gave the Bermukkee such a box on the ear, as made him fall down. He was going to give him another blow, but the Bermukkee holding up his hand to ward it off, cried, Are you mad? Then my brother, making as if he had come to himself again, said, My lord, you have been so good as to admit your slave into your house, and give him a

treat; you should have been satisfied with making me eat, and not have obliged me to drink wine; for I told you beforehand, that it might occasion me to fail in my respect for you. I am very sorry for it, and beg you a thousand pardons.

Scarcely had he finished these words, when the Bermukkee, instead of being in a passion, fell a laughing with all his might. I have been long, said he, seeking a man of your character.

Here Scheherazade broke off, and continued her story next night as follows.

THE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-SECOND NIGHT.

THE Bermukkee caressed Schacabac mightily, and told him, I not only forgive the blow you have given me, but I desire henceforward we should be friends, and that you take my house for your home: you have had the complaisance to accommodate yourself to my humour, and the patience to keep the jest up to the last; we will now eat in good earnest. When he had finished these words, he clapped his hands²⁹, and commanded his servants, who then appeared, to cover the table; which was speedily done, and my brother was treated with all those dishes in reality, which he ate of before in fancy. At last they cleared the table, and brought in the wine, and at the same time a number of handsome slaves, richly appareled, came and sung some agreeable airs to their musical instruments. In a word, Schacabac had all the reason in the world to be satisfied with the Bermukkee's civility and bounty; for he treated him as his familiar friend, and ordered him a suit from his wardrobe³⁰.

The Bermukkee found my brother to be a man of so much wit and understanding, that in a few days after he entrusted him with the care of his household and all his affairs. My brother acquitted himself very well in that employment for twenty years;

at the end of which the generous Bermukkee died, and leaving no heirs, all his property was confiscated to the use of the prince; and my brother lost all he had acquired. Being reduced to his first condition, he joined a caravan of pilgrims going to Mecca, designing to accomplish that pilgrimage by their charity; but unfortunately the caravan was attacked and plundered by a number of Bedouins*, superior to that of the pilgrims. My brother was then taken as a slave by one of the Bedouins, who put him under the bastinado for several days, to oblige him to ransom himself. Schacabac protested that it was all in vain. I am your slave, said he, you may dispose of me as you please; but I declare to you, that I am extremely poor, and not able to redeem myself. In a word, my brother discovered to him all his misfortunes, and endeavoured to soften him with tears; but the Bedouin was not to be moved, and being vexed to find himself disappointed of a considerable sum of which he reckoned himself sure, he took his knife and slit my brother's lips, to avenge himself by this inhumanity for the loss that he thought he had sustained.

The Bedouin had a handsome wife, and frequently when he went on his excursions left my brother

* Or Arabs of the desert, who wander in the deserts, and plunder the caravans when they are not strong enough to resist them.

alone with her. At such times she used all her endeavours to comfort my brother under the rigour of his slavery. She gave him tokens enough that she loved him, but he durst not return her passion, for fear he should repent; and therefore avoided being alone with her, as much as she sought the opportunity to be alone with him. She was so much in the habit of toying and playing with the miserable Schacabac, whenever she saw him, that one day she happened to act in the same manner, in the presence of her husband. My brother, without taking notice that he observed them (so his sins would have it), played likewise with her. The Bedouin, immediately supposing that they lived together in a criminal manner, fell upon my brother in a rage, and after he had mutilated him in a barbarous manner, carried him on a camel to the top of a desert mountain, where he left him. The mountain was on the road to Bagdad, so that the passengers who saw him there informed me where he was. I went thither speedily, and found unfortunate Schacabac in a deplorable condition: I gave him what help he stood in need of, and brought him back to the city.

This is what I told the caliph Mustunsir, added the barber; that prince applauded me with new fits of laughter. Now, said he, I cannot doubt but they justly give you the surname of Silent. No one can say the contrary; for certain reasons, however, I

command you to depart this town immediately, and let me hear no more of you. I yielded to necessity, and travelled for several years in distant countries. Understanding at last that the caliph was dead, I returned to Bagdad, where I found not one of my brothers alive. It was on my return to this city that I did the lame young man the important service which you have heard. You are, however, witnesses of his ingratitude, and of the injurious manner in which he treated me; instead of testifying his obligation, he rather chose to fly from me, and leave his own country. When I understood that he was not at Bagdad, though no one could tell me whither he was gone, I determined to seek him. I travelled from province to province a long time; and when I least expected, met him this day, but I little thought to find him so incensed against me.

Scheherazade perceiving day, broke off, and continued her discourse the next night.

THE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-THIRD NIGHT.

THE tailor thus finished relating to the sultan of Casgar the history of the lame young man, and the barber of Bagdad. When the barber had concluded his story, we found that the young man was not to blame for calling him a great chatterer. However, we wished him to stay with us, and partake of the entertainment which the master of the house had prepared. We sat down to table, and were merry together till afternoon prayers; when all the company parted, and I went to my shop, till it was time to return home.

It was during this interval that humpback came half drunk before my shop, where he sung and played on his taber. I thought that, by carrying him home with me, I should divert my wife, therefore I took him in: my wife gave us a dish of fish, and I presented humpback with some, which he ate without taking notice of a bone. He fell down dead before us, and after having in vain essayed to help him, in the trouble and fear occasioned by such an unlucky accident, we carried the corpse out, and dexterously lodged him with the Jewish doctor. The Jewish doctor put him into the chamber of the purveyor, and the purveyor carried him out into the

street, where it was believed the merchant had killed him. This, sir, added the tailor, is what I had to say to satisfy your majesty, who must pronounce whether we be worthy of mercy or wrath, life or death.

The sultan of Casgar shewed a satisfaction in his countenance, which restored the tailor and his comrades to life. I cannot but acknowledge, said he, that I am more struck with the history of the young cripple, with that of the barber, and with the adventures of his brothers, than with the story of my jester: but before I send you all away, and we proceed to bury humpback, I should like to see the barber who is the occasion of my pardoning you; since he is in my capital, it is easy to satisfy my curiosity. At the same time he sent an officer with the tailor to find him.

The officer and the tailor went immediately, and brought the barber, whom they presented to the sultan: the barber was a venerable man about ninety years of age; his eye-brows and beard were white as snow, his ears hanging down, and his nose very long. The sultan could not forbear laughing when he saw him. Silent man, said he to him, I understand that you know wonderful stories, will you tell me some of them? Sir, answered the barber, let us forbear the stories, if you please, at present. I most humbly beg your majesty to permit me to ask what that Christian, that Jew, that Moosulmaun and that

dead humpback, who lies on the ground, do here before your majesty? The sultan smiled at the barber's freedom, and replied, Why do you ask? Sir, replied the barber, it concerns me to ask, that your majesty may know I am not so great a talker as some represent me, but a man justly called *Silent*.

Scheherazade perceiving day, discontinued, but resumed her discourse the next night.

THE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-FOURTH NIGHT.

SIR, the sultan of Casgar had the condescension to satisfy the barber's curiosity. He commanded them to tell him the story of the humpback, which he seemed earnestly to wish for. When the barber heard it, he shook his head, as if he would say; there was something under this which he did not understand. Truly, cried he, this is a surprising story; but I wish to examine humpback a little nearer. He approached him, sat down on the ground, took his head between his knees, and after he had looked upon him steadfastly, fell into so great a fit of laughter, and had so little command of himself, that he fell backwards on the ground, without considering that he was before the sultan of Casgar. As soon as he came to himself, It is said, cried he, and not without reason, that no man dies without a cause. If ever any history deserved to be written in letters of gold, it is that of this humpback.

At this all the people looked on the barber as a buffoon, or an old dotard. Silent man, said the sultan, why do you laugh? Sir, answered the barber, I swear by your majesty's benevolence, that humpback is not dead: he is yet alive, and I shall be content to pass for a madman if I do not convince you

this minute. So saying, he took a box wherein he had several medicines that he carried about him to use as occasion might require; and drew out a little phial of balsam, with which he rubbed humpback's neck a long time; then he took out of his case a neat iron instrument, which he put betwixt his teeth, and after he had opened his mouth, he thrust down his throat a pair of small pincers, with which he took out a bit of fish and bone, which he shewed to all the people. Immediately humpback sneezed, stretched forth his arms and feet, opened his eyes, and shewed several other signs of life.

The sultan of Casgar, and all who were witnesses of this operation, were less surprised to see humpback revive, after he had passed a whole night, and great part of a day, without giving any sign of life, than at the merit and capacity of the barber, who performed this; and notwithstanding all his faults, began to look upon him as a great physician. The sultan, transported with joy and admiration, ordered the story of humpback to be written down, with that of the barber, that the memory of them might, as it deserved, be preserved for ever. Nor did he stop here; but, that the tailor, Jewish doctor, purveyor, and Christian merchant might remember the adventure, which the accident of humpback had occasioned to them, with pleasur , he did not send them away till he had given each of them a very

rich robe, with which he caused them to be clothed in his presence. As for the barber, he honoured him with a great pension, and kept him near his person.

Thus the sultanness finished this long train of adventures, to which the supposed death of humpback gave occasion; then remained silent, because day appeared. Her dear sister Dinarzade observing she had stopped, said to her, My princess, my sultanness, I am the more charmed with the story you just now told, because it concludes with an incident I did not expect. I verily thought humpback was dead. This surprise pleases me, said Shier-ear, as much as the adventures of the barber's brothers. The story of the lame young man of Bagdad diverted me also very much, replied Dinarzade. I am glad of it, dear sister, returned the sultanness; and since I have the good fortune not to tire out the patience of the sultan, our lord and master, if his majesty will still be so gracious as to preserve my life, I shall have the honour to give him an account tomorrow of the loves of Aboulhassen Ali Ebn Becar and Schemselnihar, favourite of the caliph Haroon al Rusheed, which is no less worthy of his and your notice than the history of humpback. The sultan of the Indies, who was very well satisfied with the stories that Scheherazade had told him, was willing

to hear that which she now promised. He rose however to go to prayers, and hold his council, without giving any intimation of his pleasure respecting the sultaness.

THE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-FIFTH NIGHT.

DINARZADE being always careful to awake her sister, called this night at the ordinary hour: My dear sister, said she, day will soon appear. I earnestly beg of you to continue your stories. We need no other, said Shier-ear, but that of the loves of Aboulhasen Ali Ebn Becar and Schemselnihar. Sir, said Scheherazade, I will satisfy your curiosity.

THE HISTORY OF ABOULHASSEN ³¹ ALI EBN BECAR,
AND SCHEMSELNIHAR ³², FAVOURITE OF CALIPH
HAROON AL RUSHEED.

In the reign of the caliph Haroon al Rusheed, there lived at Bagdad a druggist, named Alboussan Ebn Thaher, a very rich handsome man. He had more wit and politeness than people of his profession generally possess: his integrity, sincerity, and good humour, made him beloved and sought after by all sorts of people. The caliph, who knew his merit, had entire confidence in him. He held him in such high esteem, that he entrusted him to provide his favourite ladies with all the things they stood in need of. He chose for them their clothes, furniture, and jewels, with admirable taste.

His good qualities, and the favour of the caliph, occasioned the sons of emirs, and other officers of the first rank, to be always about him: his house was the rendezvous of all the nobility of the court. Among the young lords that went daily to visit him, was one whom he took more notice of than the rest, and with whom he contracted a particular friendship, called AboulhasSEN Ali Ebn Becar, originally of an ancient royal family of Persia. This family had continued at Bagdad³³ ever since the conquest of that kingdom. Nature seemed to have taken pleasure in endowing this young prince with the rarest qualities of body and mind: his face was so very beautiful, his shape so fine, his air so easy, and his physiognomy so engaging, that it was impossible to see him without immediately loving him. When he spoke, he expressed himself in terms proper and well chosen, with a new and agreeable turn, and his voice charmed all that heard him: he had besides so much wit and judgment, that he thought and spoke of all subjects with admirable exactness. He was so reserved and modest, that he advanced nothing till after he had taken all possible care to avoid giving any ground of suspicion that he preferred his own opinion to that of others.

Being such a person as I have represented him, we need not wonder that Ebn Thaher distinguished him from all the other young noblemen of the court,

most of whom had the vices which composed the opposites to his virtues. One day, when the prince was with Ebn Thaher, there came a lady mounted on a piebald mule, in the midst of ten female slaves who accompanied her on foot, all very handsome, as far as could be judged by their air, and through their veils which covered their faces. The lady had a girdle of a rose colour, four inches broad, embroidered with pearls and diamonds of an extraordinary bigness; and for beauty it was easy to perceive that she surpassed all her women, as far as the full moon does that of two days old. She came to buy something, and as she wanted to speak to Ebn Thaher, entered his shop, which was very neat and spacious; and he received her with all the marks of the most profound respect, entreating her to sit down, and directing her to the most honourable place.

In the mean time, the prince of Persia, unwilling to lose such an opportunity of shewing his good breeding and gallantry, adjusted the cushion of cloth of gold, for the lady to lean on; after which he hastily retired, that she might sit down; and having saluted her, by kissing the carpet under her feet, rose and stood before her at the lower end of the sofa. It being her custom to be free with Ebn Thaher, she lifted up her veil, and discovered to the prince of Persia such an extraordinary beauty as struck him to the heart. On the other hand, the

lady could not refrain from looking upon the prince, the sight of whom had made the same impressions upon her. My lord, said she to him, with an obliging air, pray sit down. The prince of Persia obeyed, and sat on the edge of the sofa. He had his eyes constantly fixed upon her, and swallowed large draughts of the sweet poison of love. She quickly perceived what passed in his heart, and this discovery served to inflame her the more towards him. She arose, went to Ebn Thaher, and after she had whispered to him the cause of her coming, asked the name and country of the prince. Madam, answered Ebn Thaher, this young nobleman's name is Aboulhassen Ali Ebn Becar, and he is a prince of the blood royal of Persia.

The lady was transported at hearing that the person she already loved so passionately was of so high a rank. Do you really mean, said she, that he is descended from the kings of Persia? Yes, madam, replied Ebn Thaher, the last kings of Persia were his ancestors, and since the conquest of that kingdom, the princes of his family have always made themselves very acceptable at the court of our caliphs. You will oblige me much, added she, by making me acquainted with this young nobleman: when I send this woman, pointing to one of her slaves, to give you notice to come and see me, pray bring him with you; I shall be glad to afford him the

opportunity of seeing the magnificence of my house, that he may have it in his power to say, that avarice does not reign at Bagdad among persons of quality. You know what I mean.

Ebn Thaher was a man of too much penetration not to perceive the lady's mind by these words: My princess, my queen, replied he, God preserve me from giving you any occasion of anger: I shall always make it a law to obey your commands. At this answer, the lady bowed to Ebn Thaher, and took her leave; and after she had given a favourable look to the prince of Persia, she remounted her mule, and departed.

Scheherazade stopped here, to the great regret of the sultan of the Indies, who was obliged to rise, because day appeared: she continued her story next night.

THE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-SIXTH NIGHT.

THE prince of Persia was so deeply in love with the lady, that he looked after her as far as he could; and long after she was out of sight directed his eyes that way. Ebn Thaher told him, that he remarked several persons observing him, and began to laugh to see him in this posture. Alas! said the prince, the world and you would pity me, if you knew that the beautiful lady, who is just gone from you, has carried with her the best part of me, and that the remaining part seeks for an opportunity to go after her. Tell me, I conjure you, added he, what cruel lady is this, who forces people to love her, without giving them time to reflect? My lord, answered Ebn Thaher, this is the celebrated Schemselnihar, the principal favourite of the caliph our master. She is justly so called, added the prince, since she is more beautiful than the sun at noon-day. True, replied Ebn Thaher; therefore the commander of the faithful loves, or rather adores her. He gave me express orders to furnish her with all that she asked for, and to anticipate her wishes, as far as lies in my power.

He spoke thus to hinder him from engaging in a passion which could not but prove unfortunate to

him; but this served only to inflame it the more. I feared, charming Schemselnihar, cried he, I should not be allowed so much as to think of you; I perceive, however, that without hopes of being loved in return, I cannot forbear loving you; I will love you then, and bless my lot that I am the slave of an object fairer than the meridian sun.

While the prince of Persia thus consecrated his heart to the fair Schemselnihar, this lady, as she went home, contrived how she might see, and have free converse with him. She no sooner entered her palace, than she sent to Ebn Thaher the woman she had pointed out to him, and in whom she placed all her confidence, to tell him to come and see her without delay, and bring the prince of Persia with him. The slave came to Ebn Thaher's shop, while he was speaking to the prince, and endeavouring to dissuade him, by very strong arguments, from loving the caliph's favourite. When she saw them together, Gentlemen, said she, my honourable mistress Schemselnihar, the chief favourite of the commander of the faithful, entreats you to come to her palace, where she waits for you. Ebn Thaher, to testify his obedience, rose up immediately, without answering the slave, and followed her, not without some reluctance. The prince also followed her, without reflecting on the danger there might be in such a visit. The presence of Ebn Thaher, who had liberty

to go to the favourite when he pleased, made the prince very easy: they followed the slave, who went a little before them, and entered after her into the caliph's palace, and joined her at the gate of Schemselnihar's pavilion, which was ready open ³⁴. She introduced them into a great hall, where she prayed them to be seated.

The prince of Persia thought himself in one of those delicious palaces that are promised to us in the other world: he had never seen any thing that came near the magnificence of the place. The carpets, cushions, and other appendages of the sofa, the furniture, ornaments, and architecture, were surprisingly rich and beautiful. A little time after Ebn Thaher and he had seated themselves, a very handsome black slave brought in a table covered with several delicacies, the admirable smell of which evinced how deliciously they were seasoned. While they were eating, the slave who brought them in waited upon them; she took particular care to invite them to eat of what she knew to be the greatest dainties. The other slaves brought them excellent wine after they had eaten. When they had done, there was presented to each of them a gold bason full of water to wash their hands; after which, they brought them a golden pot full of the wood of aloes, with which they perfumed their beards and clothes. Odoriferous water was not forgotten, but served in a

golden vessel enriched with diamonds and rubies, and it was thrown upon their beards and faces according to custom³⁵; they then resumed their places, but had scarcely sat down, when the slave entreated them to arise and follow her. She opened a door, and conducted them into a large saloon of wonderful structure. It was a dome of the most agreeable form, supported by a hundred pillars of marble, white as alabaster. The bases and chapiters of the pillars were adorned with four-footed beasts, and birds of various sorts, gilded. The carpet of this noble saloon consisted of one piece of cloth of gold, embroidered with bunches of roses in red and white silk; and the dome painted in the same manner, after the Arabian fashion, presented to the mind one of the most charming objects. In every space between the columns was a little sofa adorned in the same manner, and great vessels of china, crystal, jasper, jet, porphyry, agate, and other precious materials, garnished with gold and jewels; in these spaces were also so many large windows, with balconies projecting breast high, fitted up as the sofas, and looking out into the most delicious garden; the walks were of little pebbles of different colours, of the same pattern as the carpet of the saloon: so that, looking upon the carpet within and without, it seemed as if the dome and the garden with all its ornaments had been upon the same carpet. The prospect was, at the end of the

walks, terminated by two canals of clear water, of the same circular figure as the dome, one of which being higher than the other, emptied its water into the lowermost, in form of a sheet; and curious pots of gilt brass, with flowers and shrubs, were set upon the banks of the canals at equal distances. Those walks lay betwixt great plots of ground planted with straight and bushy trees, where a thousand birds formed a melodious concert, and diverted the eye by flying about, and playing together, or fighting in the air.

The prince of Persia and Ebn Thaher were a long time engaged in viewing the magnificence of the place, and expressed their surprise at every thing they saw, especially the prince, who had never beheld any thing like it. Ebn Thaher, though he had been several times in that delicious place, could not but observe many new beauties. In a word they never grew weary in admiring so many singularities, and were thus agreeably employed, when they perceived a company of ladies richly appareled sitting without, at some distance from the dome, each of them upon a seat of Indian plane wood inlaid with silver filigree in compartments, with instruments of music in their hands, waiting for orders to play. They both went forward, and had a full view of the ladies, and on the right they saw a great court with a stair up from the garden, encompassed with beauti-

ful apartments. The slave had left them, and being alone, they conversed together: For you, who are a wise man, said the prince of Persia, I doubt not but you look with a great deal of satisfaction upon all these marks of grandeur and power; for my part, I do not think there is any thing in the world more surprising. But when I consider that this is the glorious habitation of the lovely Schemselnihar, and that the greatest monarch of the earth keeps her here, I confess to you that I look upon myself to be the most unfortunate of all mankind, and that no destiny can be more cruel than mine, to love an object possessed by my rival, and that too in a place where he is so potent, that I cannot think myself sure of my life one moment.

Scheherazade said no more that night, because day began to appear, but next night continued her story.

THE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-SEVENTH
NIGHT.

EBN Thaher, hearing the prince of Persia speak as I told your majesty last night, replied, Sir, I wish you could give me as good assurance of the happy success of your passion, as I can give you of the safety of your life. Though this stately palace belongs to the caliph, who built it on purpose for Schemselnihar, and called it the palace of eternal pleasures, and though it makes part of his own palace, yet you must know that this lady lives here at absolute liberty. She is not beset by eunuchs to be spies upon her; this is her private house, absolutely at her disposal. She goes into the city when she pleases, and returns again, without asking leave of any body; and the caliph never comes to see her, but he sends Mesrour, the chief of his eunuchs, to give her notice, that she may be prepared to receive him. Therefore you may be easy, and give full attention to the concert of music, which, I perceive, Schemselnihar is preparing for you.

Just as Ebn Thaher had spoken these words, the prince of Persia, and he, saw the favourite's trusty slave giving orders to the ladies to begin to sing, and play with the instruments: they all began immediately to play together as a prelude, and after they had

played some time, one of them began to sing alone, and accompanied herself at the same time admirably upon her lute, being informed beforehand upon what subject she was to sing. The words were so agreeable to the prince of Persia's sentiments, that he could not forbear applauding her at the end of the couplet. Is it possible, cried he, that you have the gift of knowing people's hearts, and that the knowledge of what is passing in my mind has occasioned you to give us a taste of your charming voice by those words? I should not express myself otherwise, were I to choose. The lady made no reply, but went on and sung several other stanzas, with which the prince was so affected, that he repeated some of them with tears in his eyes; which discovered plainly enough that he applied them to himself. When she had finished, she and her companions rose up and sung a chorus, signifying by their words, that the full moon was going to rise in all her splendor, and that they should speedily see her approach the sun. Intimating, that Schemsel-nihar was coming, and that the prince of Persia would soon have the pleasure of beholding her.

In fact, as they looked towards the court, they saw Schemselnihar's confidant coming towards them, followed by ten black women, who, with much difficulty, carried a throne of massy silver curiously wrought, which they set down before them at a

certain distance; the black slaves then retired behind the trees, to the entrance of a walk. After this came twenty handsome ladies richly appareled alike; they advanced in two rows, each singing and playing upon instruments which she held in her hands, and placed themselves on each side of the throne.

All these things kept the prince of Persia and Ebn Thaher in so much the greater expectation, as they were curious to know how they would end. At length they saw advancing from the gate through which the ten black women had proceeded ten other ladies equally handsome, and well dressed, who halted a few moments, expecting the favourite, who came out last, and placed herself in the midst of them.

Day-light beginning to appear, Scheherazade was obliged to stop, but next night pursued her story.

THE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-EIGHTH NIGHT.

SCHEMSELNIHAR was easily distinguished from the rest, by her fine shape and majestic air, as well as by a sort of mantle, of a very fine stuff of gold and sky-blue, fastened to her shoulders, over her other apparel, which was the most handsome, most magnificent, and best contrived that could be imagined.

The pearls, rubies, and diamonds, which adorned her, were well disposed; not many in number, but chosen with taste, and of inestimable value. She came forward, with a majesty resembling the sun in its course amidst the clouds, which receive his splendor without hiding his lustre, and sat upon the silver throne that had been brought for her.

As soon as the prince of Persia saw Schemselnihar, his eyes were rivetted on her. We cease inquiring, said he to Ebn Thaher, after what we seek, when once it is in view; and no doubt remains, when once the truth is made apparent. Do you see this charming beauty? She is the cause of all my sufferings, which I bless, and will never forbear to bless, however severe and lasting. At the sight of this object, I am not my own master; my soul is disturbed, and rebels, and seems disposed to leave me. Go then, my soul, I allow thee; but let it be

for the welfare and preservation of this weak body. It is you, cruel Ebn Thaher, who are the cause of this disorder, in bringing me hither. You thought to do me a great pleasure; but I perceive I am only come to complete my ruin. Pardon me, he continued, interrupting himself; I am mistaken. I would come, and can blame no one but myself; and at these words he burst into tears. I am glad, said Ebn Thaher, that you do me justice. When I told you at first, that Schemselnihar was the caliph's chief favourite, I did it on purpose to prevent that fatal passion which you please yourself with entertaining. All that you see here ought to disengage you, and you are to think of nothing but of acknowledging the honour which Schemselnihar has done you, by ordering me to bring you with me; recall then your wandering reason, and prepare to appear before her, as good breeding requires. See, she advances: were we to begin again, I would take other measures, but since the thing is done, I pray God we may not have cause to repent. All that I have now to say to you is, that love is a traitor, who may involve you in difficulties from which you will never be able to extricate yourself.

Ebn Thaher had no time to say more, because Schemselnihar approached, and sitting down upon her throne, saluted them both by bowing her head; but she fixed her eyes on the prince of Persia, and

they spoke to one another in a silent language intermixed with sighs; by which in a few moments they spoke more than they could have done by words in a much longer time. The more Schemselnihar looked upon the prince, the more she found in his looks to confirm her opinion that he was in love with her; and being thus persuaded of his passion, thought herself the happiest woman in the world. At last she turned her eyes from him, to command the women, who began to sing first, to come near; they rose, and as they advanced, the black women, who came out of the walk into which they had retired, brought their seats, and placed them near the window, in the front of the dome where Ebn Thaher and the prince of Persia stood, and their seats were so disposed, that, with the favourite's throne and the women on each side of her, they formed a semicircle before them.

The women, who were sitting before she came, resumed their places, with the permission of Schemselnihar, who ordered them by a sign; that charming favourite chose one of those women to sing, who, after she had spent some moments in tuning her lute, sung a song, the meaning whereof was, That when two lovers entirely loved one another with affection boundless, their hearts, though in two bodies, were united; and, when any thing opposed their desires, could say with tears in their eyes, If

we love because we find one another amiable, ought we to be blamed? Let destiny bear the blame.

Schemselnihar evinced so plainly by her eyes and gestures that those words were applicable to herself and the prince of Persia, that he could not contain himself. He arose, and advancing to a balustrade, which he leaned upon, beckoned to one of the companions of the woman who had just done singing, to approach. When she had got near enough, he said to her, Do me the favour to accompany me with your lute, in a song which you shall hear me sing. He then sung with an air so tender and passionate, as perfectly expressed the violence of his love. As soon as he had done, Schemselnihar, following his example, said to one of the women, Attend to me likewise, and accompany my song. At the same time she sung in such a manner, as more deeply to penetrate the heart of the prince of Persia, who answered her by a new air, more passionate than the former.

The two lovers having declared their mutual affection by their songs, Schemselnihar yielded to the force of hers. She arose from her throne in transport, and advanced towards the door of the hall. The prince, who perceived her design, rose up immediately, and went to meet her. They met at the door, where they took one another by the hand, and embraced with so much passion, that they fainted,

and would have fallen, if the women who followed Schemselnihar had not hindered them. They supported them to a sofa, where they were brought to themselves, by throwing odoriferous water on their faces, and applying pungent odours to their nostrils.

When they had recovered, the first thing Schemselnihar did was to look about: and not seeing Ebn Thaher, she asked, with eagerness, where he was? He had withdrawn out of respect whilst her women were engaged in recovering her, and dreaded, not without reason, that some disagreeable consequence might follow what he had seen; but as soon as he heard Schemselnihar enquire for him, he came forward.

Here the sultaness discontinued till the next morning, because day appeared, and then resumed the story.

THE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-NINTH NIGHT.

SCHEMSELNIHAR was much pleased to see Ebn Thaher, and expressed her joy in the most obliging terms: Ebn Thaher, I know not how to make you proper returns for the great obligations you have put upon me; without you, I should never have seen the prince of Persia, nor have loved the most amiable person in the world. Assure yourself I shall not die ungrateful, and that my gratitude, if possible, shall be equal to the obligation. Ebn Thaher answered this compliment by a low obeisance, and wished the favourite the accomplishment of all her desires.

Schemselnihar, turning towards the prince of Persia, who sat by her, and looking upon him with some confusion after what had passed, said to him, I am well assured you love me, and how great soever your love may be to me, you need not doubt but mine is as great towards you: but let us not flatter ourselves; for, notwithstanding this conformity of our sentiments, I see nothing for you and me but trouble, impatience, and tormenting grief. There is no other remedy for our evils but to love one another constantly, to refer ourselves to the disposal of Heaven, and to wait its determination of our destiny. Madam, replied the prince of Persia, you

will do me the greatest injustice, if you doubt for a moment the continuance of my love. It is so interwoven with my soul, that I can justly say it makes the best part of it, and will continue so after death. Pains, torments, obstacles, nothing shall prevent my loving you. Speaking those words, he shed tears in abundance, and Schemselnihar was not able to restrain hers.

Ebn Thaher took this opportunity to speak to the favourite. Madam, allow me to represent to you, that, instead of melting into tears, you ought to rejoice that you are now together. I understand not this grief. What will it be when you are obliged to part? But why do I talk of that? We have been a long while here, and you know, madam, it is time for us to be going. Ah! how cruel are you! replied Schemselnihar. You, who know the cause of my tears, have you no pity for my unfortunate condition? Oh! sad fatality! What have I done to subject myself to the severe law of not being able to enjoy the only person I love?

Persuaded as she was that Ebn Thaher spoke to her only out of friendship, she did not take amiss what he said, but made a proper use of his intimation. She made a sign to the slave her confidant, who immediately went out, and in a little time brought a collation of fruits upon a small silver table, which she set down betwixt her mistress and the

prince of Persia. Schemselnihar took some of the best, and presented it, to the prince, praying him to eat it for her sake; he took it and put to his mouth that part which she had touched; and then he presented some to her, which she took, and ate in the same manner. She did not forget to invite Ebn Thaher to eat with them; but he thinking himself not safe in that place, and wishing himself at home, ate only out of complaisance. After the collation was taken away, they brought a silver bason, with water in a vessel of gold, and washed together; they afterwards returned to their places, and three of the ten black women brought each a cup of rock crystal full of exquisite wine, upon a golden salver; which they placed before Schemselnihar, the prince of Persia, and Ebn Thaher. That they might be the more private, Schemselnihar kept with her only ten black women, with ten others who began to sing, and play upon instruments; and after she had sent away all the rest, she took up one of the cups, and holding it in her hand sung some tender words, which one of her women accompanied with her lute. When she had done, she drank, and afterwards took up one of the other cups and presented it to the prince, praying him to drink for love of her, as she had drunk for love of him. He received the cup with a transport of love and joy; but before he drank, he sung also a song, which another woman

accompanied with an instrument: and as he sang the tears fell from his eyes in such abundance, that he could not forbear expressing in his song, that he knew not whether he was going to drink the wine she had presented to him, or his own tears. Schemselnihar at last presented the third cup to Ebn Thaher, who thanked her for her kindness, and for the honour she did him.

After this she took a lute from one of her women, and sung to it in such a passionate manner, that she seemed to be transported out of herself: and the prince of Persia stood with his eyes fixed upon her, as if he had been enchanted. At this instant, her trusty slave came in great alarm, and addressing herself to her mistress, said, Madam, Mesrour and two other officers, with several eunuchs that attend them, are at the gate, and want to speak with you from the caliph. When the prince of Persia and Ebn Thaher heard these words, they changed colour, and began to tremble, as if they had been undone: but Schemselnihar, who perceived their agitation, revived their courage by a sigh.

Here Scheherazade broke off till next day, when she resumed the story.

NOTES.

¹ SINBAD in Persian signifies of the prosperous, and Hindbad, of the black or unfortunate gale; names allusive to the success in life of the voyager and porter.

² *Great Monarch*.—A title most probably only given to the Hindoo sovereign of Hindoostan, in its widest extent, before the Moosulmaun conquests: now every petty landholder assumes the title of Maharaja; and there are in Bengal Maharajas of even the lowest cast of Hindoos, who were clerks in the computing-houses of the principal Company's servants at the period of our first acquisition of territory. At such a time, these men, as their masters did not understand the language, of course became the negociators in important transactions with the country powers, and obtained enormous wealth and honours. The fortunes which in England have occasioned so much malevolent abuse, and even persecution of some of the masters of these Maharajas, were nothing to what the artful Bengalees acquired by abusing their confidence. John Bull, eager to leave the burning heats and supposed luxuries of the East, and to taste the comforts of a fireside, romantically endeared to him by early banishment, took gladly what part of the profits of his situation his Maharaja would allow him, and came home. The degenerate natives of India have been the

oppressors of their country, and not the British; but the reign of Maharajas is now over in a great degree, as the Company's servants, in general well-informed in the languages and state of the country, are able to act for themselves, and are no longer puppets in the hands of their servants. The Mahummedan emperors of Hindoostan preserved the ancient Hindoo titles of Maharaja, Raja and Roy, which for several reigns were conferred, but with a sparing hand, upon the heads of the aboriginal military tribes, and they then were truly honourable. The successors of Aurungzebe lavished honours so numerously, as to make them ridiculous in the eyes of the people, both upon Hindoos and Moosulmauns. The empire was then fast declining; and history informs us that a too great multiplication of nobility is a sure sign of a falling state.

³ The horn of the rhinoceros is supposed to be, by the orientals, an antidote to poison, and as such is formed into goblets.

⁴ The rhinoceros is so much smaller than the elephant, that his attacking the latter seems improbable. Probably the animal here alluded to is the mammoth, of which we had a skeleton exhibited in London, but whose species no longer exists.

⁵ The Maldiv Islands are the most abundant of any lands in cocoa-nut trees. From them nuts are brought to all parts of India by the natives, in vessels whose planks are sewn together with the fibres of the cocoa-nut tree, called coir, of which ropes and cables are also made.

⁶ A quotation from the Koraun, often in the mouths of devout and resigned Moosulmauns, who certainly do, notwithstanding Christians have a purer faith and surer hope, in general bear calamity with more resignation to the divine will

than the followers of the gospel. Of this the editor has in India witnessed many instances, regretting his own want of submission in patience to the ills of life; yet he hopes he is a Christian.

⁷ Mahummedan tradition relates, that when they were cast down from Paradise, Adam fell on the island of Ceylon or Serendib; and Eve near Juddah, the port of Mecca in Arabia; and that after a separation of two hundred years, Adam, on his repentance, was conducted by the angel Gabriel to a mountain near Mecca, where he found and knew his wife; the mountain being thence named Oorfut, or Recollection. Adam afterwards retired with her to Ceylon, where they continued to propagate their species. It may not be amiss here to mention another tradition concerning the gigantic stature of our first parents. Mahummud is said to have affirmed that Adam was as tall as a full grown palm-tree; but this would be too much in proportion (if that were really the print of his foot, which is pretended to be such, on the summit of a mountain in the island of Ceylon, thence named Adam's Pike, well known as a landmark to sailors, being rather more than two spans long, though others say it is seventy cubits; and that when Adam set one foot here he had the other in the sea), yet too little, if Eve were of so enormous a size as it is said, that when her head lay on one hill near Mecca, her knees rested on two others about two musquet shot asunder. Vide Sale's *Koraun*, vol. i. page 8.

The Mahummedan traditionists do not place Eden upon earth, but in the seventh heaven; from which they say Adam and Eve were hurled after having eaten the forbidden fruit, and fell as abovementioned.

⁸ Most probably the Hindoo sovereign of Bisnagor, Vizianuggur or Beejannggur, as differently pronounced. Prior to

the incursions of the Mahummedans, the whole of the peninsula of Dekkan, or southern Hindoostan, was for many ages under the dominion of a dynasty of monarchs always entitled Maharâja, or Great king; and the representative of this family is still existing in the Upper Carnatic as a petty prince, with a very small territory, in the country conquered by the English East India Company from Tippoo Sultaun.

⁹ The Bermukkee, or Beramikka, were esteemed as one of the most illustrious families of the East, being descended from the ancient kings of Persia. Yiah Bermukkee, father of Jaaffier, was tutor and afterwards prime minister to Haroon al Rusheed, who upon his retirement confirmed that office upon his son. Jaaffier for some years enjoyed the most unbounded favour; but at length incurring the displeasure of the caliph, was beheaded, and a quarter of his body exposed upon each of the gates of Bagdad. His father, and almost all the members of his family, with their dependants, were involved in the common destruction: for which historians have assigned various reasons. Some say that Jaaffier had released a dangerous state prisoner; others, that the caliph being desirous of enjoying the conversation of his own sister Abbasseh, in company with Jaaffier, gave her to him in marriage, but enjoining him never to consummate the nuptials; which unreasonable command the enamoured pair were unable to fulfil. The caliph on discovery inhumanly condemned his unfortunate sister, with two children she had borne, to be buried alive, and his vizier to be executed. Other writers relate that Jaaffier suffered for having erected a splendid palace, the expense of which made the caliph suspect him of having embezzled the public treasure. Another historian says, that Haroon becoming jealous of their influence with the people, resolved on the destruction of the house of Bermuk. After the execution of

Jaaffier, and the almost general destruction of this illustrious family, the public had a more lively sense than ever of the important services they had rendered to the state, and of their private virtues. The exalted merit and general beneficence of the Bermukkees became proverbial; and in after ages they found as many historians to celebrate their virtues as have the greatest conquerors, and most celebrated princes of the East. Should the reader wish to know more of their history, he will find some interesting anecdotes in a volume of translations from the Arabic and Persian by the editor, entitled, *Tales, Anecdotes and Letters*; published by Messrs. Cadell and Davies.

¹⁰ It is to be feared that murders of this sort are not uncommon in countries where polygamy is allowed, and females are secluded in harems which cannot be searched even by officers of justice. I have heard of such in India in the zenanas of the natives.

¹¹ Thus would an oriental or African sovereign reason at this day.

¹² The first appellation signifies the Glory; the second the Full moon, or fullest resplendence of the faith, the handsome.

¹³ *Shumse ad Deen Mahummud*.—The Sun of the Faith, or religion of Mahummud.

¹⁴ To read Arabic with the really troublesome correctness of accented pronunciation, and have the Koraun by heart, with the various comments upon it and the traditions relative to Mahummud, is esteemed the chief accomplishment of a Moosulmaun.

¹⁵ These officers are named Mouezzin, and the summons they give is called Azzaun.

¹⁶ This celebrated mosque, one of the most magnificent in Asia, was founded by the caliph Walid of the Ommyad dy-

nasty, which succeeded the sovereignty of Ali, son-in-law and last of the immediate successors of Mahummud. It was erected close to the church of St. John the Baptist, which had been for ages enriched by the Greek emperors, and was now made a part of the mosque. Twelve thousand workmen were for many years employed in its erection; and within it, from six hundred chains of gold were suspended as many lamps, whose lustre, says an Arabian writer, disturbed the faithful in their devotions. Hence we may judge of its splendour.

¹⁷ Black as night.

¹⁸ The dirhem is a small silver coin, from twenty to twenty-five of which, according to the rate of exchange, make a dinar, in value about nine shillings.

¹⁹ The orientals in general use the left hand in performing their ablutions, and their right only in eating; for which they have no other instrument than their fingers, when a spoon is not necessary: the Christian might fancy, therefore, that he regarded his victuals as impure, and thus meant to shew his contempt of the provider.

²⁰ In some parts of the East a precaution by no means unnecessary, as the value of coin decreases with its date, though of the reigning sovereign. Provinces of the same kingdom have their mints, the coinage of which differs in value, though of the same species, in another province. The East India Company have as yet in vain attempted to put an end to this inconvenience in their territories. Exchange of money is a great branch of commerce, and commerce is not to be conquered. Upon a regulation, however just, taking from their profits, the bankers universally would shut their shops, and stop the business of the state, by refusing to make advances on the revenue.

²¹ These names are so corrupted that I cannot define them.

²² The asses of Cairo are beautiful animals, and rode by respectable persons.

²³ A fountain at Mecca, which, according to Mahummedan tradition, is the spring that the angel shewed to Hagar, when driven by the jealousy of Sarah into the desert. The water is supposed by Moosulmauns to purify from sin, and conveyed by pilgrims for sale to every part of Asia and Africa.

²⁴ This is by no means an overcharged picture. The Asiatic ladies have a proverb that no weight of ornaments is too heavy for a woman, however delicate.

²⁵ The second month of the Arabian year.

²⁶ In the East tailors make the dresses of women as well as of men. In India they engage as monthly servants, and make up and repair the linea of every sort, from a shirt, &c. to a napkin, as also in married families the robes of the ladies; and are so expert, that the pattern of the most eminent Paris or London dressmaker is not too difficult for them to imitate exactly, and they often improve it in their execution.

²⁷ Fighting rams are to this day kept, as the author mentions, by the nobles of the East, and they are consulted in augury; the name of an enemy is given to one, and of a friend to another: they contend, and conclusion is drawn according to the victory.

²⁸ In Wortley Montague's MS. this story ends here, also in that given in Richardson's grammar, at the same point; but from the incidents following, there appears no reason to suppose that they were not in the Arabic manuscript of M. Galland.

²⁹ A common mode of summoning attendants in Asia, where bells are not used in houses.

³⁰ The highest honour that can be shewn by a person of rank in the East to an inferior, is clothing him in a dress

which has been worn by himself: a custom mentioned in scripture, particularly in the book of Esther.

³¹ Father of (i.e. endowed with) beauty.

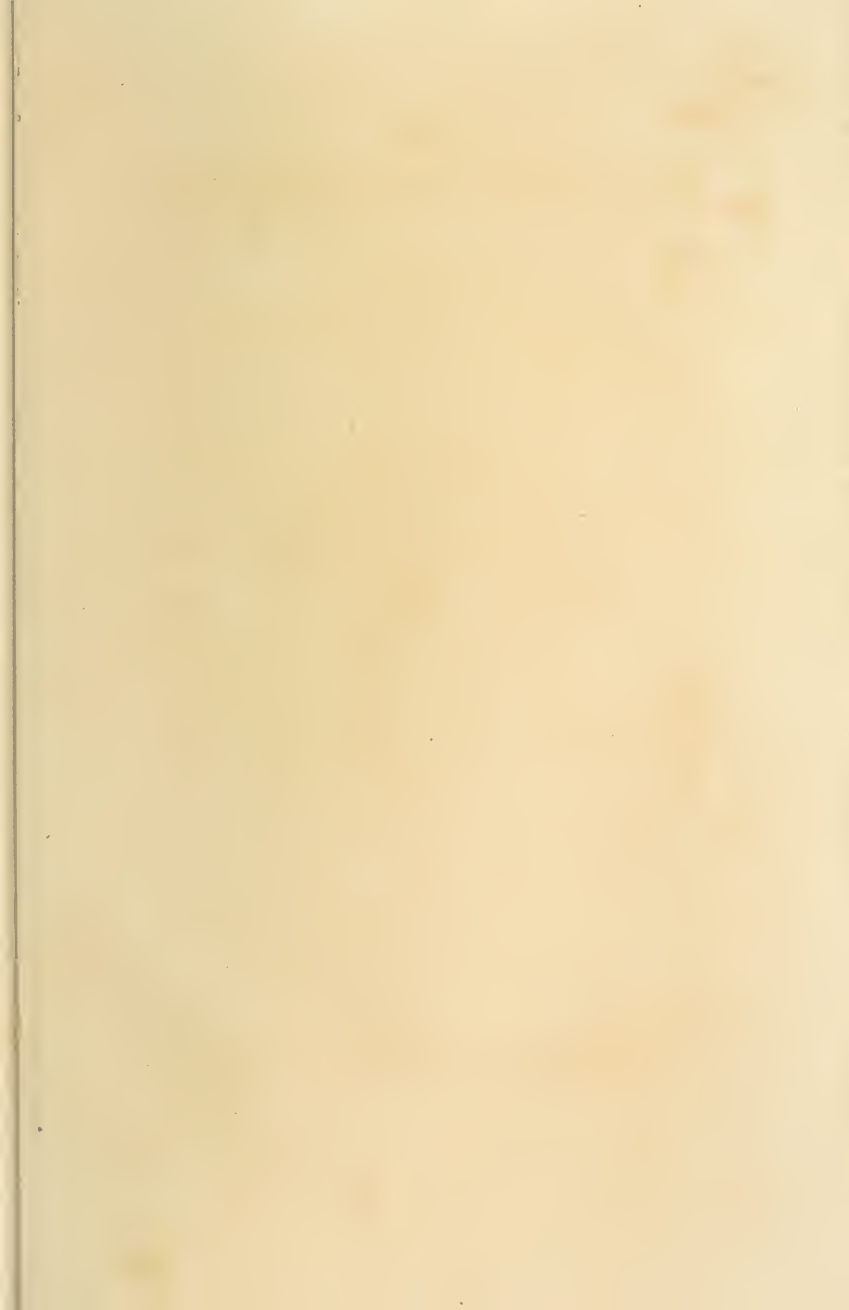
³² Sun of the day.

³³ Bagdad was not built till long after the conquest of Persia; but this, and other anachronisms, are not regarded by Arabian story-tellers.

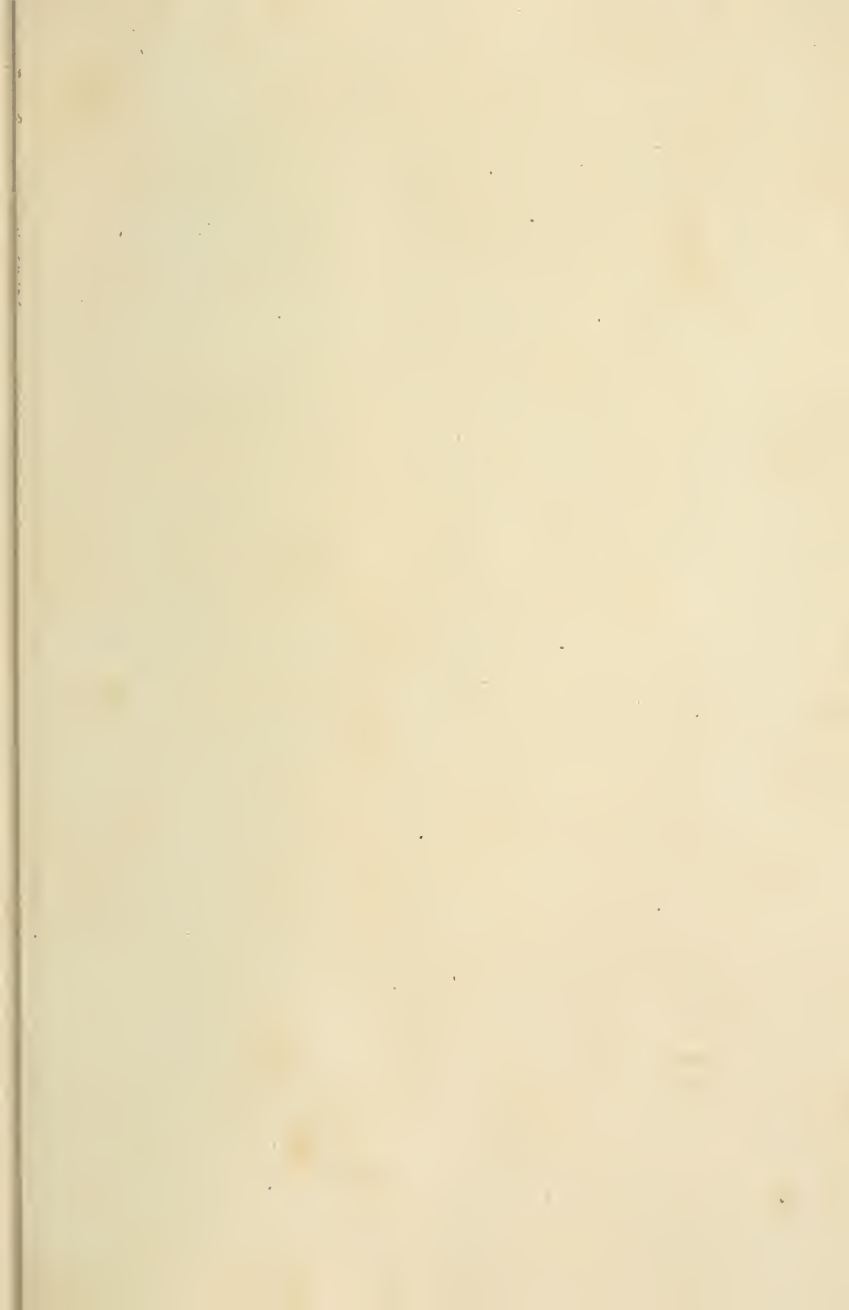
³⁴ The royal harams contain many quadrangles, one of which is allotted to each principal lady and her attendants, but in general they are small and confined.

³⁵ These vessels are small, seldom containing more than a pint, with a long narrow neck crowned by a rose; from the apertures of which, as from the roses of our garden watering-pots, rosewater is sprinkled upon visitors by the owner of the house, generally upon taking leave.

END OF VOL. II.









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